QUERER Por. Solo QUERER:

To Love only for LOVE Sake:

A

DRAMATICK ROMANCE.

REPRESENTED AT

ARANJUEZ

BEFORE THE

KING and QUEEN of *SPAIN*,

To Celebrate

The *BIRTH-DAY* of that KING,

BY THE

MENINAS:

Which are a Sett of LADIES, in the Nature of LADIES of HONOUR in that COURT, Children in Years, but Higher in Degree (being many of Them Daughters and Heyres to Grandees of Spain) than the ordinary *Ladies of Honour*, Attending likewise that *Queen*.

Written in *Spanish* by *Don Antonio de Mendoza*, 1623.

Paraphrased in *English*, *Anno* 1654.
by Sir Richard Fanshaw.

Together

With the FESTIVALS of *ARANWHEZ*.

London, Printed by *WILLIAM GODBID*, 1670.

Sir R. F. *upon this* Dramatick Romance, *Paraphraſed by him during his Confinement to* Tankerſly Park *in* York-ſhire, *by* Oliver, *after the Battail of* Worceſter, *in which he was taken Priſoner, ſerving His Majeſty (whom God preſerve) as* Secretary of State.

TIme was when *I*, a PILGRIM of the SEAS,
When *I*, 'midſt noiſe of CAMPS, and COURTS Diſ-eaſe,
Purloin'd ſome Hours, to Charm rude *Cares* with *Verſe*,
Which flame of FAITHFUL SHEPHERD did rehearſe:

But now reſtrain'd from SEA, from CAMP, from COURT,
And by a TEMPEST blown into a PORT;
I raiſe my thoughts to Muze on Higher Things,
And Eccho ARMS and LOVES of QUEENS and KINGS:

Which QUEENS (deſpiſing Crowns and HYMEN's Band)
Would neither MEN Obey, nor MEN Command.
GREAT PLEASURE FROM ROUGH SEAS TO SEE THE SHORE!
OR FROM FIRM LAND TO HEAR THE BILLOWS ROARE.

ILle Ego, *qui (dubiis quondam jactatus in* Undis)
Qui (dum nunc Aulæ, *nunc mihi* Caſtra *ſtrepunt)*
Leni importunas mulcebam Carmine *Curas*,
In quo PASTORIS *flamma* FIDELIS *erat*.

At nunc & Caſtris, Auliſque *ejectus &* Undis,
(Nam mihi Naufragium Portus, & Ira Quies)
Altiùs inſurgens, REGUM *haud intactus* AMORES,
Et REGINARUM *fervidus* ARMA *Cano:*

Quæ (vinclis HYMENÆE *tuis, ſpretiſq;* CORONIS)
Nec Juga ferre virûm, nec dare Jura veliat.
Dulce procelloſos audire ex Litore fluctus!
Eq; truci Terram dulce videre Mari.

TO THE
Queen of Spain.

MADAM,

THis *Comedy* having been admitted to Your Majesties Eyes, hath leave to throw it self at Your Feet: It was written to Celebrate the BIRTH-DAY of the KING; this gained it that *Credit*, which it ought to have lost for being *mine*: It hath been sought at the *Festival* of Your Majesty; for, in virtue of that Esteem which Your *Name* gives it, Men

Men pardon it, the having been Penn'd by *me*. To this Task I was emboldened by *D. Maria de Guſman*, believing that a *Creature* of her Father would happen to Serve Your Majeſty better with his Obligation, than *Others* with their Wit; the miſtake was juſt, I do not blame it, nor thoſe who deſire to read it, ſince it had the Honour to be heard by Your Majeſty; and it will gain *two Plaudits* (without deſerving *one*) Your Majeſty being now the *ſecond* time its PATRONESS.

Your MAJESTIES Servant,

Don Antonio de Mendoza.

THis Comedy *I conſent not to the Printing of, ſuffer it I do, thus Copied, to diſtribute amongſt thoſe who ask it, for I have not the preſumption to offer it to any; if it be a boldneſs in whoſoever prints, in me it would be called a Madneſs; one day is maſter of another, againſt what is written to day, will be that which is better known to morrow, and who is it that knew not leſs yeſterday? The ambition of the Preſs is a fault, which it is not ſufficient to repent; and, in caſe this common danger were wanting, my fear would create a new one, though that which deſerved to come to the Eyes of their Majeſties, might well loſe the fear of all Mens Ears; for caution, advertency, and ſtudy, were more due to thoſe that Acted it, than to thoſe that ſhall read it; and this being more than ſufficient for approbation, the Council was not pleaſed it ſhould have any other: I write*

write it in obedience, and no Friends perſwade me to publiſh it, for I have none ſo vain; I rather think that their opinion would obſtruct me in this reſolution, finding in it thoſe defects, which are hidden from the proper Author; for in the things of other men, it is eaſie to be more wiſe; and, without denying the defects of mine, I have been very willing to content with ſome Copies as many as ſeek them, deceived with that which was ow'd to ſo ſplendid an Occaſion: Nor let any Man expect that the Errours of my Pen, ſhall be accompanied with my diſacknowledgment, yet, not to be exceſſive in difference neither, I believe, that if ſo remarkable a Feſtival, required not a greater ability than mine, it would be worthy of ſome Applauſe, ſince compared with vulgar ones, it deſerves not much Contempt.

The

The Prologue:

(Called by the Spaniard *The* Loa, i. e. *The* Praiſe, *becauſe therein the Spectators are commended to curry favour with them:) Spoken by the Lady* Iſabella Velaſco, *and the Lady* Iſabella Guzman; *the latter pulling the former in with her upon the Stage.*

Vel. I Will not forth with thee (that's plain)
Child, thou tir'ſt thy ſelf in vain.
Guz. Iſabel, thy Face, Life, Meen,
Be now my Second, now my Skreen.
Vel. I Garb? I Spirit? Beauty I?
What, oblige me with a Lye?
Skreen thee that Face, thy Mettle fine,
Which ſecond is to none, be thine.
I joyn with thee in the *Prologue*:
I with the Audience to collogue,

Stiling them *Senate?* Was I Born
To Lead of *Pigmies* the Forelorn?
There's Lady's work with all my heart!
Guz. I, but, *Velasco*, take her part,
Who of the *Minikin Brigade*
The youngest is, the *Lanspresade*.
Vel. Marry, a good, and mending Fault,
But who must afterwards be sought
To make me confident and bold?
For, *Guzman*, neither am I old.
Guz. Well, of the Play then I despair,
Since with the Dames whatever's rare,
Sprightful, Divine, is wanting all:
For, no Dames, no Festivall.
Unto whose *Top-top-gallant* Beauty
To *strike*, is little *Fly-boats* Duty:
Superlatives have there a Rise:
Comparisons are odious twice.
Vel. That Fear hath Reason on its side,
But a worse matter I have spy'd:
The pityous humane Poet, he
Fears too, his Farce will tedious be.
Guz. What a Fear that for the base Rout!
What a misbegotten doubt!
("For Modesty may split it self
"On a high Rock, or a low Shelf.)
No, no, our *Festival*, howe're
It in it self hath cause to fear,
(For of *Meninas* even the name
Speaks littleness) yet our great DAME

(Whom,

(Whom, were She not Divine all out,
Heaven would have made a humane doubt)
Making it now her Offering
Upon the *Birth-day* of the King,
It muſt for that be underſtood
Both ſhort and ſweet, and great and good,
That It is *Hers* deſerves Applauſe:
Effects are meaſured by their *Cauſe*.
Chiefly ſo fair Porch being made
Thereto; as ſuch a *Maſcarade*,
In which the INFANTA's Self would be,
To grace the QUEENS *Solemnitie*,
The KING too Her refin'd *Gallant*
(For no high ſtrain of Soul can want
In one whoſe Body is ſo pure)
What Favour doth not he enſure?
It muſt be full as much at leaſt
As His Divine *Siſter* expreſt,
With their two *Brothers*; All High Born:
Children of *Phœbus*, and the *Morn*.
The *Dames* w' are ſure of to their powers:
All then is ſafe, all then is ours:
In ſo much Beauty, ſo much Glory.

Vel. And the Forreign *Auditory*.

Guz. Friend, thou wilt, drown in ſhallow water,
Beſpeak not Ills, things hap thereafter,
My Life upon't, our Feſtivall
To ſee, will hurt none of them all:
Whip me, if of the Twenty four
They feel not many hours creep ſlower.

Val. Away then with the Prologue, Wench:
But beg not favour of the Bench,
Nor ſilence: Nor whine out at firſt,
Pardon our faults, (that Fault's the worſt)
Be out, nor praiſe the King for fair
Beauty is periſhable Ware,
And I my Maſter would commend
For parts alone which time will mend.
Shape is the humane By of Kings,
Who in the Main are God-like Things:
Call me the Queen, *French* Flower no more,
But in Field *Azure* a Sun *Or*;
Now ſo much Native of *Caſteel*
That ev'n Her Soul is *Spaniſh* Steel:
Nor *Charles* and *Fernand* Branches both
Of the old Lawrel of the *Goth*:
But Scyons of a better Tree
In Paradice's Nurſery:
And of *MARIA* (Glorious Dame)
Beauty without, lin'd with the ſame
(Since ev'n ſtrong Lines cannot afford
To do her right) ſpeak not a word,
But let her praiſe to it ſelf ſing
Like Bells that, without pulling, ring.

Guz. Kings ſhould be prais'd with reverence then,
As they are Kings, not as they 're Men;
Their fortitude, and not their face;
The ſordid Flatterers Common-place:
His Actions I will Celebrate;
His parts, as they are parts of State;

Much

Much of King, in Years but few;
Spains Honour, and her *Indies* new,
And his fair Spouſe. *Vel.* That task is Fames:
Begin. *Guz.* Still vailing to the Dames.

The Lady Iſabella Guzman *advances ſome ſteps, and begins the Main* PROLOGUE, *as follows.*

WHilſt Thee Great *PHILIP* (apprehenſive Scholar,
In the Great Book of *GOVERNING* well Read)
The Nations Wonder, and Applauſe, proclaim
In every Action of thy Life a King;
Whilſt *on* the *Occidental Gulphs* a Yoak,
Whilſt *on* the Seas of the *Levant* a Law,
Thy Hand impoſes, and thy boundleſs Valour
Props Heaven, and Is the Bridle of the Earth:
Whilſt thou art like thy Great Grandfire, before
The Worlds ſuſpenſion, and thy thundring Ships
To Northern Regions, Arm'd with Plates of Ice,
Are fiery Mountains on their ſnowy Waves;
And thy *Iberian* Flags (Victory's Wings)
Both *Germanies* and *Africk* fear, and ſtrike to:
(For if of old their Valour made thoſe bow,
They do't by *Cuſtom* and preſcription now.)
Grace the Solemnities of thy bright CONSORT
Which ſtrive in vain to equal the Occaſion,
So every way Majeſtick: A Perfection

Divine

Divine, the utmoſt ſtretch of humane Nature,
And thou *ISBELLA* (fair even to the Soul,
The Daughter of a King, whoſe valiant Hand
More truſting to it ſelf than unto Chance
Hammer'd his Crown out with his Sword) receive
With a benign and amiable Brow
(It muſt be amiable) this ſmall Earneſt
Of our Devotions; whom to ſee alone
Claims Knees and Hearts, ſat'ſt thou beneath the *Throne:*
And thou, the pleating terrour of the Earth,
In ſmooth *Apollo's* Spirit, Spirit of *Mars*,
King of two Worlds, let thy good hap enjoy
Another greater Empire *in* her Beauty.

Vel. Live, Reign (High Princes) more than Time it ſelf,
And (fairer in your Virtues than your Perſons)
Drop Stars with Heaven: The bleſſed Progeny
Of your Immortal Loves (your Beauties ſparkles)
Let *Spain* Adore, and in ſo great a Glory,
PHILIP the Fifth expunge Fifth *CHARLES's* Story.

And you young Men, who by your budding Greatneſs
Proclaim the Splendour of your Royal Cradle,
Pave with a lofty and a radiant Foot
The Milky Way.
And thou (the Envy of the Goddeſſes)
Illuſtrious *INFANTA* may thy Fortune

Equal

Equal thy rare Endowments. To be Fair
Ah! let it not a woful Bleſſing be,
Nor Beauty *a* deſired Miſerie.

Vel. We two (*Is'bellas*) *ISABELL* Divine,
Preſent thee one *Play* more, with more Refine,
Fram'd and Endited by Earths greateſt King,
Penn'd with the faireſt Plume in *Cupid*'s Wing,
Acted by Queens below, by Saints above;
A truer *Comedy*, call'd, *LOVE for LOVE.*

Guz. And may this Birth-Day [*Ecce* t' another Birth]
E're next Spring do't with Flowers, perfume the Earth
With a ſweet Prince, like Him from whom He came.
Vel. In FACE. *Guz.* In VIRTUE. *Vel.* In RENOWN. *Guz.* In NAME.

A Song

After the Main *Prologue*, Painting the Festival of *Aranwhez*.

THe Flowers that moſt adorn
Of Aranwhez *the Plain*
(Following a black-ey'd Morn)
A Laurel entertain;

Of flow'ry May *the King*,
Apollo's *gallant Son*,
He at His Fifteenth Spring
Ware of the Field the Crown:

When His Seventeenth April *came*,
Worſhipping that Goddeſs yonder,
Wonders wrought He in Her Name,
But His Faith the greateſt Wonder.

CHORUS

The Prologue.

CHORUS.

O how deft, how ſweet to boot,
Firſt handſome, and then light of foot;
Tagus's Nymphs of beſt renown,
To whom no Love nor Grief is known
(Brighter, fairer) from Heavens Globe
Steal away the Starry Robe,
And the Earths embroider'd Gown!

OF all the World admires
For rare, a fair diſdain,
Plac'd bounds to her deſires,
And that beſt object made her Eyes refrain.

How great, and how well plac'd,
A Roſes love? With Uſe
How well was it at laſt
Paid by a Flower-de-luce?

Love from complaints is free:
That we for once might find,
Beauty may happy be,
And Happineſs be kind.

The Prologue.

CHORUS.

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Tagus's Nymphs of beſt renown,
To whom no Love nor Grief is known
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Steal away the Starry Robe
And the Earths embroider'd Gown!

YEars (which deſerve perpetual Spring,
And which deſerve to be his Years)
Joy them, He that loves the King;
And adore them, He that fears.

Claſp let his early Valour on
Strong and glittering Steel of Spain,
Multitudes in whom alone
Of Fernand's *and* Alfonſo's *Reign.*

Never let him ruſt with Calms
But His Hand purchaſe, His Hand cut
As many Crowns out, and as many Palms
As his Fore-Fathers tumbled at his Foot.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

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Firſt Handſome, and then light of foot;
Tagus's Nymphs of beſt renown,
To whom no Love nor Grief is known
(Brighter, fairer) from Heavens Globe
Steal away the Starry Robe
And the Earths embroider'd Gown!

The Final End of the Prologue.

The Perſons in the firſt Act.

Repreſented.	Repreſenting.
ZELIDAURA, Queen of *Tartaria*,	Lady *Mary Guſman.*
CLARIDIANA, Queen of *Arabia*,	Lady *Anne Sandi.*
FELISBRAVO, Young King of *Perſia*,	Lady *Frances Tavara.*
PRINCE CLARIDORO,	Lady *Mary Cutinio.*
PRINCE FLORANTEO,	La. *Margaret Tavara.*
The CAPTIVE PRINCE,	Lady *Izabella Guſman.*
The GENERAL	La. *Margaret Zapata.*
ROSELINDA, Lady attending *Zelidaura*,	Lady *Izabella Velaſco.*
FLORINDA, attending *Claridiana*,	Lady *Mary Salier*, of the Privy-Chamber.
Firſt GYANT,	Lady *Lucy Prada*, of the Privy-Chamber.
Second GYANT,	Lady *Frances Quiros*, of the ſame.
RIFALORO, the Drole,	La. *Katherine Quiros.*

Querer por ſolo Querer:
To Love only to Love.

THE FIRST ACT.

Drums and Trumpets, and enter at one end of the Stage the Generall with a Truncheon in his hand, and Soldiers with Banners; before him Captives, and amongſt them one of better appearance than the reſt: At the other, Felisbravo *habited after the* Perſian *manner, with a Royal Train; and let the General approach him, laying the truncheon at his feet; and the General is to wear a lawrel Crown, which he takes off when he comes at the King.*

General. VAnconquer'd Sir. *Feliſ.* Riſe wiſe and valiant General.

Gen. Give me thy *Feet*, theſe *Plants* ſhall be my *Lawrels.*

Feliſ. Gen'ral, into my *Arms*, into my *Heart:*
To pay good Services is Kings beſt part:
Relate thy *Victory*. *Gen.* Dread *Soveraign*, *Mine*
The *Sweat* was, but the *Victory* was *thine.*
With full two hundred *Ships* of monſtrous burthen
(*Cramm'd* with *Land Souldiers* too) the *Foe* uſurp'd
Thy *narrow Seas*, and hover'd o're theſe *Lands*
As o're a certain *Prey*, on which he look'd

As the ſole *Obſtacle* betwixt his high
Hopes, and the UNIVERSAL MONARCHY.
Thou (to receive this Storm where e're it falls)
Stay'ſt muſt'ring on the *Shore* thy fearleſs Bands;
In head whereof, thou Marcheſt bravely Mounted
In ſilver *Arms*; writ in thy Face, and Star,
THE SON OF FORTUNE BY THE GOD OF WAR.
Mean time, go I to hunt them out at *Sea*,
Under th' auſpicious flight of thy guilt *Standard*
Approach'd them; *Ship* by *Ship* I viſit *thine*
(Guiding my ſelf a *Barge's* Rudder) ſpurr'd
On both ſides with long *Oares*, and from each poop
Bid *ours* remember, in that AZURE FIELD
We are our *Iſland's*, It is the *Worlds* ſhield.
Wellcom'd on board my *own* with ſhouts, re-eccho'd
With general *acclamations* of the *reſt*,
Which one by one bear up to pay my viſit,
And all come ſooping underneath my *Lee*
To fetch new courage; briskly we advance
Upon the *Foe*, who all this while had ſtood
With ſmiling ſilence on the trembling FLOOD.
His potent FLEET was caſt into the *form*
Of a half-Moon, gaping to purſe us up,
As that dire *African* at diſmal *Canna*
Did once *ROMES* Army led by a raſh CONSUL;
Withal, to boaſt it ſelf the SOVERAIGN
(Like horned *Cinthia*) of the curled MAIN.
My brave Vice-Admiral (a ſecond *DRACO*,
Writing his *laws* in *blood* texted with flame)
Swears by the Queen of Night,
To be a perfect CRESCENT It wants *light*.
As the proud *Bearer* of the three fork'd *Thunder*
And winged *Lightening* on her tow'ring Plumes
(On whom her Maſter JOVE beſtow'd the *Empire*
O're all the *feather'd People*, for her ſervice
In the fam'd *rape* of ruddy GANIMEDE)

Steer'd

Steer'd with her *trayn*, ſails driving through the *Clouds*,
Thence ſtoops *Plebeian Birds*; ſo his bold Frigat
From a big Wave, on which ſhe ſoar'd aloft
In *clouds* of *ſmoak*, flyes at the Covey intire,
Arrow of *Gunpowder*, *Eagle* of *Fire*.
Not *Priams* City crackled in more Flames,
When to the fatal *Horſe* ſhe op'd her Walls,
Then did thoſe *wooden Towers*; nor with more fury
The *Greek Hoſt* (uſher'd by that Horſe) did reign
In her *waſte* ſtreets, than I with *thy* whole FLEET
Sent whizzing amongſt *theirs* (in *foaming* Mead)
From *feather'd* Squadrons *Thunderbolts* of *Lead*.
The *Sea* is made another *Sea* of *Blood*,
The *ſayling Wood*, a *Wood* of floating *Bodies*.
In fine, a Victory by *Sea* robs *thee*
Of one by *Land*: And of this vaſt *ARMADA*
(Beneath whoſe weight the *Main* it ſelf did ſhrink,
And which did threaten ev'n the *Earth* to ſink)
The ſcattered fragments kiſs thy *princely Feet*;
Ships, *Captives*, *Banners*, *Streamers*, *Rudders*, *Keels*,
Tall *Maſts*, and launching *Oares*,
Now the torn *Spoils* and *Trophies* of theſe ſhores.
Of all thy Navy but one Ship is miſſing;
And *thou* (King of the TRIDENT, ſecond NEPTUNE,
Lord of four Seas) haſt hurld
A *Bit*, FEAR, ENVY, on the *Sea*, SUN, WORLD.

Feliſ. Once more, O let me hold ſuch *virtue* faſt!

Gen. What dangers courts not one, thus *doubly* grac'd,
His *Kings Hand kiſs'd*, t' inſpire him going out;
Return'd, his *Arms*, to fence him round about?
This rears your Bulwarks; for that *Prince* who takes
One Souldier into favour, *thouſands* makes.

Feliſ. A MONARCH's gracious Eye, preſerving State,
Makes a brave *Souldier*, and juſt *Magiſtrate*.

Gen. Kiſs all of you great *FELISBRAVO*'s plants.

Capt. Croſs Stars! *Feliſ.* There's greatneſs in that countenance.

Capt. I'm ſure there's woe. *Gen.* This ſlave, of a high ſoul,
Thy Name did conqner. *Capt.* At thy Feet I roul.
Feliſ. How comes ſo ſtout and brave a Man to ſhow
Such poorneſs, as to ſink beneath a woe?
Capt. It is the *leaſt* I feel; who much repine
This ſhould be thought to ſhare *one* ſigh that's *mine*.
To be *thy* ſlave an honour *always* is,
And *now* to me a ſeaſonable bliſs;
A *Good*, which I do owe my *Ill*. *Feliſ.* Unfold
To me thy *Grief*. *Cap.* 'Tis eaſier bourn, than told:
For, though my *life* be *thine*, my *grief's* my *own*.
Feliſ. Truſt *me* with *both*, I have not *Ruth* alone,
But *Remedy*. *Cap.* Though 'tis to *ſaw* a ſorrow
To tell 't, let me thy Ear in private borrow.
Feliſ. *General* retire the Folks. *Capt.* Take then a pain
Equally hard to *ſpeak* as to *contain*. *Exeunt Gen. &c.*
Great *FELISBRAVE*, new Founder of this *Empire*;
Phœnix, whoſe *birth* into the *Throne* began
Out of the diſſolution of a SWAN;
Who in the compaſs of *two years*, haſt liv'd
"A *thouſand Ages* (for ſo much live KINGS,
"As they do *Reign*; *Reign*, as they do great things.)
TARTARIA, a famous Part of *ASIA*
(For now it rivals her fair Countrey, *who*
A *Star* in Heaven, is a *Roſe* in *Cyprus*)
Hath for its *Queen* the beauteous *ZELIDAURA*,
Whom the moſt rich *embroideries* of *Praiſe*
Serve for her wearing upon *Common* days,
Thoſe *vulgar* terms (with which a *mortal* Face
Men baſely flatter to the Morns diſgrace)
Thoſe *bold* compariſons with *new-born day*
And *mid-day Suns* (which HEAV'NS and GARDENS lay
So ſplendidly to heart) are, of her Youths
Ineſtimable *bloſſom*, moſt fair *Truths*;
In whom *perfections* ſee nothing to mend by,
And miracles themſelves ſomething to envy:

To

To whoſe freſh Years, and Cheeks, the *Aprils* throng
For *flowry* licenſe to be *fair* and *young*
Fel. Is ſhe ſo fair? *Capt.* The leaſt in her that's rare.
Fel. And *good*? *Capt.* Yes, ten times more than ſhe is *fair*.
Fel. (Rare Wight indeed) *Aſide.*
Captive proceed.
Capt. Thoſe poor *Examples*, in which Poets feign
Of much *Romantick Princeſs* ſuch profane
Impoſſibilities, out-done by *Her*,
Her *ſober* Beauty joyns *ſweet* with *ſevere*;
Majeſtical with *humble*, for a *King*,
Not for a *Woman*, made: She takes the *Ring*,
Guirds *Steel*, and *Lawrel*: Pond'ring on the *acts*
Writ of *Semiramis*, and manly facts
Of great *Penthiſilea*, ſhe becomes
Of a light flame, as, at the *kindling* Drums,
Achilles hid in *lying* Petticoat,
His *choice* betraying what his *face* did not.
A Man amongſt her *Counſellors* ſhe lives,
A Woman with her *Ladies*; Laws ſhe gives,
And *Hearts* ſhe conquers; beautiful, and wiſe.
Fel. Is ſhe ſo gallant? *Capt.* She doth Monarchize
With ſuch *ſage* valour, that the *world*— *Fel.* Paſs an.
Seeing Felisbravo *diſturbed he ſtops.*
(What a *rare* Woman!) *Capt.* (What a *curious* Man! *Aſide.*
But, who can hear ſo great a *Queen* ſet forth,
And not be raviſh'd with her matchleſs worth?) *Aſide.*
I, by her *Fame* drawn from *Cicilia* (where
The King my Father all thoſe Nations fear
As far as *Nile*) 'mongſt many, to preſent
My ſelf *one* Trophy of her *Beauty*, went;
True always, always firm, always in vain:
And, when in *higheſt tow'rings* of my *Flame*,
In *loweſt ſtoops* of humble *Adoration*,
Exceſs of *Love* with me was *Moderation*,
And wonders poſſible; It ſo befel——

Fel.

Fel. 'She Marry'd? *Capt.* She! *Fel.* What prou'd?
Capt. Invincible.
Fel. Conclude thy *Story* then (and let her be
In a good hour *fair*, and at liberty.) *Aſide.*
Capt. —My Father ſick'ned (Noble *Felisbrave*)
And, in a War where Love and Duty ſtrave,
That which I ſided with was overcome;
For, with *two* Ships to viſit *him* I come,
When *five* of that *Armada* meet with me
(New-wrecking *Quickſands* of the cruel Sea!)
'Gainſt which, receiving thouſand wounds I ſtrive,
That, for their *killing* me, I might forgive
Their making me a *Slave*; Thy *Gen'ral* comes
To round thy Coaſts: *He* them again overcomes,
Chains them, conducts them, where the *King* may put
Upon their Bellies his *tryumphant* Foot.
I (Captive twice) on peeviſh FORTUNES Frown
Pretend not to eſtabliſh a Renown:
For a Fool too may be unfortunate.
But if a *King*; If, by an *Antidate*
Of early VIRTUE, when years fifteen came
Thou wrot'ſt *Eternal*; If thou 'rt like thy Fame;
If thou knoweſt *Pity*: If admitt'ſt of Tears,
To ſupple thee; Of Prayers, to ſtorm thy Ears;
Paſt Ages, to incite thee; *Hiſtory*,
To make thee glorious to *Poſterity*: *Offers to throw himſelf at the Feet of* Felisbravo, *but he doth not permit him.*
Or ſet me *free*, or *kill* me inſtantly;
If it be poſſible a *wretch* can dye.
Fel. Riſe, gallant Youth, and Courage new acquire.
Capt. My *Soul* bates to be gone, proud to expire
At ſo brave Feet. *Fel.* (Alas, he ſwounds!) and *mine*
Two tender Paſſions doth partake from *thine*,
(Let in at ſeveral doors) *Love* at my *Ear*,
Grief at my *Eye*: Hoe, *General!* *Gen.* I am here.

Enter General.

Fel. New matter that thy *virtue* may not miſs,
Save me this *Slave* from death; and tell him this, *A*

A King (that knows how to be one) commands
Thee, trust thy Life and Fortune in his hands.

Gen. He would not let his wounds be dreſt. *Fel.* Ply, ſerve him
As thou would'ſt *me*; and all the Gods preſerve him.

The General carries him out upon his ſhoulders, and Felisbravo *remains alone.*

What *Circe* in a moment hath purloyn'd
The wonted peace and freedom of my Mind?
What War is this, that lays ſoft batteries
Unto a Soul inur'd to Victories?
What heav'nly *Zelidaura* is this ſame?
What new device of Love, out of a Name
To ſhoot ſo ſweet a Poiſon? O, then I
Leſs wounded Slave! Thou 'lt leave me, if thou dye,
Something t' envy in what thou doſt deplore,
And in thy Story ſomething to adore.
But, though ſo great a Beauty force my Love,
And to ſuppreſs it againſt Nature prove,
I'le be a better Prince, than Lover: Brave,
And hard, therefore my Act! Free be the Slave:
And (if he live) ſee *Tartary*; whilſt I
Of *Love*, of *Sorrow*, and of *Honour* dye.
And let us bring in faſhion, 'twixt us both,
Juſtice in *Rivalſhip*, in *Abſence* Troth.

Enter General with a Picture.

Gen. He lies all weltring in his Blood, and live
He cannot: This fair *Picture* he doth give
For thee to keep: And (if he dye) for Wife
Prays thee to make a conqueſt of the *Life*,
To *him* (he ſaid) and all the World, but *Thee*,
Angelical Impoſſibilitie.

Fel. Reach it: Return, and let your care be more —
(Guſt yield to *Reaſon*) — then it was before. *Exit.*
Tempt me not, *Love:* The *Face* I will not ſee,
Blind *Argus*, if my *Ears* were ſcall'd by thee
What ſecond engine 'gainſt my *Eyes* muſt move,

To

To burn my Heart to Cindars? I, in love!
I, pangs! I, pulings! I, to be afraid
My *Faith* cannot deſerve, my *Vows* perſwade!
Tears, from a *Manly* Face! *Sighs*, that ſhall find
Themſelves no more regarded than the *wind!*
Oh! Why ſhould Love ſuch ſervile things enjoyn?
But why this Pride? Does *Beauty* not enſhrine
A *Deity*? Did it not GODS ſubdue?
Then let it tame a *Man*, and let me view
The lovely noble Feature; and the bright,
Of this fair Shade. Love is a leſſ'ning flight:
When he doth vail his Plumes, it's ſuch a thing
As when an *Eagle* ſtoops upon the Wing.
Looks upon the Picture
This *Face* all Soul is, and ſo full of *Life*,
That *Life* and *Beauty* are in it at ſtrife
Which ſhall be more: —What Spirits? —What Spells too?
If in a little *Card* a *Compaſs* ſhew
The Earth, and lay it out in ſeveral;
In this, a PENCIL hath Mapp'd Heav'n and all,
And Mapp'd it to the Life. —For on theſe *Cheeks*
Looks upon it again, and again
(Where white and red divinely intermix)
Aurora's hands *hang* ſnowing *Jeſamines*,
—Her *Fingers* bleeding Roſes; —The MOON ſhines
Bright in theſe Treſſes, where each *Hair's* a *Ray*;
—Two twinkling *Stars*; —Two ſpeaking Rubies; —*May*
Buds; —The MORN *Bluſhes*; —At one skip the *Sun*
Gets up; —High NOON aſſoon as *Day's* begun!
I'l *love*, I'l *dye* (O moſt unhappy man!)
In *love* a *Phœnix*, and in *death* a *Swan*.

Enter General.

Gen. The *Captive* (Sir) is ſomething livelier. *Fel.* How? What doeſt thou ſay? *Gen.* That he is better. *Fel.* (Now *Aſide.* Muſt he needs mend?) Good News: And I would do thee Some good for bringing it. *Gen.* Heav'n keep him to thee.

Fel.

Fel. Love, I ſhall cruſh thee yet, as arrogant
As falſe too as thou art; As I am *Man*,
I may be *ſtaggered*; but, as I'm a KING,
(Born for more Sov'raign Ends) thou canſt not *throw* me,
We, ſhould, with ſprawling of our *Childiſh* Arms,
The cruel *Serpents* of ALCIDES ſtrangle:
We, in the midſt of all the SIRENS Charms,
Should the wiſe *caution* of ULISSES carry.

Let my *deſire* be tam'd, and not
My *Obligation* be forgot;
I more provoking Envy's Sting
As *virtuous*, than as being a *King*;
The *World* admiring in *my* Pains
Sober *Madneſs*, and free *Chains*.

Exeunt.

Trumpets, Enter the Queen Zelidaura, *her Head-dreſs full of Plumes*; Roſelinda *Lady of Honour to her, Prince* Claridoro, *and Train, as in heat of Argument, begun in the Tyring-Room.*

Zel. My *Will* to *me* 's a *Law*. If it appear
Prepoſt'rous for a *Woman* Arms to bear,
Let it ſuffice *I* make the *Precedent*.
Since there be Men effeminately bent,
We *Manly* Women muſt that wrong undo;
For you ſee ſometimes NATURE can lie too.
Clar°. Brave ZELIDAURA, thy *Heroick* Mind
Who does not wonder at? *Zel.* Little inclin'd
Always to ſloath, the Pride I have, I place
In a great *Heart*, and not in a fair *Face*.
If on the Borders of my *Land*, we have
A *Novelty* ſo manifoldly brave,
A woing *Warfare*, this INCHANTED QUEEN,
A *Beauty* the more ſought the leſs 'tis ſeen,
Nor of leſs difficulty to the *Wit*
Than to the Sword, ſhall I not ſtep to ſee't?

To see such Noble Action? chiefly I
Giving the frailty of my *Sex* the Lye?
Not, that my Courage hath so much of heat,
As to thrust *Prudence* wholly from her seat;
So *mettled* I am not, as if that *I*
Affected it to quit *deformity*;
Nor yet so *foolish* as some Women are,
Who for *that* only do suspect they 're *fair*.

Clar°. HEAV'N, that created thee thus *warlike*, stole
Into a *Woman's* Body a *Man's Soul*.
But *Nature's* Law in vain thou do'st gainsay:
The *Woman's* Valour lies another way.
The *Dress*, the *Tear*, the Blush, the witching *Eye*,
More witching *Tongue*, are *Beauty's Armory*:
To *rally*, to *discourse* in Companies
Who's *fine*, who *courtly*, who a WIT, who *wise*
And with the awing sweetness of a DAME
(As conscious of a Face, can *Tigers* tame)
By *Tasks* and *circumstances* to discover
Amongst the *best* of PRINCES the *best* LOVER;
(The *Fruit* of all those *Flowers*) who serves with most
Self diffidence, who with the greatest *boast*;
Who twists an *Eye* of *Hope* in brayds of *Fear*,
Who *silent* (made for nothing but to bear
Sweet scorn and injuries of LOVE) envyes
Unto his Tongue the *Treasure* of his *Eyes*:
Who, without vaunting *shape*, hath only *Wit*,
Nor knows to *hope* reward, though *merit* it:
Then, out of *All*, to make a CHOICE so *rare*
So *lucky-wise* as if thou wert not *fair*.

Zel. Will men ne're leave this freak? that *Beauties* fate
Is neither to the *wise*, nor *fortunate*?
ENVY would have it so, *She* usher'd in
This *vulgar Errour*, or some scorn'd *Mans* Spleen
Or homely *Womans* Comfort. PRINCE, that DAME
Who lets her self be lov'd with a *true* Flame,

Considers

Conſiders not how ill INGRATITUDE
Will look, when ſhe muſt afterwards be *rude.*
Should I examine if this Mans a *Gull*,
Or *th'other* Gull a LOVER? Poor, and dull!
To render *him* the *object* of my *Care*,
Who *ſhould* be of my *Scorn*! Only *Deſpair*
Will *I* allow to *Men*, nor can diſpence
With ſo much ſhew of *hope*, as *diligence.*
What a fond *antiquated* Errour? (*Save me!*)
I muſt call't *Love*, becauſe a Man would have me
For his *none-ſelf:* He ſwears he's *mine* alone;
Then (*groſely*) prays me not to be my *own.*

Roſ. Sounds it not merit unto *thee* for one
To ſerve thee, who is braver than the *Sun?*

Zel. Would'ſt thou have *me* admire and value than
The painted Plumes of any Peacock-Man?
I've Pride enough my ſelf. It makes me *ſmile*
(And yet I'm vext) to hear what *Love* the ſtile
And *ſerving* in a GALLANT; to new ſheath
Himſelf each day, not let his *Miſtreſs* breath,
But haunt her to the *Park*, or to the *Bourſe*,
On that the *vulgar* call a goodly *Horſe*;
Hat in the *hand*, her *colours* in the *hat*,
Then tell her with a trembling boldneſs — (What?)
That he's an Aſs; Affect a *diffidence*,
Yet wear her *Porch* out; making *diligence*,
Smell rank of *Hope.* If *Importunity*
Is call'd *Deſert*, what more *abſurd* can be
Than for a *fair one* to become his *prey*
That hunts her down? Let *Greater ASIA*
Her *Princes* ſend their Valours here to prove:
I would *ſee Fighting*, and not *hear* of *Love.*

Roſ. Our Anceſtreſſes would; but *we* (more wiſe)
The *Ignis fatuus* of Love deſpiſe.

Clar°. Theſe *Ceremonies* which thou ſeek'ſt to bar,
From the firſt hallowing *fundamental* are

To *Lady-hoods* fair *Order*; for, *diſcreet*,
Secret, and ſtout, and gay; of a compleat
Lover, are the *Ingredients:* And in SPAIN
The gallant Mock-war of the *Bulls*, and CANE
Doth in a *Courtly Valour* comprehend
Both that which you, and that which I commend:
For thoſe fierce GAMES (though *Sports* they called are)
Proclaim in *jeſt* what Men in *earneſt* dare.
Zel. Secret (quoth you!) If he muſt truſted be
With nothing, what's his *ſecrecy* to *me*?
Thou (*CLARIDORO*) do'ſt extremely erre,
If thou think'ſt *Courtſhips* can this Boſom ſtir;
Not my AFFECTION, *Body*, *Air*, and *Meen*;
But *Soul*, *Deeds*, *Virtues*, purchaſe my ESTEEM.
Thy brave *Youth* hazzard in this *Enterprize:*
(*For Sloth in Princes is a double Vice*)
Whence, if thou *conquer*, thou com'ſt burniſh'd forth
With *Glory*; if thou dye, what greater *worth*
Than to loſe well a *Life*. *Clar°*. But *I* keep *mine*,
To be ſpent better in ſome CAUSE that's thine;
Mean while, at thy adored Feet it lies:
And where can be a *nobler Enterpriſe*,
Than to o'recome thy *Love's* diſdainful, high
And Beautiful Impoſſibility?
'T has more of *danger* in it too: For there
My *Valour* combats, but with *Thee* my *Fear*.
If thou diſpraiſeſt *Praiſe*, neglecteſt *Care*,
And hateſt to be *lov'd*, why art thou *fair*?
Zel. I am not fair, nay fair I will not be;
And leſs endure to be ſo call'd by *thee*.
If *Truth*, where is the favour? if a *Lye*,
It mends me not. What *vain* Civility!
(I wonder it ſhould pleaſe ſome as it doth)
A great *Lye* 'tis, and would be a ſmall *Truth*.
Clar°. Be not diſpleas'd that *I* thy *Beauty* praiſe;
'Tis a Debt which my Eye owes, and my Tongue pays:

Give

Give me thy Heart then, or thou'lt dye in debt.
Zel. If I have thine, where? Shew me my Receipt.
Clar°. 'Tis well: The anger of a *Miſtreſs* ſwells
In *thee*; in *me* a LOVER's Patience dwells.
Roſ. If all thy *Servants* thus thou entertain,
I look *this* Prince too ſhould be *bond*, or *ſlain*;
For of the other nothing yet is known.
Zel. Ay, and abſence kill'd him, he hath done
The part of a *Wiſeman* and of a *Lover*.
Clar°. Th' INCHANTED CASTLE doth it ſelf diſcover.
Zel. A goodly Fabrick! *Clar°.* Princely! *Zel.* If the Cloud
Shine ſo, what does the *light* that it does ſhroud?
Clar°. The two *wings* various workmanſhip ſeems rather
A *Sphear*, than *Pallace*; *Miracle*, than *either*.
Zel. The uniform and equal *ſtructure* vyes
Twin-Beauties ſo, 'tis *Muſick* of the *Eyes*!
And its *perfections* (greater their *fame*)
The ſtile of *Royal*, for *Divine* diſclaim!
Roſ. It ſhews 'midſt ſo much Beauty, as delights,
A *Majeſty* that *awes*, *Honour* that *frights*.
What MONSTERS muſter! *Clar°.* That of *Creet* (I think)
I am ſurveying, and his LABYRINT.
Zel. Here hangs a Trumpet. *Clar°.* 'Tis, without all doubt,
T' adviſe when any ſtrangers are without.
Zel. Blow it, and call. *Roſ.* Is it no more but ſo?
Madam, when thou do'ſt call, do'ſt thou not know
Thou call'ſt a thouſand *Monſters*? *Zel.* Pith! We may
Be, without fears, all Ladies — Blow, I ſay.

One Blows the Trumpet, to which they anſwer from within with another, and a Gyant appears upon the Battlement.

Gy. 1. Th' *Advent'rer*, who? *Roſ.* (Dire ſhape.) *Zel.* 'Twere
To learn before what the ADVENTURE is. (not amiſs
Gy. 1. You would not uſe your *hands* then, but your *feet*.
Zel. With *civil Gyant* ſhall one never meet?
Clar°. He knows not *thee*. *Zel.* How *many* have pretence
To *Valour*, only by their *Inſolence*!

Roſ.

Roſ. Excuſe them, *Madam*, the Books make them ſo.
Gy. 1. Approaching *Knights* themſelves in Armour ſhow.
Roſ. Again? I fear me here will be a fray.
Zel. A Troop of Horſe? My GENIUS feaſts to day.
Roſ. *Madam*, we are not ſafe. *Zel.* Mask'd in this dreſs
Here will I ſtand to witneſs the ſucceſs.
Roſ. But, *Madam*, why haſt thou not made a new
INCHANTED CASTLE for thy Beauty too?
Zel. Becauſe that *Beauty* hath a ſtronger fence
Which is immur'd with its *own* innocence.

Sound Trumpets.

Roſ. All's War. *Zel.* Thy Fortune in th' *Adventure* try.
Clar. Ah! how much more's th' *Inchantment* of that *Eye.*

Exeunt.

Enter Felisbravo, *the General, and* Rifaloro *in the* Spaniſh *Habit, or how they will, out of the* Perſian, *as in Journey towards* Tartaria, Felisbravo *replying to their diſſwaſions from it.*

Fel. This is *Love* (ſtart not at the word) 't will blind
Sooneſt the cleareſt ſight, and (read) you 'l find
Great *Lover*, and Great *Prince*, went ever joyn'd.

It is a Spirit, an immortal Gueſt,
The prop'reſt Paſſion of a Kingly breſt,
As higher by the head than all the reſt.

If *Bounteous, prudent, conſtant, valiant,*
Secret, and *affable*, and *vigilant*,
Are *Royal Stiles*; and *Love* is all theſe *things*:
See, if good *Lovers* will not make good *Kings.*
" 'Tis a *dull* Wiſdom not to love, a curſt
" *Imperfect Virtue*; and it is at worſt

" A

" A *Manly fault* high *Beauty* to adore.
'Tis fit my youth [divinely bent] explore,
Not ſweet *variety* to pleaſe my taſte,
But (to contemplate on) a *Phœnix* chaſt:
Whom having found, out of the vulgar path,
My *Soul* (then wholly taken up with *Faith*)
Shall ſhut out hope; For this pure *Spirit* that graſps
In its immenſeneſs whatſoever Heav'n claſps,
And *Earth*, contains yet but one *Will*; which one
Should be ſo *brave*, and *firmly* mov'd upon
Her *centre*, as to love *eternally*
In a *Life's moment*: So without a *Why*,
As if all *Beauty* it were death to covet,
Or (ſaving *only to love* it) *to love* it,
As if, ev'n to *deſerve*, were to *encroach*,
And the leaſt ſpark of *favour*, Faith's *reproach*.
Then, *rackt* with paſſion, to confeſs i'th' end
A *flame*, which only *pardon* ſhall pretend,
" Who (loving much) himſelf hath *little* ſought,
" If fault it *be*, hath done a *civil* fault.
" Nor added to (in his more noble fire)
" The *ſin* of *Love* the *crime* of a *deſire*:
" Forcing his *Miſtreſs* with too cloſe purſuit
" To kick him off with an enraged foot.
" Importun'd *pity* cauſes juſt diſdain:
Whilſt *ſelf-denyers* may *enjoy* their *pain*.
Rif. There's no ſuch *Lyar* as your *Lover* is:
Not one of them but *ſays*, not one *does*, this.
Would'ſt thou have humane Love without deſire?
No, all *below* is *culinary fire*,
Talk what they will. *Fel.* The Captive dy'd, and me
This ZELIDAURA's Beauty calls, to ſee
If fame have not been laviſh in her Praiſe;
And, following the bright Lanthorn of her Raies,
(Pretending to *that* God a *Pilgrimage*
Whom ſuperſtitious *Greeks* adore in *Delos*)

I quit my *Kingdom* (a poor Complement)
For I would quit as many, in her queſt,
As *Spain* poſſeſſes, or old *Rome* poſſeſt.
But, if I greater than a Kingdom be,
(Since where I am, I am not without me)
What do I quit? *Gen.* Although there is no Law
Which can a Countrey, and a *People* awe
Like their KING's Eye; thou leav'ſt at the ſtern *two*
Great *Stateſmen*, whoſe leaſt praiſe, is that they bridle
Envy's black Muzzel; who, of *themſelves* good,
Surpaſs *themſelves* in *goodneſs*; ſince we ſee
They are the *better* ev'n for fear of *thee.*

Fel. Their Zeal and *prudent Courage* prop my *Throne:*
Yet *I* too am not *abſent*, though from home
For *Princes* care is over *all* that's *theirs:*
Nor can good Kings have *evil Counſellors.*
A King ſhould be all *Eye* and *Ear*; he ſhou'd
Be *learned*, to be *wiſe*; *wiſe*, to be *good.*

Rif. I quake: This *Prince* was born to rule the *World.*
O the tranſcendent baſeneſs of a pack
Of Hounds, of us, who (with what we call Loyalty)
Not follow, but ev'n *hunt* ſo ſweet a King,
And *worry* him! For thoſe, whom I have known
To boaſt moſt *faith*, and pure *devotion*,
Have never been concern'd how *Riches* Stream
Ebb'd with our *Maſter*, ſo it *flow'd* with *them.*

Gen. In RIFALORO (for thy Recreation)
Thou haſt a *Mirth* without *ſcurrility*,
An underſtanding wrap'd in *Raylery.*
In him is found a *ſober* Madneſs, ſport
Without *abuſe*; all very new in COURT.
A Man ſo honeſt, that he will (I know)
Speak always *truth* to thee. *Rif.* He will not though.
Nor lye, nor truth, ſhall from my mouth proceed,
(Good my Lord General, there's no ſuch need)

Not

Not lye, becauſe to lye, is a diſgrace;
Not *truth*, for it belongs not to my place.
My gay and frolick *humour* ſhall diſpence,
Not lyes (I ſcorn 't) not *truths* (they give offence.)
I, Truths? I'm not a *Fool* to that degree,
'T would count'nance lyes, to have truths *told* by *me*.
Gen. Such then about all *Majeſty* ſhould come,
As will tell *Truths*, and whom Truths will become.
Sound a Trumpet within.
Fel. What's that? *Rif.* A Trumpet here? *Fel.* I'm ravilh'd! this
To *noble Ears* the *ſweeteſt Muſick* is.
Amongſt theſe *Trees* a ſtately Pile I ſpy,
Fair *butt* of the *Deſire*, *bound* of the *Eye*.
Gen. Is 't not the *Sphear* of that Illuſtrious QUEEN?
Thy *Heart's* ſtrong *Load-ſtone*, drawing it *unſeen?*
Fel. We are not got ſo far as *Tartary:*
For yet we tread the *Happy Araby*.
Gen. Draw neerer let us. *Fel.* Rather let us balk
Vain *Curioſities:* For, when I walk
Another way then towards my North Pole,
I am complain'd upon by my *own ſoul*.
Gen. See, various *Works*, and ſtrange *Inſcriptions* under,
Where *Novelties* lay to *arreſt* our *wonder*.
Fel. It ſays here: *Reads upon the Gate.*

I am a Bondage, or I am a Prize:
I Marry with the Valiant, and the Wiſe:
Valiant or Wiſe, alone, will not ſuffice.

— And it ſays here:

Beauty is deny'd a voice,
In making for it ſelf a choice:
'Cauſe Reaſon would not truſt a Bliſs
I' a thing ſo prone to chuſe amiſs.

The words are plain: But *why* they are writ here
I cannot reach. *Rif.* I can. *Gen.* Then, prethee, ſay.
Rif. To make *wiſe fools* of *all* that paſs this way.
Fel. Let's call. *Rif.* Here hangs a *Trumpet*: Muſt we call?
Gen. Blow't, *Rifaloro*, do. *Fel.* If here I ſhall
Be held, but for one inſtant, my *love* mourns:
For a true *Lover's* Heart ſits upon Thorns.

They call as before, and a Trumpet anſwers from within, and another different Gyant comes up, who puts off his Hat.

Rif. They come. *Gy.* 2. Your pleaſure, Knight? Draw near. *Rif.* What's that?
'Fig for your *Courtſhip*! Prodigal of *Hat*;
Thou *ſleep'ſt* in *ſheets*, drink'ſt thy Sherbet with Snow,
And wait'ſt on *Ladies* (doubtleſs) to a Show:
A Gyant *A-la mode* —
Gy. 2. What is your *Worſhips* pleaſure? *Rif.* Worſhips too?
Mountain of *Bone*, if thou canſt tell us, do,
What is embraced by this Caſtle's Dyke?
Say, *prodigy*; to *humane creature* like.
Gy. 2. The fair *Claridiana*, who gives *Laws*
To all this Countrey: For ſo *ſtrange* a cauſe,
And in ſo *ſtrange* a way, *Inchanted* here,
As (if you are at leiſure) you ſhall hear.

The firſt Gyant comes up very angry, and the ſecond ſneaks away.

Gen. Say on. *Gy.* 1. Peace, *Buſy*; get you whence you came.
Gy. 2. I *go*. *Rif.* He *ſeems* a GYANT, *is* a LAME.
Gy. 1. Who is't would be inform'd? *Rif.* A *Squire*.
Gy. 1. A *Squire*?
Squires are no piece of *Hiſtory*: Retire.
Rif. O Rogue! as long as *this* year and the *laſt*!
Vizard of *Valour*! *Gy.* 1. Squire? It makes me —
Rif. Nay, I deſerve no better: Was I drunk,
To raiſe that *ſcandal* on my ſelf? Thou, *Trunk*;
Thou, *Pomontory*; thou, *deluge of fleſh*;
Some Errant Knight with a white face ſhall threſh

Thee

Thee out (I *vow*) and not one whole Bone leave thee,
With glittering *Morglay*: For the gentle *ſlit*
Over the Noſe would never *Gyant* fit.
Gy. 1. Out, Worm! *Gen. Great Porter* (Gyant is no more)
Anſwer. *Gy.* 1. (Th'art troubleſome) Upon what ſcore?
Wert thou a *Knight*, I would; but with this *Mace*
I'l come, and purge you *All* out of the place.
Fel. Muſt *I* hear *this*, and purſe up the *diſgrace?*
Rude, ſaucy, arrogant. *Gy.* 1. ('Twere good, in troth,
If *Gyants* ſhould take notice of ſuch froth.)

Exit.

Fel. Knock, knock a thouſand times, for I am— *Rif.* (What, *Orlando Furioſo?*) *Fel.* A new HERCULES
To break in fitters theſe enchanted Gates.
But, what's *Claridiana* unto ME?
Whether the wonder of the *Earth* ſhe be,
Or *Envy* of the Heav'n? Away, away;
My Soul crys ſhame on me for this delay.
Gen. Sir, though *Love* ſpur you, and your *heart* ſay *no*,
Sleep, reſt, repoſe a little; ſince you go
So tyr'd: Do more for *Nations* (whoſe Lives ſheath
Themſelves in *yours*) than for one Picture; Breath:
Enjoy this cool *ceſſation* of the *Sun*,
The gentle *April's* greeneſt *Manſion*.
Rif. This flowry Wood (ſo well deſcrib'd) enjoy,
Thy *love* goes too, if thou thy *life* deſtroy.
Gen. Sit by this ſilver-fed, and *murmuring*—
Rif. Means he by *that* a COURTIER? or a *Spring?*
Gen. I go to ſee the *Palfreys*, do not move
From the King, *Rifaloro*. *Rif.* Of this Grove

Exit General.

I am the ſleepy *Burgeſs*.—Sleep'ſt not thou?
Fel. I'll cuſtom *this* of *ſleeping*; a dull *badge*
Of humane frailty: Thief of *love* and *life*.
Rif. Has the *world* ſuch a *paſtime*, as dear Sleep?

O *folly* of tranſcendent *guſt*! to wink,
And for ſome certain time of nothing think;
But, if I were a *King*, I'd never lay
My lids together, to reign night and day.
Fel. If *ſleep* invade me ſtrongly, That may ſever
My *life* ſome minutes from me, my *love* never.
But 'tis *impoſſible* to *ſleep* (we know)
Extended on the Rack: If that be ſo,

Takes out the Picture.

Dumb Larum, come thou forth: *Eloquent Mute*,
For whom high Heav'n and Earth commence a Suit:
Of Angel-woman, fair *Hermaphrodite*!
The Moon's *extinguiſher*! the *Moon-days* night!
How could ſo ſmall a *Sphear* hold ſo much day?
O ſleep! now, now, thou conquer'ſt me — But ſtay:
That *part* thou *conquer'ſt*, I'l not own for *mine*.
Tempeſt I ſeek, not calm: If the days thine,
Thou quell'ſt my body, my Love ſtill is whole:
I give thee all of that which is not Soul.
And, ſince in *Lodgings* from the Street Love lies,
Do *thou* (and ſpare not) quarter in my Eyes
A while; I harb'ring ſo unwelcome Gueſt
(As Men obey thy Brother *Death's* arreſt)
Not as a *Lover*, but a MORTAL ——

He falls a ſleep with the Picture in his hand.

Rif. He's faln a ſleep; ſo ſoon? What *frailty* is?
More like a *Husband*, then a *Lover*, this.
If *Lovers* take ſuch ſleeps, what ſhall I take,
Whom *pangs* of *Love*, nor Honour's *Trumpets*, 'wake?

Rifaloro *falls aſleep.*

Enter

Enter Zelalura *like a Huntress, with a Bow and Quiver.*

Zel. Solitude, of Friends the best,
And the best *Companion*;
Mother of Truths, and brought at least
Every day to bed of one:
In this flow'ry *Mansion*
I contemplate how the *Rose*
Stands upon thorns, how quickly goes
The dismaying *Jesamine*:
Only the *Soul*, which is divine,
No decay of Beauty knows.

The *world* is *beauty's* Mirrour; *Flow'rs*,
In their first virgin-purity
Flat'rers both of the *Nose* and *Eye*,
To be crop't by Paramours
Is their best of Destiny.

And those nice *darlings* of the *Land*,
Which seem'd Heav'ns painted bow to scorn,
And bloom'd the envy of the *morn*,
Are the gay *trophy* of a *hand*:

We, that are *Queens*, in *stile* and *power*.
Serve but to take up a *Man's Game*,
Into his hands to put the same,
Who may neglect us the next hour.
"She on whom *greatness Heav'n* doth showre,
"If she the *Main* is, or the *By*,
The means of knowing is debarr'd;
Therefore my CROWN I would discard,
Because it lets me not descry
Whether my FORTUNE's lov'd, or I.

I am not *foul*, nor very *proud*,
Yet, out of meaſure *jealous* grown,
Leaſt Suitors (who my *Pallace* croud)
Are come a woing to my *Throne*.
But, as in vain, with rueful tone

The am'rous Birds in flow'ry *Vales*
Tell the fair Morn a thouſand Tales;
In vain do *me* theſe *Lovers* haunt:
Little Twat'lers, ignorant
Importuning *Nightingales*.

With ſhooting I'll divert me —

Rifaloro *talks in his ſleep, at which* Zelidaura *ſtartles, and, turning, ſpies* Felisbravo.

Rif. (Rare ſops!) *Zel.* I hear a Man — A *Knight there* lies,
Who, in a *Picture (eyes)* the vaunted ſpoil
Of ſome *Court Beauty* (whom he will beguile)
Holds in his hand the Idol of his *eyes*.

She draws nearer him.

He ſleeps; ſhe loves him, by this light:
For *Men*, if handled with *diſdain*,
Cannot ſleep (they're in ſuch pain;)
But if once they're *lov'd*, good night.

Sleep, and Love, are two blind Gods
That have always liv'd at odds.
Therefore th' *Man* that *ſleep* is taking
Little cares for *him* who 's *waking*.

Lullaby'd in Favours lap,
No wonder this ſhould take a nap.
— Bleſs me! She loves him paſt all bound,
His *ſleep* could not be elſe ſo *ſound*.

He

He, her for ends, I lay my life;
Thoſe compaſt, his *flame* dyes.
Sure, he conſider'd her his WIFE,
For ſhe hath *cloſ'd* his *Eyes*.

O that her ſelf had napping catch'd
Her Knight! that ſhe might weep
To *ſee* the *much*, for *him* ſh' has watch'd,
Rewarded with a *ſleep*.

That ſhe with rage might underſtand,
In *Men*, that *Truth* moſt prize,
How ſoon a *favour* in their *hand*
Is leſſning in their *eyes*.

She draws yet nearer.

LOVER (becauſe ungrateful 's worſe,
I ſay not fooliſh Lover)
Thou ſhouldſt have put it in a *purſe*,
The *diſeſteem* to *cover*.

I'l take it from him: Let him wake
As rightly ſerv'd, as inly madded,
Fond Ship-wreck of a *Bliſs* to make,
Which he *deſpis'd* becauſe he *had* it.

Takes the Picture from him.

Lady, thou art reveng'd by me;
Without thee let him 'bide,
Who, being in *thy* company,
Could take *himſelf* aſide:

Whom *favour* made to face about:
Who neither *loves* thee, nor did keep—

Looks upon the Picture.

But, what is this! without all doubt
I *dream*, if *he* 's aſleep.

I feel a hidden *hand* diſtil
A poyſon flow into my *will.*

My *Organs* in their places ſtand?
'Tis *I* (unhappy Beauty!)
I, limn'd? And in a *Poltroons* hand
That *ſleeps* upon his *duty?*

Where's the due reverence to my ſtate?
(Heavens!) What is this *face* become?
I, pocketted? And by a *Mate*
That uſes me for *Opium?*

The Root of *Womans* Pedegree
Makes me fear my ſelf his *Bride;*
Becauſe my ſelf I taken ſee
(Whil'ſt he ſleepeth) from his ſide.

I ſhould *love him* by ONE Token,
That his ſleeps are ſo unbroken;
But he wrongs me (I'm ſure) by *two,*
Pictur'd, and *neglected* too.

To know who 'tis, more *fear* in me
Then *Curioſity* doth move:
For *little* is his *Quality;*
If 'tis not *greater* than his *Love.*

Another fault I cannot find:
A ſweeter *Man* my Eyes ne're ſaw!
Here were a LOVER, if his *Mind*
One by his *Face* and *Shape* could draw.

If I have coſt thee Love, (a *pain*
Thou haſt ſo rare an Art to hide)
Thee I conjure, for my *diſdain*
Sufficiently be qualified.

She hears the footing of ſome-body.

(People

(People approach.) Mask'd with my fear
In this ſame place again I'll be,
To know news of him — (Love, hold there)
I was about to ſay — Of *me*.

Exit.

Enter Claridoro *calling after her.*

Clar°. Hear (*fair one*) thou a *Man* haſt *ſlain*,
Yet fly not for it;
For, beſides that 'tis in *vain*,
'T will make the *fact* more horrid:
In *vain*: for (*Flow'rs* up-growing
Where thou art going)
O ZELIDAURA, ſee
Each ROSE *accuſes* and *confeſſes* Thee!

Through this dark *Wood* I ſhoot,
Where thy *ſcorns* lead,
And (*Pencil* of the *Mead*)
Thy Milky *Foot*
A Miracle doth ſhow,
That the *red* Flowers ſhould ſpring from the *white* Snow.

If thou 'rt enraged to find
My Murdreſs, I declare,
My *ſilence* doth prepare
To pacifie thy Mind.

But (HEAVENS!) How is that poſſible,
Since when I tell my fear, my Love I tell?

Felisbravo *wakes, and begins to ſpeak to the Picture.*

Fel. Can, Can it be that I have ſlept?
Then let my *ſin* my *pennance* be,
For all that while I have been kept
(Companion for a God) from thee.

Miſſes the Picture.

Hah! The Picture? I had rather
My ſelf were loſt, (O heav'nly Father!)
He whom to wake *that* could not make,
Let him ſleep, and never wake.

In my *Coffin* I ſhould bluſh
Though *I* now dy'd of *Grief* and *Love*.
One Life would for offending *thus*
But ſlender *expiation* prove.

If I dye, my grief dies too,
If I would kill *grief* and all,
Death hath ſomething elſe to doe
Than to come when *Wretches* call.

If I dye in fine, in vain
Will a demi-cure be wrought:
Death, that takes away my pain,
Cannot take away my *fault*.

Live then, *I*, and *live* my GRIEF;
Wander my ſurviving *Ghoſt*
(Stripped of her Solace chief)
Round about this *treaſure* loſt.

Let my *Soul* a ſtranger be
To what e're of comfort taſts;
And my Body dying ſee,
Whilſt long-lived *ſorrow* laſts.

Ill on me is well beſtow'd,
I have *deſerv'd* ſo croſs a *fate*,
Whoſe *misfortune* moſt is ſhow'd
In that I *once* was *fortunate*.

Clar°. What does he prole about for here?
Fel. 'Tis ſtoln from me (my *Anger grow*—)
This Man hath ſtoln it — Cavalier,
I'm one the WORLD (I'd have you know) Hath

Hath bourn ſo *great*, that (though in jeſt)
I cannot any *wrong* digeſt;
And (by *none* elſe to be diſmay'd)
Of my *own name* I am afraid.

Never did *I*, my whole Life long,
With RAUNTS (you underſtand)
Give to a *Braggadocia Tongue*
The *office* of the *Hand*.

Therefore, in courteous ſort I pray,
Deliver the Sun back.
Clar°. What means the Man? *Fel.* My Soul I ſay,
Which I too long do lack.

Clar°. Is he not mad? *Fel.* Think not to put *me* off,
By putting ſtrangeneſs on; with *it*, in one
Pencil, reſtore a thouſand *rays*, a thouſand
Suns in one Picture. *Clar°*. Yet, I cannot reach him.
Fel. Reſtore it, or (I vow to JOVE) th' art dead.
Clar°. I neither know your *meaning*, neither fear
Nor eſteem you: For let me tell you—

Rifaloro wakes, and gets upon his feet in a great fright.

Rif. What clattering 's this? *Fel.* Not underſtand me? little
Know'ſt *thou* whom thou offend'ſt. *Clar°*. Thou know'ſt me little.

Rifaloro draws and puts himſelf on the ſide of Claridoro.

Rif. Do, tame that Colt. *Fel.* Thou do'ſt misken me doubtleſs.
Rif. No, no, but to help *one* (a *Medicine try'd*)
Clap a hot *Coward* to the *other* ſide.
Fel. No fooling, my chaf'd fury ſhall conſume him:
Once I have *ſworn*. *Clar°*. And, if my honeſt word
Thou wilt not take, I pawn thee *here* my *Sword*.

They fight, when ſuddenly let there be a noiſe within, many Inventions are ſhot off, and all that may move horrour and admiration. Trumpets and Drums lofully.

But what is this! *Fel.* What horrour! 'leſs Heav'n falls,
Th' Inchantment is diſſolving: or theſe *Walls.*

The ſame.

The noiſe continues, ſound Trumpets with much harmony and claſh of War. Enter the General, and let a Draw-bridge fall from aloft, parting Felisbravo *and* Claridoro, *and within let there appear a ſtair-caſe, by which the Prince* Floranteo *is to deſcend richly clad, and with him the Gyants, and let many horrible ſhapes be ſeen: And enter* Zelidaura *like a Shepherdeſs, and with her* Roſelinda *in the ſame habit.*

Roſ. The *Adventure* is try'd doubtleſs by ſome *Knight.*
Zel. Hide me *(rough Bark)* while I enjoy this ſight.
But he that comes to try it, is the ſame
That wore my Picture. O, fair Knighthoods ſhame!
One Woman *pict'ur'd*, and *another* ſought?
That thou a *Traytor* art, is thy *own* fault:
But, wert thou an *ungrateful* one, 'twere mine.

Let all the ſtair-caſe be coverd with Arms, and Appurtenances of War, and the covering and floor covered therewith, and let there ſally out of the mouth of a Serpent a black Gyant armed with a Club, and ſpitting fire.

Gen. The matter, *Rifaloro?* *Rif.* Do thou divine,
I cannot now the while, I do fear ſo;
Fear with me, and *hereafter* we ſhall know.

Floranteo *puts himſelf between the two Adventurers.*

Flo. Generous KNIGHTS, ambitious of the honour
To interweave LAUREL with OAK, and twiſt
MARS with *APOLLO.* From this dazling *wonder*,
From this fair Prodigie, from this (now) *truth*,
But a *Romance* to ſucceeding Ages,
This general Loadſtone, BABEL that threats HEAV'N,
A great ill Neighbour with *fantaſtick* Towers
Your coming hath proceeded.
Hear what it *promiſes*, what it *contains*,
To what it *binds*, what it *obſerves*, what *teaches*:

Laomedon

Laomedon (the Glory of theſe *Provinces*
Wiſe, learned, valiant,) in ARABIA was
The laſt of all her Kings, whoſe *Magick* Voice,
Which ſilenc'd *Circe's* and *Medea's* Charms
(Bridle of *Sea* and *Winds)* gave the *Stars* Laws.
A Daughter had he *(Natures Maſter piece)*
Who might boaſt *verify'd* in her *perfections*
All that baſe FLAT'RY LYES, ſo without *Art*
Handſome, that her *unaided Beauty* chides
The *lyes* and dims the *truths* of *Roſe* and *Snow*,
Her (crown'd with *Roſes* and pale *Jeſamines*
A MAIDEN QUEEN) twelve flow'ry SPRINGS being then
Out flouriſh'd by her *Beauty*, the *ſole Heir*
Of her *Sires* REALM and FAME, and that ſo ſole,
That ſhe ſtands fair for *ſole Executrix*
To the ARABIAN PHOENIX ——
He (judging *Beauty* fit to be an EMPRESSE,
But an ELECTRESSE not, as having given
So frequent cauſe of ſorrow and diſgrace
To the unhappy Boaſters of a face)
To all the NOBLES of this *Land* preſents
And in her hearing uſes this plain Language,
One foot now in the grave. Love and Ambition
Will from the ſpatious *Univerſe* hereafter
Draw many *Suitors* to my Crown and Daughter:
I will not that endanger'd by the SYREN
Of cruel *Flattery* (which ſings in Rocks
T' intrap the warieſt *Ears*) a *falſe* ſupplant,
Or *ſoft* heart counſel her, *Misfortune* dark'ning
The ſplendour of her *Beauty*; and, inſtead
Of chuſing a WISE Husband and a VALIANT
(Her *Eye*, perhaps, ſwaying her to a fair one)
A COWARD or a FOOL govern *ARABIA.*
This ſaid (and ſeconded with a dire SPEL)
The cleft *Earth* trembles, utt'ring to the *Air*
This glitt'ring EDIFICE; In which inclos'ſt'ring

His

His fair INHERITRIX (with double wards
Of *task* on *task* ſecur'd) *He* one INCHANTMENT
Locks in another, leaving (to the end
Great Souls may try th' *Adventure*) much for VALOUR
To *cut*, as much for WISDOM to *untye*;
To have ARABIA ſo (Her Queen the Prize)
Defended by the STOUT, *Rul'd* by the WISE.
For (to oblige his Realm) he did ordain
Theſe *two* (which make one PERFECT PRINCE) ſhould Reign.
Then on, *Young-men*, A Beauty and a Crown
He gains that *wins*, the *loſer* gains *Renown*.

Fel. He who doth ſeek this *Realm*, this *Beauty* wiſh,
Let *him* theſe *dangers* conquer, court this Bliſs:
Not he, who doth adore a greater LIGHT,
And mourns its *abſence* in a longſome *night*.

Zel. One *worn*? One *ſought*? A third *lov'd*? (facil Man!)

Fel. Nor think inamour *him* that *Scepters* can,
Whoſe *Miſtreſs* is all *Dowry*, who reproves
The Common *truck* of Mercenary *Loves*
By his more noble thoughts, and doth diſclaim
All *guerdon* but the *glory* of his *Flame*.

Clar°. The ſame ſay I, and that I too adore
A greater *Miſtreſs*, fortify'd with more
Impoſſibilities than *Heav'n* hath Lights.

Flo. I muſt propoſe a *Queſtion*: Are ye *Knights*?

Fel. I am. *Clar°.* And I. *Flo.* Then tell them (BROCADAN)
The LAW obſerved here by every Man.

Gy. 1. The LAW is *this*; *That whatſoever KNIGHT*
Preſumes t'approach this famous CASTLES ſight
Shall, if th' ADVENTURE he ſhall then eſchue,
Confeſs himſelf a FOOL and COWARD too,
Elſe We, the GYANTS, and WILD BEASTS that wait
On our Commands, are bound to fight him ſtraight.

Flo. And *Whoſo tries it, and ſhall fail, that he*
Remain behind t' expound the Myſterie.

My

My *Caſe:* Who had the Heart t' attempt the thing,
But not the *fortune* to ſucceed therein.
Fel. Such *baſeneſs* do theſe *barbarous Laws* obtrude
On KNIGHTS, twice *Valiant* by their *Oath* and *Blood?*
I'll end th' *Adventure*, that *another's* Eyes
(More fair) may have a *Rival* to deſpiſe.

Clar°. Vyes he the Game? then I will ſee't,
Whoſe LAWRELS here I vow,
For ſtrewings to *another's Feet*,
Not *garlands* of my *Brow.*

Trumpets and Drums ſoftly.

Flo. Let the *Trumpets* give the ſign
Let the ſecond *Draw bridge* fall,
And to the proof of WIT divine
Both enter, for *that* firſt doth call.

The Draw-bridge falls down like a Percullis, and let Rocks full of horrour appear, and in them many dreadful Animals ſpitting fire.

This Labyrinth decides the thing,
Which *he* will ſhew he underſtands,
Who by the one door entering,
Comes forth by that which right againſt it ſtands

Fel. Have at the Caſtle then. *Clar°.* The ſame *I* ſay,
This day I am immortalliz'd. *Fel. This day*
Imp *I* new *feathers* in the *Wings* of FAME
With which to *Heav'n* ſhe ſhall advance my Name.
Zel. Clear *Spirits both*; and, if one's WIT burn dim,
I, in my *Picture's* right ſhall bluſh for *him.*
But, if he twice prove VICTOR, he muſt Marry
Th' *Arabian Queen* — It cuts two ways — *Kif.* They tarry
Exceeding long (me thinks) my little bit
What if try'd of *Proweſs*, and of *Wit?*
'Tis but to thrid a *Maze*, and t' other thing
Of being *Valiant*, and I am a KING. *Gy.* I.

Gy. 1. Said not I, *Squires* are only to look on
In *acts* of CHIVALRY? *Preſto:* Be gone.
Rif. St. *Belianis!* a Snake ſtung my toe.
Zel. IN COURT THERE'S NOT A WORM BUT STINGS YOU KNOW.

Rifaloro *either flyes back, or is ſwallowed into the mouth of one of the Monſters, or a Gyant ſnatches him, and the Gyant goes out in wrath.*

Sound Trumpets.

Within.
[VICTORIA! VICTORIA!] *Zel.* Who has won
The Prize of Wiſdom? —

Claridoro *enters at the contrary door.*

Clar°. *CLARIDORO.* *Flo.* *Son*
Of PALLAS, ſhadow with that *Tree* thy Head,
Which ciphers *hope*, and yet of ſcorns 'twas bred.

He proffers Claridoro *a Crown of Lawrel, and he refuſes it.*

Clar°. No Conqueſt *this*, ſince for an *unſeen* face,
And *ZELIDAURA* is not in the caſe.

Enter Felisbravo *very angry at the ſame door by which he went in.*

Fel. I loſt the Prize of Wit (the *ſtuff* that lines
A gallant Man) fond Errour! which defines
It WIT, a miſty LABYRINTH to hit,
More favouring of *Memory* than WIT,
Whoſe lofty Plumes to higher things aſpire,
And fetch from *Heaven* the *Promethean* Fire.
Quite contrary, a *Memory* was never
A friend to Wit, but its diſcredit ever.
Zel. The Man wants BRAINS, and well he may, that gives
His Mind to ſleeping ſo, and idlely lives.

Trumpets

Trumpets and Drums ſoftly.

Flo. Again, *Young man.* Thoſe *Monſters* which did bear
Thy *Wit* reſpect, make now thy Valour fear.

Claridoro *draws and charges, and the Monſters ſpit fire.*

Clar°. All their grim *horrour* does but whet my *Blade.*
Have at you *dogs.* *Zel.* How bold he does invade!
Flo. How *bravely* he attacks! *Clar°.* But I aſpire
Impoſſibles; for though my *Soul*'s on fire,
Though it ſcorn all that's *Monſter*, kick at danger,
My *ſtrength* is not *immortal* like my *anger.*
O, *Devils! Devils!* —

Claridoro *retires, and* Felisbravo *aſſaults the ſhut Gates, and they open in two parts, and the Gyants appear to ſtop his paſſage.*

Fel. This day it will be ſeen, if *Heav'n* think fit,
Valour ſhall recompence the the want of WIT.
I come, pale *Monſters:* Coward *Beaſts*, 'Tis I:
In my HAND *Thunder*, *Light'ning* in my EYE.

The Serpents ſpit fire, and go retiring and ſinking down, and let the Gyants come with their Clubs, and let there be much tumult and demonſtration of war and danger.

Gen. This can my *valour* ſuffer! to forſake
My King's brave ſide! INCHAUNTMENT I would make
My way thorough *thee*, and his *diſpleaſure* too,
But that I know his *Sword* can *more* ſubdue.
Zel. They run, *they run*, with ſteel, and terrour ſtrook:

Trumpets and Drums.

His *arm* may play, he *kills* them with his *look.*

Let the Gyants and Wild Beaſts fly ſinking down.

Fel. Fantaſtick dangers! Conqueſts of light Air!
Give me freſh Foes, for I have *deaths* to ſpare.
Within. [*Victoria! Victoria!*] Floranteo *Crowns him with Lawrel.*
Flo. To thy Brow
This *Lawrel MARS* preſents, there to *root*, *grow*,

And *multiply*. Th' *Inchantment* 'twixt you *twain*
Is now diſſolv'd; In *her* it doth remain
To chuſe: And (ſee!) her Godhead doth unſhrowd,
Like *Phœbus* breaking *glorious* through a *Cloud*.

Cornets.

Let the Caſtle come down, with much Muſick, and let doors fall open with Chryſtal Caſements, and much ſplendour, that it may be admirable to behold, and ſitting in a Throne the Queen Claridiana *with a Garland of Flowers upon her head.*

What a rare *Beauty*! *Clar°*. May ſhe WIT abhor.
Zel. Grant, *Love*, ſhe may not like a Man of War.

Let Claridiana *come forth of the Inchantment.*

Cla. Arrogant KNIGHTS, who (fooliſh and preſumptuous)
Before you have been SUITORS, would be HUSBANDS,
One of you *two* ye look now I ſhould *chuſe*.
How fond and vain an Errour! ſince there be
Yet greater *charms* to overcome in *Me*.
'Twere more than time the diſinchanted *Queen*
Thank'd both your Loves for taking down her skreen.
Could *me* by CONQUEST any *Mortal* claim,
Or by his *Wit* (as people win a *Game*)
I'd burn my ſelf alive firſt. But, is't *Wit*
The windings of a *Labyrinth* to hit?
To overcome two *Serpents*, a pretence
To be the Son of *Mars*? To ſpeak a *Prince*
Valiant to *cut* and ſlaſh, doth not ſuffice,
Nor to *reſolve* a RIDDLE ſtiles him wiſe.

Speaks to the Company.

To be a *King* (wiſe-valiant) of theſe *twain*
Which *Battels* wan? which Rul'd a *Land* with BRAIN?
If my free *choice* my unjuſt *Father* reſt,
Why was my WILL, why was my REASON left?
I, *by Inchantments* over-rul'd to be?
Not for two Thrones. My *Body*, but not *Me*,

He

He did *inchant*— Prepoſt'rous! to bring *one*
For us to ſee, when all's agreed upon?
That our *impoſed Maſters* we muſt go
Firſt to *obey*, and *afterwards* to *know*?
I ask not the ſole making of my *choice*:
But why am I *deny'd* my *Negative voice*?
This *Victory* to *me* worſe THRALDOM is;
If it oblige me to be *his*, or *his*.
But it ſhall not, I'll love my ſelf alone;
Not of the WISE nor VALIANT, but mine OWN.
Flo. Madam, a *Queen* might well chuſe either;
But of the *two*— *Cla.* This Queen likes neither.

I, for a *Husband*, the *Diſcreet* would have;
But, for a KING, one both *Diſcreet*, and BRAVE.
One I'll not injure, nor to two belong:
Wiſe and ſtout you ſee are *twain*:
Then (till they be *friends* again)
If I refuſe *both*, I do *neither* wrong.

Zel. How reſolute, and how diſcreet!
Envy couches at her feet.
Fel. How can he ſo *wiſe*, and *fair*,
One that is not ZELIDAURE?

Clar°. O, how worthy my *applauſe*!
Though my LOVE *another* cauſe.
Zel. I find I'm not in *love*, ſince *I*
Nor *Envy* feel, nor *Jealouſie*.

Cla. Firſt plead the Cauſe, and try by dint of words
If Brain or Valour moſt adorns a King;
Thoſe proving vain, then come t' appeal to Swords,
And let thoſe tongues of ſteel decide the Thing:
He who the *Bays* of both theſe Duels gains,
May wear CLARIDIANA for his pains.

Fel. (How little *I* that *Glory* prize!) *Aſide.*
Clar°. (How much do *I* that *Bliſs* deſpiſe!) *Aſide.*

Fel. Where we left off, remember *Knight*,
And the proud wrong which thou haſt done.

They lay hands upon their Swords.

Clar°. Thy Inſolence doth *me* incite
To end the *Quarrel* we *begun.*
Zel. A Man who with *my Picture* came
To combat for *another Dame*!
I'm vext, but jealous not a whit.

Trumpets ſofily.

Hah! have we more Inchantments yet?

They begin to fight, and let there be a noiſe like the firſt, and let them be all divided, as if they ſaw not one another.

Clar°. The Earth is hid with terrours dire.
Fel. Heaven lets down *ſheets* of *fire.*
Gen. What obſcurity! *Clar°.* What *ſadneſs*!
Fel. What horrour! *Zel.* What *affright*! *Cla.* What *gladneſs*!
Roſ. What *fear*! *Cla.* Let twice my *Liberty*
VICTORIA! VICTORIA cry.

Let them all diſappear, the Draw-bridge be cloſed, the Percullis drawn up, and the whole vaniſh in a trice.

The End of the firſt Act.

At the End of the first Act, the Lady Mary Cutinio, *and the Lady* Frances Tavara, *came forth and Danced with swords (in form of a chain)*
The Gallery of Love.

Then the following Song, between the first and second Act.

I.

WHere Tagus, Crown'd with *plumes* of *Woods*,
(Now *master of the field*)
Makes to his *Chrystal Yoak* the Floods
Of proud Harama yield.

II.

Beliza (*Shepherdess* on Earth
The *best* that e're sway'd *hook*)
The day of her *Phileno's* birth
Did like an Angel look.

III.

And a new Quire of Nimphs appears
To celebrate in Verse
(At least if Gods do count their years)
His happy *Anniverse*.

CHO-

CHORUS.

And in this Novelty,
With brave variety,
We all joyn as one;
For the better adorning
In the Weſtern Levant *the fair years of a Sun*,
Which make all but one Morning.

IV.

Now *feſtive*, and *Majeſtical*
Have loſt, on *Tagus*'s ſhore,
The *fear* of being *match'd* at all,
The *hope* of being *more*.

V.

After ſo much of *Greatneſs* ſhown,
And an applauſe not under,
Nothing will ever dare to own
The title of a *Wonder*.

VI.

For that *BELIZA's Name* (the *ſtuff*
Of everlaſting ſtory)
Alone is *Feſtival* enough,
And hath to ſpare of *Glory*.

CHO-

CHORUS

And in this Novelty,
With ſweet variety,
We all joyn as one;
For the better adorning
In a Weſtern Levant *the fair years of a Sun,*
Which make all but one Morning.

The

The Perſons of the ſecond Act, are the ſame with thoſe of the firſt, adding,

CUPID	*The Lady* Iſabella Guſman.
A GENTLEMAN	*The ſame Lady* Iſabella.
A SERVANT of Prince CLARIDORO	*The Lady* Mary Salier.
A CITIZEN	*The Lady* Lucy Prada.

Querer por ſolo Querer:
To Love only to Love.

THE SECOND ACT.

After the foregoing Song, loud Muſick, and let Claridiana *deſcend alone, by a pair of ſtairs on the right hand, and let it be quite another Scene.*

Cla. IN what a War, *Father* unjuſt,
Haſt thou plung'd me? for what cauſe
Didſt thou confine my *choice* to Laws
So *Heterogeneal* to my *guſt*?
What ſatisfaction to thy duſt
Can it be, *I* ſo ſhould wed?
Who put that *fancy* in thine head?
That I ſhould not be capabel
To chuſe for my *own ſelf*, as well,
As *thou* for *me*, after thou 'rt dead?

O (in thy own opinion) wiſe!
How have thy *ſpectacles* diſcern'd,
That *there*, where I am *moſt* concern'd,
I muſt be cozen'd by mine *Eyes*?
Admit, they ſhould their *choice* reviſe,
And me too late with ſad reflection
Their *Errour* in their *undeception*:
Were it not better owe that Ill
To the deception of my *will*,
Than to the *wilfulneſs* of thy *deception*?

If to *Inchantments* thou confide
My *happineſs*, thou may'ſt with much
More ground, what I ſhall chuſe for *ſuch*,
Truſt to my *Spirit* and my PRIDE:
If a *Star* 's truſted to provide
A *Match* for me, though that ſee far,
'Tis *fair*, and therefore like to erre
In *Happineſs*, and (with thy leave)
As to *Love matters* (I conceive)
A *Woman* knows more than a *Star*.

If it be noted a thing rare,
For Beauty fortunate to prove,
Yet I may *fortunately* love;
For what have I to do with *Fair*?
But Beauty now will quite deſpair
That ever *Bliſs* to *her* ſhould come,
When *(cruel Father!)* by thy doom
I, who have none, condemn'd muſt be,
Dead to my ſelf, to live to thee:
Like a *Watch candle* in a *Tomb*.

Is it decreed I muſt admit
Perforce of *Love*? what madneſs, this?
Serves *Beauty* only to hand *bliſs*
T' another, that uſurpeth it?
Virtue, Education, Wit,
To be *noble*, to be *fair*,
To be *ev'ry thing* that's *rare*,
Let not *theſe* for ever be
Woman's infelicitie,
Let not *theſe* for ever *ſcare*.

My *years* in HYMEN's ſlaviſh bands!
The *freedom* of my *Soul* reduc'd
To live after *another's Guſt*!
I, moulded in *another's* hands!
At an *imperious* Man's Commands!
It muſt not be: Let Men divine
With *ſimilies*; Let them in fine
Date Beauty by a *flow'r* that blows:
(How *everlaſting* in a *Roſe*!
How *trivial* in a *Jeſamine*!)

Fright *Fools* with *this*, That *Youth* 's a blaze:
That, which my *Envy* doth engage,
Is the *Prerogative* of AGE;
Which from a *higher ground* ſurvays
The *Labyrinth* of *humane* ways,
And, *undeceiv'd* by *Time*, doth know
That *all's deception* here below;
And whether *calm*, or *ſtorm* appears,
Is laid up in the *Bay* of *Years*,
And lets it *ſhine*, and lets it *blow*.

No *ancient Feſter*, no *new Sore*,
Makes *Age* wiſh CUPIDS *Bow* were burſt,
For TIME by this hath cur'd the *firſt*;
And *high time* 'tis, to have no *more*,
Love's *golden* Field being *now* all *hoar*.
Free I was born, and remain *free*;
Mine *own* I *am*, If I *will be*
Another's, 'tis *my* fault; with *whom*
For *me* unhappy to become,
Can never happen without *me*.

Liberty, my noble *Will*:
For theſe *Ills*, ſo *well* forecaſt,
How *bitter* will they be to *taſte*,
When, imagin'd but, they kill?
Indeed the *Fates* have us'd me ill:
I ask them not Revenge, nor Pelf,
But quiet, and to 'ſcape a ſhelf.
This ſure can be no great *offence*;
'Tis begging in my own defence
To *pray* I may but ſave *my ſelf*.

Enter Floranteo.

Flo. *This* now is LOVE's *laſt Will*, and laſt ſhall be,
Which (thankful to the hand that gave me death)
Shall leave my *Murtheress* a *Legacie*,
And ſigh her *Bleſſings* with my *dying* breath:

And theſe ſhall be not the *firſt tears*, which, ſtill'd
Out of the *Boſom's* principaller part,
Shall have the Fate of Wealth *profuſely* ſpill'd,
Which ſeldom meets with any *grateful* heart:

And

And *this* ſhall be a Love ſo *obſtinate*,
That, for all Love it ſhall a *pattern* grow,
To live in ſpight of *Time*, or *Change*, or *Hate*,
Yet there's *one comfort* amidſt *all* this *woe*,
That, for a *wretch* his way to *death* to grope,
There needs in fine, nor *Remedy*, nor *Hope*.

To Her.

Upon the Licenſe giv'n by thee
This glorious *Pile* to come and ſee,
Hundreds do flock, to view the *Place*,
But thouſands to behold thy *Face*;

Whom, though theſe *Knights* did diſinchant,
Th' Adventure is not finiſht yet,
Becauſe that WISE, and VALIANT,
Have not in one *ſubject* met:
So, in the SWORD again it lies,
By DUEL to decide the Prize.

Cla. I weigh not my dead Sires command,
Where his *Will* his *Law* I find;
No *King* that ever Rul'd a *Land*,
Could ſtretch his Empire to the *mind*.

I wonder in my heart, that *he*
(With all his *Wiſedom*) could not ſee,
The Husband he did fore-decree,
Would not ſo well examin'd be
By an Inchantment, as by Me:

Nor ſo authentick in Love-matters
An *Old-Man's* judgement, as his *Daughters*.
This is a *Lott'ry*, I profeſs,
Not giving him the happineſs
Who hath moſt worth but beſt *ſucceſs*.

And

And may not I acquainted be
With who they are? *Flo.* It may ſuffice
To know, they're both of Knights degree,
And that thy Sire was very wiſe.

Cla. I have a better way to know
Who's Valianteſt, and Wiſeſt. *Flo.* How?

Cla. He ſhall be the Valianteſt
Who my ſcorns beſt ſuffer can —
Flo. Good. *Cla.* And him that *loves* me beſt
I ſhall count the *wiſeſt* Man.

But ſadly, I do live in fear;
For, though I would not *fair* appear,
And, though in truth I am not *fair*,
Haunted I am, like *thoſe* that *are:*

And here, among theſe ruſtling leaves,
With which the wanton *Wind* doth play,
Inſpir'd by *it*, my Senſe perceives
This ſnowy *Jeſamine* (whiſp'ring) ſay;

How much more *frolick*, *white*, and *fair*,
In her *green-lattice* ſhe doth ſtand,
T' enjoy the *free* and *cooler Air*,
Than in the *priſon* of a hand.

Flo. Madam, Thou might'ſt be pleas'd to read
Other *Leſſons* in this *Mead*;
All whoſe *Flowers* (as from the *Spring*)
Take from *thee* their *life* and *being*.

See, this JESAMINE; which doth owe
To thy HAND fingers of *Snow*,
To its *ſoveraign whiteneſs*, how
All his ſilver Banners bow!

See,

See, that ſanguine *Gilly-flow'r*
(*Spicy*, big with pearly ſhowre)
Which a new AURORA dips
In the *ſcarlet* of thy *Lips*!

See, the LILLY's ſo pure *white*,
It might be *margent* to the *Light*!
Such a *white foyl* to thoſe *black* EYES
Is that ſmooth *Forehead's* chriſtal *miſe*.

See, a *quire* of *Nightingales*;
Bidding thee a thouſand *Hales*;
Twice taken for their MORNING bright,
By the *Flowers*; and by the *Light*!

For in thoſe clear *Eyes*, *Ray* for *Ray*,
The SUN's *tranſlated*, and made better,
And, flow'r for flow'r, in thoſe *Cheeks* MAY
Copied in a FAIRER LETTER.

But, leaſt in limning *Thee* my *Art*
Should play th' unskilful PAINTERS part,
Let this Chriſtal RIVER paſs
For thy liquid *Looking-glaſs*.

See thy ſelf there! but, if thine Eye
Too long on that ſweet *Centre* dwell —
Cla. This Man (I fear me) by and by
Will drop into NARCISSUS WELL.

Since now I came, where I am Witneſs to
The WORLDS *Ambitions*, I have no content.
Flo. Not, that your ſelf you *diſinchanted* view.
Cla. Thou nam'ſt the thing which I do moſt reſent.

Till then, I liv'd in jollity,
On *others* dangers looking down,
From the ſerene *Tranquility*
Which my *Soul* truly term'd her *own:*

For, plac'd above what MAN calls *Eliſs*,
And (into *her ſelf* retir'd)
By a heavenly *Ecſtaſis*
Raviſh'd, elevated, fir'd;

She ſaw the multitude of *Woes*,
A *fair one* on her *ſelf* beſtowes,
When 'tis her *Riches*, and her *Pride*,
To ſee her LOVERS multiply'd.

Who, ev'n to qualifie *diſdains*
(For, not diſdaining, BEAUTY 's dull)
Muſt be content to take the pains
To be reputed *Beautiful.*

And, if with *beautiful diſdain*
To let Men fall, it be her ſtile;
Ev'n by *Refuſals* this they 'll gain,
That ſhe hath thought of them the while.

I look'd, if underneath the *Cope*
Were *one* that *lov'd*, and did not *hope*;
But from his Nobler *Soul* remove
That modern *Hereſie* in *Love:*

When, hearing a ſhrill voyce, I turn,
And (loe!) a ſweet-tongu'd *Nightingal*
(Tender adorer of the *Morn*)
In *him* I found that *one* and *all:*

For

For that ſame faithful *Bird*, and true,
(Sweet and kind, and conſtant *Lover*)
Wond'rous Paſſion did diſcover
From the *terrace* of an *Eugh*.

And, though ungrateful *ſhe*, appear'd
Unmov'd with *all* ſhe *ſaw* and *heard*;
Ev'ry day, before 'twas day,
More and kinder things he'd ſay.

Courteous, and *never* to be loſt,
Return'd not with *complaints*, but *praiſe*;
Loving, and all at his own coſt,
Suff'ring, and without hope of Eaſe:

For, with a ſad and trembling throat,
He breaths into her breaſt this *Note*,
I love thee not, to make thee mine;
But love thee, 'cauſe thy Form's Divine.

Here now was *candour*! Here *Faith* ſtrove!
How *rul'd* a *pain*! how full of *duty*!
Not his *own happineſs* to love;
But to love *anothers Beauty*!

Where (O how baſe!) the Man, whoſe flame
Soars higheſt, if he ſpy no Game,
AURORA's ſelf (ſo freſh ſo gay)
Shall ſee him *late* a ſecond day.

And I was ſcandaliz'd at Love
(If, ſince the *thing* did hence remove,
The *name remains*) to find one can
Believe a *Nightingale*, and not a MAN.

Flo. Believe 't (when he does love) a MAN
Loves *more* than BRUITS or *do*, or *can*:
His tow'ring *Paſſion* ſcorns to vale
T' a ſilly *ſhort-wing'd* NIGHTINGALE.

The *Nightingale* loves nothing elſe
But the *preſence* of his *Dame*;
Love (like Faith) in *this* excels,
That *ſee*, or *not*, it is the ſame.

The MORNING hears *his* Roundelaies,
Which though ſhe do not thank him for;
A Dame, that liſtens to her praiſe,
May be preſum'd not to abhor.

The *diff'rence* then is very great:
For, where there is moſt diffidence,
A Cauſe that can a *hearing* get
Will pick an *Eye* of *Hope* from *thence*.

But Oh! the ſpace *(Madam)* the ſpace
Betwixt his *paſſion*, and *relief*,
Who *ſuffers*, and *reſtrains* his *Grief*,
Nor open'd to the JUDGE his *Caſe*.

For *once* I will diſcover *mine*,
Not to perſwade thee to incline
The leaſt, but only let thee ſee
What *ſilence* thou haſt ow'd to *me*.

O, how it *ſweeten* would my *pain*,
Could my CAUSE hope but to be *caſt*
Out, after *formal ſentence* paſt,
In the fair *Court* of thy *Diſdain*!

For,

For, though I have a *Patience*
Which needs not this *experiment*,
Yet I would owe *experience*
It ſelf to being a *Patient*.

Cla. Henceforth thou ſhalt not to my face
Tell me I would not hear thy CASE;
Nor *me* with thy dumb Paſſion twit,
For thou haſt dilinvelop'd it.

Him, who his *ſilence* for *reſpect*
Obtrudes upon my *eſtimation*,
For *puniſhment* I will direct
To ſpeak in nothing, nor no faſhion.

For, if he perſevere not mute,
I'll tell him, and I'll (ſmiling) do 't,
What time his *pain* hath *ſpeechleſs* been,
'T was 'cauſe (being *ſmall*) he *bit* it in.

Which if he now could do no more,
But LOVE brake ope his *priſon* dore;
Though with *dark-keeping* he was *mad*,
He 's *tame*, ſince he began to *gad*.

I make no diff'rence 'twixt a *wrong*,
And telling *me* thou do'ſt deſpair;
LOVE haulks at *hope*, when in a *Tongue*
He walks abroad to take the Air.

If nouriſh *hope* thou ought'ſt not, *Thou*
Do'ſt *thy ſelf* wrong, as well as *me*,
Confiſcating by ſpeaking *now*
The merit of thy *Secrecie*.

He, that of *honour* underſtands,
Pain'd, hath his *cure* in his own *hands*:
The *glory* of *concealing* it,
The *ſmart* of *ſuff'ring* it doth quit,

And (FLORANTEO) for the *Truth*
Of thy *Affection*, I ſhould doubt it,
But that one thing *confirms* me doth,
That I deſire to be without it.

Flo. My Errour did not think to be
So much beholding unto Thee:
And *faintly* hop'd, from *thine* own mouth
The *undeceiving* of my Youth.

I, better than I look'd for, fare;
Though I preſum'd to entertain
Some thought, that to compleat *deſpair*
I might be help'd by thy *diſdain*.

Be not ſo prodigal of *ſcorns*,
On *me* thy Rigours do not *waſt*;
With ſuch a *deluge* of *good turns*
I may grow *inſolent* at laſt.

And I to thee would owe no more,
Meaning to *dye* to pay *this ſhot*,
And ſet thee ſomething on my *ſcore*——
Cla. I hear thee, and I hear thee not.

Flo. My death will bring ſome good to thee
In ridding thee of *me*. *Cla.* I doubt it:
Thy *death* will bring no *good* to me,
For I'll be rid of thee without it.

Offers to go away.

Flo.

Flo. Into the *Garden* comes a *Knight.*
Cla. Withdraw, that I may ſee, unſeen,
Whether, or no, he doth acquit
The promiſe of his Princely Meen.

Exit Floranteo.

Cla. No Man was born to be my Husband, no Man
Deſerves a Love. For as, when this Man's *ſcorn'd*,
His everlaſting *whining* deafs a *Woman*;
So *that* grows *ſawcy*, if his *Love* 's *return'd.*

The *beſt* unjuſtly blames the worſt of *Fate*,
Is it unjuſt to give to all their *due*?
He is a Man; enough to *merit Hate*:
He loves *me*; that's unpardonable too.

Nor let fair Virgins murmur at their chance
Of being entit'led to ill luck. O dull,
Though frequently repeated, Ignorance!
Is 't no *good luck* then to be *beautiful*?
For if to make us *happy*, Men were able;
What needed more to make us *miſerable*?

Enter Felisbravo.

Fel. A ſecond ARGO, fraighted
With Fear and Avarice,
Between the Sea and Skies.
Hath penetrated
To the new World, unworn
With the red footſteps of the ſnowy Morn;

Thirſty of Mines,
She comes rich back, and the curl'd Rampire paſt
Of watry Mountains, caſt
Up by the winds,
Ungrateful ſhelf near home
Gives her uſurped Gold a ſilver Tomb.

A devout PILGRIM, who
To forreign Temple bare
Good pattern, fervent prayre,
Spurr'd by a pious Vow,
Meas'ring ſo large a ſpace
That Earth lack'd Regions for his Plants to trace;

Joyful returns, though poor,
And, juſt by his aboad,
Falling into a Road
Which Laws did ill ſecure,
Sees plunder'd by a Thief,
(O happier Man than I!) for 'tis his Life.

Conſpicuous grows a TREE,
Which (Wanton) did appear
Firſt fondling of the Year
With ſmiling Braverie,
And in his blooming pride
The lower houſe of Flowers did deride:

When his ſilk Robes, and fair,
(His Youth's imbelliſhing
The Crownet of a Spring,
Narciſſus of the Air)
Rough *Boreas* doth confound,
And with his Trophies ſtrews the ſcorned ground:

Truſted to tedious hope
So many months the CORN,
Which now begins to turn
Into a golden Crop;
The luſty Grapes, which (plump)
Are the laſt farewell of the Summers pomp;

(Hor

(How ſpatious ſpreads the VINE!
Nurs'd up with how much care!
She lives, ſhe thrives, grows fair!
'Bout her lov'd Elm doth twine)
Comes a cold Cloud, and lays
In one, the Fabrick of ſo many days:

A ſilver RIVER SMALL
In ſweet Accents
His Muſick vents
(The warbling Virginal
To which the merry Birds do ſing,
Timed with ſtops of gold the chryſtal ſtring)

He ſteals by a green Wood
With fugitive feet
(Gay, jolly, ſweet)
Comes me a troubled Flood,
And ſcarcely one ſand ſtays
To be a witneſs of his golden days.

The SHIP 's up-weigh'd;
The PILGRIM made a Saint;
Next Spring recrowns *the* PLANT;
Winds raiſe the CORN was laid;
The Vine is prun'd;
The Rivulet new tun'd;
But in the Ill I have,
I'm left alive only to dig my Grave.

Loſt BEAUTY, I will dye
But I will *thee* recover,
And that I dye not inſtantly
Shews me more perfect LOVER:

For

For (my Soul gone before)
I live not now to *live*, but to *deplore*.

Cla. (This is he that was more ſtout.) *Aſide.*
Fel. In theſe blind Paths I go,
To hunt my Foe;
Whom having once found out,
His *Blood* ſhall purge the ſoyl
Of a ſhort *nap*, and an immortal *ſpoyl*.

Cla. (Well (believe 't) the Man's no *Fool*,
Nor a boiſt'rous *Sword-man* ſolie:
For *Wiſdom* (taught in *Sorrow's* School)
Is the *Child* of *Melancholy*.) *Aſide.*

Fel. Am I a Prince? or am I *vile*?
Am I a *refined* LOVER?
Am I *ſtout*? yet all this while
Not the PICTURE to recover?

Cla. (Heav'n be juſter then that he
Have a *Picture* had of *me*!) *Aſide.*

Fel. Faireſt *Madam*, well 'tis ſeen
I was *ignorant* indeed,
That durſt wrong ſo bright a Queen—
Cla. (Wrong'd *he* me in *word* or *deed*?) *Aſide.*

Fel. Yet wiſe enough I am to know
Loſing my *painted* Miſtreſs,
The *unpainted* one will after go—
Cla. (Elſe ſhe *her ſelf* a STATUE is.) *Aſide.*

Fel. A Voice! *Cla.* He has me in his Ear,
Therefore will *I* my ſelf unſhroud,
And try his *Wit* too — Knight. *Fel.* Who 's there?
Claridiana *ſhews her ſelf.*
What Heav'n! what *Sun* breaks through a *Cloud*! *Cla.*

Cla. Though my presence *All* admit,
Thy *presumption* wants much *Wit*,
If, before the ENTERPRIZE
Be *wholly* finish'd, thou suppose
To pry into the *Mysteries*
Which these *inchanted* Walls include.

To tame *two Dragons* you account
Is *one Woman* to subdue;
But, upon an *Audit*, true,
It will not to so much amount.

LOVERS are HEROICAL
When they *sigh*, and when they *weep*,
When before our Feet they fall,
When they stand in *studies deep*.

MANHOOD I despise not (*This*,
And justly, all the WORLD approve)
But show, what *kind* of *Manhood* 'tis
Which conquers in the *Wars* of LOVE:

And, the great odds if Thou regard
Betwixt MY SELF and this dire *Spell*,
To vanquish *It* Thou found'st it *hard*;
But *Me* it is *impossibel*.

Aside.

Fel. RESPECT may to this *Dame* be shown,
Though MISTRESSE I *another* call:
For, though the *Heart* can lodge but *one*,
CIVILITY hath Room for *all*.

To Her aloud.

CLARIDIANA (Theam of FAME)
I am a *Man* would blush my Name
Should own an *Object*, but the most
Accomplisht one the WORLD can boast.

And know my Spirit is ſo high,
That at leſs *Game* it ſcorns to flye
Then where the greateſt *difficulties* lye.

This, which my lucky SWORD hath lately reapt,
Was not the *Victory* I did deſign;
Whoſe *Valour* for a SHIELD is kept
To bear the brunt of *ſcorns* divine.

Over ſtrong Spells to be victorious,
Guilds (I muſt confeſs) a name,
But, to ſubmit unto a DAME,
This to *me* ſeems much more glorious.

For *there*, my valour takes my part,
My *ſtrength*, and my good Sword, befriend me:
But in this War I have no heart,
No ſteel Breſt-plate *can* defend me.

If, firſt the *Foe*'s invincible,
And I betray'd by my own *fear*;
T' o'recome how is it poſſible
Where *arms* againſt my *ſelf* I bear?

In the glorying of my *Love*
I abide no *Competition*,
Nor in the *cauſe* whence it doth move,
Nor of the *pain* in the *fruition*;

Yet, ſo great *Love* my *grief* exceeds,
And this grief likewiſe owns a *chief*:
For a loſt Lady my Heart *bleeds*,
But 't will not *break*, and that 's *my grief*.

Aſide.

Aside.

Cla. Equally *witty*, and *discreet*;
He *covers*, but not *hides* his Flame;
Holds his *Game* so, that I may *see* 't,
Yet I'll not *seem* to *see* his *Game*.

To him.

With what *end* lov'st thou? *Fel.* With what *end*?
My *Love* is the *perpetual moving*;
No end in *loving* I pretend,
No end will ever make of *loving*.

Love is of Love the only scope:
Love scorneth to be mercenary:
You find not such a word as Hope
In all the Lovers Dictionary.

Nay, LOVE alone doth scandal *me:*
For the *silent'st* and most *wise*,
From *sights*, from *peeping* is not free
Out at the *casements* of the EYES.

See, 'twill *now* and *now* 'twill *hear*;
And the least of *joy* it gits,
Whether at the *Eye*, or *Ear*,
Puts it clean beside the *wits*.

First know, I have a *Misteris*;
Then, that to her true *Faith* I bear:
And, where Faith once through kindled is,
Superfluous are the SENSES *there*.

Cla. Hop'ſt thou nothing? *Fel.* Nothing I
Either *hope*, or yet *deſire*.
Yes I do, to live and dye
In this *elemental fire*.

She, in her ſelf, is proof 'gainſt *all*:
Then, for me to aim at her,
Were to add a *Brazen Wall*;
So *ſucceſsleſs* is *my Star*.

Nor ſo alone in things of *Love*;
But my Life over and above,
Becauſe on *her* it doth depend,
I have no power to make it end.

And (the full Caſe to underſtand)
My *Life* and *Death*, becauſe in fine
Love hath put them in *her* hand,
Both are therefore out of *mine*.

Aſide.

Cla. From the mark I ſhot not wide,
When *him* of *folly* I did quit:
For the ſharp SWORD that arms his ſide
Hath much to envy in his WIT.

'Tis not againſt *Majeſty*
His *diſcretion* to approve;
Nor, if his *good parts* I ſpy,
Muſt it preſently be *love*.

His goodly *ſhape*, his flowing *meen*,
His *talk*, and what his *valour* wrought,
May claim *attention* from a QUEEN,
Yet ne're ſink deeper in her *thought*.

A *leaning* (KNIGHT) I do confeſs —

Enter Zelidaura *and* Roſelinda *in the habit of Shepherdeſſes, their Faces muffled with ſilver Scarfs.*

Zel. In this *Countrey-tone* and *dreſs*
Diſguiſed *rudely*, ſafe we are.
Roſ. Man-like bent to *feats* of *War*
Of a Woman's left in thee
Only *Curioſitie.*

What boots it thee to underſtand
Who a Man is? *Zel.* What doth't boot?
When I my *picture* found in 's hand,
And *now* may opportunely do't?

To Felisbravo.

Cla. Lies your *happineſs* in *this*,
To overcome the *other* Knight?
Fel. Madam, all my *life* and *bliſs.*
Cla. In the name of *MARS* then, fight —

Aſide.

Who grant (ſay I) thou maiſt ſubdue!

Zelidaura *ſpies them together.*

Zel. Bleſs me! who is this I ſee?
(Is it? — 'Tis not—) Ah! 'tis HE:
With CLARIDIANA too:

O *Sigh!* baſe *brat*, not of the *Royal Mind*,
With which I'm lin'd,
But of this *Clown's falſe cover*
I have drawn over.
What matters it? — *Much*, the *contempt* — In *Love*
The leaſt miſpriſſion doth High Treaſon prove.

This

This hath a tang of *Jealouſie*.
I, diſorder'd? Plaintiff, I?
Should any thing the *Heav'ns* beneath,
Make *me* a mean *complaint* to breath!
I, reſentments! I, in wroth!
I, concern'd in *breach* of Troth!
I? who, to make fond LOVE depart,
Hung *padlocks* on my *Eyes*, and *Heart*.
Though in this *war*, I feel beginning,
I doubt not in the *end* of winning
The *victory*; one *moments* waſting
This way, I pay with *bluſhes* everlaſting.

CLARIDORO ſcorn'd, and curb'd,
Not for *neglect*, but too much *Love*?
Am I *aſleep* to one I have *diſturb'd*?
Doth one, that ſleeps at me, my *Larum* prove?

Odd *figaries* hath this CUPID;
Strangely *kill'd*, and ſtrangely *born*;
If *kindneſs* make him *dull* and *ſtupid*,
And if that he be *rows'd* with *ſcorn*.

But what have I to do with LOVE,
And the frailer WOMAN's Law?
Cla. Women are there in this *grove*?
Then 'tis time that I withdraw.

Aſide.

Fel. 'Twas for manners I forbore
To take leave of her before.
Ah! ZELIDAURA, (*Miſtreſs* fair)
No joy *is*, but where you *are*.

Aſide.

Aside.

Cla. Of Valour thou maiſt juſtly boaſt,
That *conquer'ſt* whereſoe're thou go'ſt.

Claridiana *goes away by degrees ſmiling looks back at him.*

Zel. So is ſplit in twain a RIVER,
And the *ſtreams* (bound *ſev'ral* ways)
In a kind of am'rous maze
Back at one *another* gaze:
As this melting Couple ſever.

Cla. Inclination, not ſo faſt:
For from *me* one *gracious look*,
Speaks more in that *diminutive book*,
Then *other Women* in a VOLUME vaſt.

From *me* then (LOVE) enough is wrung:
For where HONOUR tyes the *tongue*,
She, who doth a Suppliant hear,
Makes him anſwer with her *Ear*.

To Him.

Knight, to overcome endeavour.
Fel. Lady, I ſhall *do't*, or *dye*.

Aside.

Cla. Diſinchanted, more than ever
Re-inchanted now, am I.

Exit Claridiana.

Zel. Juſt *there*, where I did point thee, *ſtay*:
But *come*, if any *bend* this way.
Roſ. *Alone* you'll *be*, if I am gone.
Zel. *By my ſelf*, *is not alone*.

Roſ.

Roſ. True: The *Man* doth ſtill remain.
Zel. Then, I am *alone* again.

Exit Roſelinda.

I'll ſee, whether his *wit* keep pace
With his *valour*, *garb*, and *face*.

Fel. What a ſpanking LABRADORA!
Zel. *Yow (th' unkent Knight) Godyegudmora!*

Fel. (The time of day, thou doſt miſtake)
Zel. —And *joy* — *Fel.* Of *what?* *Zel.* That I diſcover,
By a ſure *ſign*, yow are *awake*.
Fel. *Awake?* — the *ſign?* *Zel.* Yowr being a Lover.

Fel. In love am I? *Zel.* And very *deep*.
Fel. *Deep in love?* how is *that* ſeen?
Zel. *Perfectly*: yow do not *ſleep*
Fel. *Ruſtick Excellence*, unskreen,
And *diſcover* that *ſweet face*,
Which *covers* ſo much *Wit* and *Grace*.

Zel. Yow but *dreamt* ſo: *ſleep* agin,
And forget it. *Fel.* Why now *(Saint?)*
Zel. Why? the LADY, that went in,
Lukes, as if that ſhe did paint.

Fel. What has that to do with *ſleeping?*
She is, indeed, *Angelical*.
Zel. That *Picture* now's well worth yowr keeping:
For why? 'tis an ORIGINAL.

Fel. Is this *Shepherdeſs* a *Witch?*
Or ſaw the *ſleeping Treaſon*, which
I committed againſt LOVE,
Erſt, in the INCHANTED GROVE?

Me,

Me, haſt thou ever *ſeen*, before?
Zel. Seen? I, and *know* thee, for a Man
That will turn him, and *ſleep* more
Than a dozen *Dunces* can.

Thow kenſt little, what *Sighs* mean!
Fel. Unveil (by JOVE) that *Face* ſerene.
Zel. What, to make thee *ſleep* agene?

Fel. Still, in Riddles! *Zel.* Now, he *ſees:*
This pinching *wakes* him by degrees.

Fel. Art thou a *Nymph.* *Zel.* Of PARNASS-GREEN.
Fel. Sleep I, indeed? or am I mad?
Zel. None ſerve thee, but th' INCHAWNTED QUEEN?
I think what dull *conceipts* y' have had,
Of the *Bird* PHOENIX, which no *Eye*
E're ſaw, an *odoriferous Lye.*

How, of her *Beauties ſpells*, ſhe 's told;
That by her *ſpirit* thow art *hawnted*;
And, having *ſlept* away the *old*,
With this new Miſtreſs worſe *inchawnted.*

Fel. I affect not, *Shepherdeſs*,
My ſelf in ſuch fine terms t' expreſs;
Suffizeth *me*, an *humble ſtrain:*
Too little *happy*, to be *vain*!

Vnveil — *Zel.* Sir *Gallant*, not ſo faſt.
He offers at her Scarf.
Fel. See thee I will. *Zel. See* me yow *ſhall:*
But, towch not *Fruit*, yow mun not taſt.
What ſays it, now the leaf doth fall.
Vnmaſſks her ſelf.

Fel. It ſays, 'tis worthy to comprize
The KERNEL of ſo rare a *Wit:*
Nor, that it grows in PARADICE,
But Paradice doth grow in it!
The *tall* and ſlender TRUNK no leſs divine,
Though in a *lowly* Shepherdeſſe's RINE!

Aſide.

This ſhould be that ſo famous *Queen*,
For unquell'd *Valour*, and *diſdain*.
In theſe INCHANTED WOODS is ſeen
Nothing but *Illuſions* vain!

Zel. What ſtares the Man at? *Fel.* I compare
A *Picture*, I once mine did call,
With the *divine Original*.
Zel. Fall'n *aſleep* again yow are.

We, poor humane Sepherd-laſſes,
Nor are *pictur'd*, nor uſe *Glaſſes*.
"*Who ſhip their rank doe 'm ſelves, and Betters wrong:*
"T' our *Dames* (God bleſs them) ſuch queint things belong.

Here, a tiny *Brook* alone,
Which, freng'd with *borrowed Flowers* (he has
Gold and *Siller* enough on 's *own*)
Is HEAVENS proper *Looking-glaſs*,

Copies *us*; and *Its* reflections
Shewing *natural* perfections,
Free from *ſoothing*, free from *Errour*;
Are our *Pencil*, are our *Mirrour*.

Fel.

Fel. Art thou a Shepherdeſs? *Zel.* And bore
On a *Mountain* called, There —
Fel. Wear'ſt thou ever heretofore
LADY's *Cloaths*? *Zel.* I LADY's *Gear*?

Yes (what a *treach'rous Fowl* have I!)
In a COUNTREY-COMEDY
I once enacted a main part
(Still I have it half by heart)

The *famous* HISTORY it was
Of an ARABIAN — (let me ſee)
No, of a *Queen* of TARTAREE:
Who all her *Sex* did far ſurpaſs
In *Beauty*, *Wit*, and *Chivalree*:

Who, with invincible diſdain,
Would fool, when ſhe was in the vain,
Princes, with *all* their *Wits* about them;
But, and they *ſlept*, to death ſhe'd flout them:

And, by the *Maſs*, with ſuch a Meen
My Majeſty did play the Queen:
Our *Curate* had my *Picture* made
In the ſame Robes in which I Play'd.

Fel. And what's thy name? *Zel.* LAURA, forſooth.
Fel. O pleaſant *Play*, and bitter *truth*!
That I, who dreamt of ZELIDAURA,
Should *wake*, ſhould *wake*, and find her LAURA!

Aſide.

O beauteous *Counterfeit* of *Majeſty*!
NATURE, what made thee make ſo fair a *Lye*?
Where is that *crowned Beauty* now become?
That Lyon's *Courage*, kindling at a *Drum*?
Thoſe *manly Deeds*? Thoſe *Papps*, which *Armour* preſt?
ACHILLES once more in a *Kercher* dreſt?
SEMIRAMIS 'is *Mode*, who not with *Box*,
But Teeth of LAURLEL, comb'd her golden Locks?
Where, my *heroick* and dear Flame, which ſprung
From *Painters* Pencil, and a *Captives* Tongue?
Conſum'd to *aſhes* of a *Ruſtick* Love,
Rude Goddeſs of theſe *Rocks*, and this wild *Grove*?
Is 't come to this? I then *abſolve* thee, *ſleep*;
And blame my *high thoughts*, that ſo *low* could creep.
To TARTARY will I, But I am mad
If I do love that *Queen*, unleſs ſhe add
This *Beauty* to thoſe *Virtues*; and *ſhall rave*
If both this *Body*, and that *Soul*, ſhe have.

Aſide.

Zel. What ſtands *he* mutt'ring to *himſelf*? May be
He likes me not. If he ſought after me
Under the *notion* of a QUEEN, I'd have
Him find me a mean *Shepherdeſs*: I ſave
My Honour ſo. The Traitor ſhall not think
He (ZELIDAURA in his *hand*) could *wink*.
Hence *Women* learn, for all your LOVERS brags,
Men are no friends to *Beauty* cloath'd in *Rags*.
If *Beauty* ſtrike LOVE's *Fire*, why ſhould it, leſs,
Than in a QUEEN, plac'd in a SHEPHERDESS?
Nor does; but (when it ſeems the *World* to ſet
On fire) where *dowry* wants, the *tinder* 's wet.

To

To Him.

Mought I entreat yowr *Worſhips* Name,
And the buſ'neſs yow have here?
Fel. Squire of a *forreign Prince* I am,
Who to this glorious *Theatre* —

Zel. Not a *Maſter*? By *my* troth
My own *tongues end* it was *upon*:
A miſchief take thee, by thy ſloth
I thought thou wert a *Serving-man*.

Fel. No more that ſtring. *Zel.* He goes conceal'd:
Aſide.
A *Knight* he is I'm certain; At
Th' *Inchanted Caſtle* I ſaw *that*;
And, by his garb too, 'tis reveal'd.

To Him.

Follows he (ſaidſt thou) this *Emprize*?
Fel. In love, upon the ſcore of *Fame*,
With the moſt accompliſht DAME
That ever murther'd *Man* with *Eyes*,

And the Worlds greateſt Queen; to this
Inchantment came he, where an envious Thief
(The Coward Rival of his Bliſs)
Found means to rob him of his chief
Delight, and Glory, in that *thing*
From which his moſt Heroick thoughts did ſpring.

Zel. O Uſage, courſer than my Coat, and more
Then I could bear, were I as Lambkin meek!
That one, who ZELIDAURA wore,
Should CLARIDANA ſeek!

'Tis

'Tis to apoſtatize from Reaſon,
To think more of him. Treaſon! Treaſon!
To enter my *Benevolence*,
At the back-gate of an *Offence!*

Enter Roſelinda.

Roſ. CLARIDORO comes— he's here:
Muffle thee quickly. *Zel.* What *diſguſt?*
Fel. One, to be born a *Mountaneer*,
That ows ſuch *Beauty?* how unjuſt! —

Who is 't? *Zel.* A Man, of whom I ſtand
In awe a little. *Fel.* (O, that hand! —)
Rural Goddeſs, keep ſt thou *Sheep?*
Zel. Yes, and *my ſelf* I better keep.

Enter Claridoro.

Clar. I'd *love* without *reward*, and cannot do 't,
To *love*, is *Love's* Reward; I would endure
For her, what not? and that ſuch *joy* to boot
That in my *ſmart* I play the EPICURE.

I pray 'gainſt *Life*, and with the ſelf ſame *breath*
Unpray that *Pray'r*, leſt it the GODS ſhould *hear*
'Tis to be out of *pain*; I then fly death,
And *Valour* councels me what *others fear*.

If I do *live*, my *wound* may ſeem but *ſlight*;
And if I dye, LOVES TROPHY I remove:
To *live*, 's to *pine*; to *dye*, 's to *loſe* her *ſight*;
My *two ſupporters* then, are *Grief* and *Love*:
For where *Grief's Dropſie*, and *Love's Feaver* ſtrive,
Though either *kill*, both often *keep alive*.

To

To Felisbravo.

Zel. In fine, aſpir'ſt thou to be glorious
By conqu'ring thy *Competitor?*
Fel. 'Tis *that* my *Love* contendeth for.
Aſide.
Zel. O, maiſt thou never prove victorious!

But do: for *mine own ſelf*, I conquer will,
And whom thou conquer'ſt then, it doth not skill.

Clarindoro *turns and ſees them.*

Clar. What's *this?* what ſee I *there?* Is't not
ZELIDAURE, who (meanly clad)
Hath her *own Majeſty* forgot,
And affronts *my Love* too bad?

What *jealous thoughts* ſurprize me? I do fear
She (bent to *Arms*) affects the *Valianter*:
But *he* was not ſo; if to dare things high
Be *Valour*, who was *valianter* than I?
I, who her firſt of *Arms* am yet to gain,
Of her *facility* ſhall I complain?
Was not enough for *me* my own *diſtreſs*,
But I muſt *dye* of others *happineſs?*
My *Soul* contending with ſo many *Foes*,
I would not have it link with *Envy's* blows.
"More gen'rous wounds were made for *nobler Hearts*,
"and in baſe *blood* are *ſteep'd* pale ENVY's *darts*.
Thus, *jealous* I *ſhould be*, and know not *how*.
ENVY I *could*, but ENVY diſallow:
Then muſt I bear it? muſt I? let me think —
'Twere monſt'rous tameneſs to *look on*, and *wink*.
Nor LOVE, nor HONOUR, ſuch a *Scene* approve:
I'll *chide* then, mixt yet with *reſpect* and *Love*.

To Her.

Ho! *Shepherdeſs*, is this well done
To mind thy Recreation
In *Gardens*, whilſt another way
Thy *flock* doth on the *mountain* ſtray?
Although *head-ſhepherd* thou have not,
Yet nothing is by gadding got.
Perdie, to ſee thee in this *plain*,
Grypes many a ſprunt and jolly *Swain*.
Back to the field, and Brooks return,
And *Paſtures* graz'd in heretoforn,
Nor *mell* with any others *ſheep*,
Sith thou a flock of *mine* do'ſt *keep*.

To Him.

Nor Thee, th' ambition of whoſe fire
Doth (ſoaring) to a QUEEN aſpire.
Beſeems it ſtoop from ſo *high place*,
A Ruſtick *Shepherdeſs* to chaſe.

Zel. How courteouſly the *cares* that do him *preſs*
He hath cut out, and meaſur'd by my *dreſs*.

Fel. In *ruſtick phraſe* his *jealouſie*
Of *her* he vents, and *pike* at *me*.

Then I ſuſpected not in vain
He ſtole the *Picture*; in the face
(When he eſpy'd it) reading plain
The *features* of this RURAL GRACE.

Undoubtedly ſhe is his own ——
To Claridoro.
You will not now, Sir, face me down,

But

But that, when I bad *watch* did keep
(*Surpriz'd*, e're by the *foe*, by *ſleep*)
Thy *treach'rous Envy* came an ſtole
(Not more out of my *hand* than *ſoul*)
A Jewel which I then call'd *mine*,
Though much *deſpiſe* it ſince 'tis *thine*.
Yet *muſt* and will I have it back,
Not that I *It* eſteem, or lack;
For, the whole *guſt* I take therein,
Is now, to take 't from *thee* agin.

Clar°. I think thou art not yet *awake*,
But I ſhall *rowſe* thee — Do'ſt thou ſtare?
Zel. A truer word yow never ſpake:
He *ſleeps* with *ſpread Eyen* like a *Hare*.

Fel. Traitor I'll be reveng'd — *Clar°*. Rude Man!
Aſide.
Zel. Muſt I ſtep in to part you than?
If I do rear it, on my word,
This hook ſhall be a two-hand-ſword —
This ſhe muſt ſay Majeſtically like a Queen, without Felisbravo's *perceiving it.*
Hold both, or I —
To Felisbravo.
Clar°. Though not thy Quarrel, mine I underſtand —
Zel. Hold, CLARIDORO: It is I command —
To Claridoro.
Fel. In fine, do'ſt thou deny it ſtill? —
To Zelidaura.
Clar°. I obey thy unjuſt will.
Enter Claridiana *and* Floranteo, *with Attendants.*
Cla. ZELIDAURA was 't you ſaid,
Like to a Shepherdeſs array'd? —
Turns and ſees them quarrelling.
Swords drawn i'th' *Garden*? who are *we*? —
Flo. Why Gentlemen, it cannot be,

Whilſt yet th' Inchantment is not brought
T'an end, in COURT a *Duel* fought
Unlicenc'd? when with *licence* too
Ye may the ſame thing *ſhortly* doe?

To Felisbravo. *To* Claridoro.
Clar°. I come — *Fel.* Or do but ſtand me *there* —
Zel. I'm rent with *doubt*. *Cla.* I dye with *fear*.

To both.
Flo. Provide ye *Arms*, and fight it out —
Zel. (O how *fiery*! *Cla.* O how ſtout!)

Clar°. I never *provide* any thing —
Within me I of all am ſtor'd —
Fel. And I both a *ſharp ſtomach* bring,
And a *long knife* to fall abord.

Fight again.

Zel. How *implacable*! *Cla.* How *cruel*
They do a freſh in Battail join!
Zel. May neither conquer in *this Duel*.
Cla. Yes, one! and then the Conqueſt 's mine.
Zel. In *either Valour* doth abound.
Cla. Diſcretion is in neither found.

To Claridoro.

Zel. With *thee* how little I perſwade? *Cla.* Our Guard!
Of *Monarchs* that *laſt Reaſon* will be heard.

She ſtamps, and ſallying out, the Guard parts them.

Clar°. Madam, if *now* you ſtop our rage —
Fel. The promis'd *Combat* — *Cla.* Take our gage —
Throws her Glove to Felisbravo.
Exeunt Claridoro, *and* Felisbravo *at ſeveral doors, and* Claridiana *turns to* Floranteo.

To

To Floranteo.

Would'ſt thou have me believe a Queen, whoſe name
In Tryumph ſits over the wings of *fame*,
Lurks now *diſguis'd* in ARABIE?
Flo. If *her* ſuch *manly virtue* decks,
That ſhe 's the wonder of her *Sex*,
Were't not another wonder, *ſhe*
(Greedy of *Knowledge*, as of *Arms*)
Should leave unſeen theſe *fights*, and *charms*,
Thy *Realm* too being ſo neer her own?
Cla. Withdraw I'll talk with her alone.

Exit Floranteo.

Roſ. CLARIDIANA this way doth make
To ſpeak with thee— *Zel.* Two ſhort words take—
Your Count'nance hold, what e're you hear;
Stop your *mouth*, and *ope* your *ear*.
Cla. Hola! ſprightly *Shepherdeſs*.
Zel. What commands thy Ladyneſs?
Cla. Diſcover, by thy life, that *face*.
Zel. Now by the *facks*) *this* of your GRACE
Needs no *comfort*, nor no *foyl*,
For *Skies* and *Meads* it doth *revile*.
Or ſee (if thow mun needs have one
To ſet it off) yon cloudleſs Sun!

Then for thy *Beauty* (challenging
Of Heav'n the *witneſs principal*)
O're me a *Gloria* to ſing,
Would prove a *conqueſt* very *ſmall*.

Cla. Art thou *fowl*? *Zel.* But envious not,
And ſo *civil* (markſt Thow *that*?)
That to *acknowledge* I'm not ſqueemiſh
Her to be *fair*, who hath no *blemiſh*,
Nor, where it *is*, will *hit* a *Blot*.

Cla. Whom loves an *ugly woman* beſt?
Zel. An *uglier woman*— Was't well gueſt?
Cla. Thou, a Shepherdeſs? Prompt *Laſs*,
What is thy Bus'neſs in this Place?

Zel. Marry (no *Treaſon* 'tis I ween)
To zee the *fair* INCHAWNTED QUEEN,
And the brave *dundring* of *Alarms:*
For, from my very *Nurſes* arms,
According to our Country word,
I lov'd the *ſliſh-ſlaſh* of a Sword.

Cla. Loe, half thy Errand! I am *ſhe:*
And therefore, give conſent that *we*
Our Eye *too* with the ſight may bleſs
Of ſo *divine* a SHEPHERDESSE.

Zel. Highneſs, mock on: — Behold the Wight!
Takes off her ſilver Scarf.
Cla. O Golden *Morn* of Silver *Night*!
What modeſt *confidence*! quick *Air*!
What *Spirit*! what exceſs of *fair*!
What *queint*, and more than *courtly dreſs*!
What exquiſite *negligēdneſs*
Of thoſe curling billowy *Locks*
Flowing round two *Ivory Rocks*!
What *hands*! that have to take their part
Not *care* it ſelf (ſo far from *Art*)
Yet *conquer* all the *World:* wherein
A *red Soul* peeps through the *white Skin*!
SOL might envy her leaſt grace.

Zel. I knew, yow'd mock me to my face.
How eaſily are People got
To *praiſe*, that which they *envy* not?
I am not yet a *Clown* ſo much,
But, when I ſee yowr Beauty ſuch,
I find, into my CROWN yow beat
The part, I ſhould to yow repeat.

Nothing

Nothing *beneath*, or *in* the *Sky*,
Holds beautiful when *you* are *by*:
Poſſeſſing not ſo much in *common*,
As Envy, with an *ugly woman*:
But, when the *ſplendor* of your *Rays*
Is *more* than all the *World* can praiſe,
Releaſing *much* of what ſhould come to *you*,
You pay to *all* the *World* above *their due*.

Cla. A new delight her *words* provoke
By the rare *grace* with which they'r ſpoke

Zel. I know, why LADY likes my *wit*;
And why my *Face* remains her *debter*.
Cla. Why? *Zel.* I know — *Cla.* Then out with it.
Zel. Vaith, becauſe her *own* are better.

I'd have all *fair ones* diſcommend
My Face; I would upon my *word*.
Cla. Why ſo, my underſtanding friend?
Zel. O! then, they are with Envy ſturd.

Cla. But Envy croaks, and Snake-like ſtings —
Zel. Believe me (Princeſs) no ſuch matter:
No *Sycophant* ſo ſweetly ſings:
" For ſhe that *envies* me, doth flatter.
" This back-hand praiſe goes homeſt ſtill,
" 'Tis ſtrucken with ſo good a will.

Cla. ENVY is *Adulation* then?
Zel. Thou hitſt the Nail on the head right:
And I have heard from Book-learn'd Men,
" 'Tis *courtly Rudeneſs*, and *kind ſpight*.

Cla. Prethee, what wouldſt thou counſel me to doe,
If *me* for *Goodneſs* ENVY ſhould purſue?

Zel.

Zel. Be ten times *better* than thou wert before,
That ENVY may purſue thee ten times more.

That is the way which I affect,
No *treaſon* lurks, no *malice* there,
If I *my ſelf* alone *correct*,
To be at full reveng'd on *Her*.

Cla. In every point ſhe doth perform—
Zel. Envy, a piteous creeping worm!
" A *brave*, and *happy Pride* it is,
" To *envy* neither WORTH, nor BLISS.

Cla. Do'ſt thou happily know LOVE?
Zel. Who is his *Worſhip*? Is it not
A *forreign Prince*, who, they ſaid, dy'd above
A twelve-month ſin of a great Cold he got?
Yes, by *hear-ſay*, I do know him,
Not that any *ſpleen* I owe him

For *miſchief* he to *me*, or *mine* hath done:
Though I have heard a long-long while agon
The COURT he troubled, and the COUNTREY ſpoyl'd,
Till he both COURT and COUNTREY was exil'd.

Cla. Do'ſt thou not Love? *Zel* A Queſtion
To ask a *fool*, have I not youth?
Cla. Whom lov'ſt thou then? *Zel. My ſelf* alone—
Nay, I have a curious tooth—

Love? what a baſe diſgraceful word!
The ſound is harſh, and ſhrill.
Lyes all the *Valour* in the *Sword*?
No *conqueſt* o're the *Will*?

Nor

Nor it a decent part hold I
(So much unto my ſelf I owe)
To ſpeak of that thing knowingly,
I do not, nor I will not know—

But do *yow* love? *Cla.* What is to Love?
Zel. To deny 't. *Cla.* A Ruſtick LASSE?
Hard queſtion to one bred in Court 't would prove—
Zel. Not when ſhe 's in her Teens my word I'll paſs.

If yow *do* love, with wond'rous Care
Hide that unfortunate *diſeaſe:*
For (feggs) *declar'd* Affections are
The *Mother* of Unthankfulneſs.

I knew a Gallant (from zuch keep)
Who, having zome how made his prize,
But a Dame's Picture, dropt aſleep
With that Sun ſhining in his Eyes.

Cla. Troth, let them ſleep or let them watch,
All Men alike are cheap with *me:*
To whom (for *favours* none they catch)
They never can ungrateful be

From Love (a contemptible Foe!)
My retreat make I by broad-day;
And look on Suitors juſt as though
They were *Mad Lovers* in a *Play:*
No, Fear not me, in ſuch a way.

Zel. Kenn'ſt thou the *Tow're* where Confidence doth dwell?
REPENTANCE lives hard by in a low Cell.
Cla. Ill diſſembling *Shepherdeſs*
(For now diſſemble *Shepherdeſſes* too)
If thy Courteſie 's not leſs
Than thy *Beauty*, thy Name ſhew.

By

By my Life. *Zel.* A powerful *Spell*!
This now would make a Gallants *heart*
Leap out, much more his *name*— *Cla.* Well, well,
Tell me both what, and who, thou art.

Zel. Faireſt CLARIDIANA, than,
I ſay I am no *Shepherdeſs*—
Cla. A Woman asks not like a Man—
Tell me thy Name— *Zel.* I am — (ſuppreſs

My Name I will—) a great *Lord's Daughter*,
Nor a leſs *Soldier*; taking after
My Father ſo much, that his Trade
I follow in the Mountain-ſhade:
For ſuch do I take HUNTING for;
Not *counterfeit*, but *ſubſtitute* of WAR.

Rev'rence I bear to thy Command—
But, *Madam*, do not ask me more:
The Keys are in a ſullen *hand*,
And Porter *Silence* keeps the dore.

Cla. I will not preſs thee 'gainſt thy Mind:
But ſince thy *Soul* hath *manly* ſcope,
And that great *MARS*, and *PHOEBUS* (joyn'd)
Are *Maſters* of thy HOROSCOPE;

I will that thou, in *habit fit*,
Come ſtreight to witneſs with thine Eyes,
And by *Our Self* in *Judgment* ſit
Betwixt the *Valiant*, and the *Wiſe*:

And I ſhall then make my Election
More by thy *vote*, than my own *Eye*;
" For *more* (and *chiefl.* in *affection*)
" Than *Gameſters*, ſee the *Standers by*.

Zel.

Zel. Madam, my part is to be rul'd.
To *whether* ſtand'ſt *thou* moſt inclin'd?
Cla. To *him* that loves me moſt. *Zel.* I ſhould
To him that bears the braveſt mind.

Cla. My liking upon thine depends —
(Thus I ſhall dive into her ends.)
Aſide.
Zel. I'll ſtudy the contentment of your GRACE —
(But (with your leave) mine own in the firſt place.)
Aſide.

Exeunt, and enter Rifaloro *crippled, between two Gyants.*

Rif. Charitable, loving, ſweet,
Good fac'd *Gyants* and diſcreet,
Spight of ſo many lying Books
That paint you Fools with ugly looks.
ORLANDO, and the KNIGHT O' TH' SUN,
Pay you this good work ye have done;
And peaceably dye in your beds,
With all your ſenſes in your heads;
No Errant Knight, in hideous duel,
Be ſo unconſcionably cruel,
Armour and all, with Blade in fiſt,
To cleave you down from poul to twiſt.
Squires (inconſiderable Wights)
That bind your ſelves *Prentice* to *Knights*,
Mark well this doleful Story *all*,
And take Example by my fall:
Leave ERRANTY to thoſe ſtaid Wags
Who charge upon their running Nags,
Who enter ne're the Liſts, though ſore
Threat'ned above a Month before.
To *thoſe* too, who do there appear,
Having nothing to do there:

Their *Gennets Bells*, and their own *Gulls*:
The *Peoples* laughter, and the Bulls;
Leave it — *Gy.* 1. Leave *satyrizing* thou.
Rif. If I am not abusive, How
Shall I in reputation git,
And be *canoniz'd* for a WIT?
A *Drole*, and not *satyrical*?
I never knew but one in all
My life, and 'twas a precious Fool,
The never-enough-prais'd O TOOL!
Gy. 1. Sas! Coward, bustle up thy self.
Gy. 2. Ah! Brother, do not harm the *Elf*.
Rif. O Gyant of my Guard! into
Thy hands I recommend me do.
Gy. 2. Then PERSIAN *entertain* no *fear*.
Rif. I do not, but it *will* be *here*.
Gy. 2. Shall I heal thee in a trice
By *Magick*? *Rif.* Hast thou that Device?
Gy. 2. See! thou art whole. *Rif.* Hah! I am well:
A MIRACLE! A MIRACLE!
St. *Sacrapant*! I run, leap, skip
And fly, like Beggar cur'd with *Whip*.
Let not the DOCTORS know of this,
For they will take it much amiss
If any 's cur'd without their aid;
Yet where 's the Cure that they have made?
The *Church* hath DOCTORS too, and *they*
Complain of *wrong* too in *their* way:
That *Emp'ricks* DOCTORS are become,
And DOCTORS Patients now— but *Mum*.

Enter the General.

Gen. Horrid confusions do I tread:
And Mazes upon Mazes thred
In this new COURT, where FELISBRAVE
Transported with his *Conquests* brave,

In

In the purſuit thereof ſuſpends
The progreſs to his amorous Ends.

Gy. 1. RIFALORO, wilt thou eat
(For I would give thee ſome choice meat)
A ſalv'ry Leg, or little Wing
Of a *Camel* which we bring?
Rif. I would not rob your *Grandiſhips:*
We ſay, LIKE LETTUCE TO LIKE LIPS.
This, if you pleaſe (having been ſick)
A *Chine of Beef*, but not too thick.

Gen. Of *Rifaloro* ſomewhere near
The *whining Ecchoes* ſtrike my *Ear.*

Gy. 1. Say, ſhall we poſt thee through the Air in nimble
Egg-ſhell, to PERSIA, or in vagrant *thimble.*

They go about to lay hold on him, and he crys out.

Rif. No, no, a ſober Mule: the *Spaniſh pace*
On foot, or mounted, not the *Wild-gooſe Chaſe.*

Gen. 'Tis he, and thoſe ſame *Gyants* dire
About to murther the poor *Squire:*
Hold, Cowards! what is this ye do?
Gy. 1. Slave, *who* are *we*, and *what* are *you?*
Rif. Hold, tardy ſucc'rer of diſtreſs!
Theſe are *Gyants of the Peace.*
Gy. 2. Conſider, valiant Knight — *Gy.* 1. With *thoſe*
That *raunt*, my *Courteſie* is *Blows.*
Looſe me that I may kill him. *Gen.* Come,
Preſumption; but be ſure ſtrike home:
Thoſe *Rebel-Gyants* I would ſcorn to fear,
Whoſe *Mountains*, to *ſcale* HEAV'N their *Ladders* were.

Rif. GEN'RAL, y' undo me with your wroth,
Theſe *Worthies* are my friends in troth,

I tell you true, done more for *me* they have,
Than my good *Grandam* who is in her Grave.
I *owe* (and ſhall acknowledge whilſt I breath)
A thouſand favours to their Worſhips: Sheath
Thy Blade, and be adviſ'd to be more plyant:
The Knight's not always ſure to kill the *Gyant*.

Gy. 2. This more: Since the diſſolving of the Charms,
Know, that we *Gyants* muſt now lay down Arms.

Rif. Well fare thy heart, O *Gyant* well inclin'd,
Holy and ſage, and of a peaceful Mind!
He tells you true, the *Books* are clear in't all;
To wit, *Pariſmus*, *Amadis de Gaul*,
And *Cavalier del Phebo*— Then 'tis rare,
To unpick quarrels, when Laws ſtudied are.

Enter a Gentleman called Zelindo.

Gent. *Prince* FLORANTEO willeth you
From CLARIDIANE to ſhew
Unto the Noble *Strangers*, all
This Inchanted Court. *Gy.*1. We ſhall.
Mark; and thereof ye ſhall be ſhow'd
Each Rarity, and every *Mode*.

Rif. Are there *Complaints*? Are there *Ambitions*?
Lyes are there? Are there *ill Conditions*?
Are there *Envyings*? Are there *Words*
Sweeter than the Tunes of Birds
Before one's *face*, *behind* the *door*
Back-racket-ſtrokes of a *left-handed* MOOR?

Gent. How e're *inchanted*, Court 'tis ſtill,
Here they do lay their ſick and *ill*,
Of vaſt extent their SPITTLE is:
The *Quarter* of the *Grumblers*, *This*.

Rif.

Rif. *Bad men* they *are*; yet have they had much *wrong*;
Reaping *Rewards*, which to the *Good* belong.

Gy. 1. There are the *envious*. *Rif.* Good Lads *those*,
They kill *themselves*: Give *me* such *Foes*.

Gy. 2. There, those, good Fortune puffs. *Rif.* To morrow
I'll talk with *them*. "Such never can bear *sorrow*.

Gy. 1. There, those, who judge by the *successes* still.
Rif. May all their *Actions* be *condemn'd* by *Ill*.

Gy. 1. Here, those, that trust in PRINCES FAVOUR.
Rif. *Presumption!* bind them to their *behaviour*.

Gy. 2. A swarm of DUENIAS, there. *Rif.* With things
I will not meddle that have stings.
Duenias, *Mondongas*, *Dwarfs* and *Pages*,
I leave to bold *Plebeian Stages*.
In COURT is sacred ev'ry *Lawn*,
Each *setting Beauty*, or which *now* doth *dawn*,
I *there* adore: Each *Tyar* a DIADEM,
A *weilded* SCEPTER each *shak'd Fan* doth seem.
I call each *Quoif*, nay ev'ry *Bib*, a CLOTH
Of STATE, and all for *fear* I'll take my Oath.

Gent. Of *Court Diseases* talk no more, for *there*
Of others weal we all are sick I fear.

Gen. What, not one honest Man in Court then? *Gent.* Yes,
A Thousand in the *Spanish* COURT there is:
Whom you shall see in *Magick Perspective*,
Applaud the *Golden Age* they now retrive.

Gy. 1. What is that old short Man we spy?
Rif. I take 't he writes a *Comedy*
For the MENINAS. *Gy.* 1. Who are *they*?
Rif. A *flight* of *Birds* the first of *May*:

Whose

Whoſe chirping *Bills* (which true *Diviſion* run)
Will *ſtont*, and out of Countenance *daſh* the *Sun*:
And I can tell a Secret of them too:
But if thou tell 't again, By all that's true —

(*Gy.* I. I tell?) *Rif.* They would have Husbands, and exact
From *him* a *Farſe*, themſelves intend to act
On that *high day* which to the WORLD did give
Their *Royal Maſter* on whoſe *Beams* they live.

And four hundred *Columns* terſe,
And a *conceipt* in every *verſe*,
And a *diſdain* to each *eight feet*,
And a *Sonnet* in each *ſheet*,
And to every *part*, they ask:
To comply with which huge *task*,
The foreſaid Poet by main ſtrength
Wire-draws his PLAY to ſuch a length,
That, for a *life* 'twould ſerve, of *one*
That does no *good* under the *Sun*,
Or *after whom* there 's an *Advowſon*,
Or *before whom* there are a *Thouſan*,
Or of a *Suit* in CHANCERY,
Or of a COURT *Expectancie*,
Which is th' *Eternal* of *Eternitie*.

Gent. Four hundred howers *laſt* let *it*,
And he who ſo is wearied wo't,
The name of *tedious* ſhall git
Unto *himſelf*, with *Clown* to boot.

For a FESTIVAL, ſet forth
To celebrate PHILENO's years,
By BELIZA's Royal worth,
Should ſtop the *motion* of the *Sphears*.

And merits to laſt evermore,
As do the *years* it doth adore.

Come,

Come, ſee *Wonders* that ſurpaſs,
In this *inchanted Looking-glaſs!*
Relates, as ſeen in the inchanted Glaſs, the Feſtival which the Queen of Spain *made at* Aran Juez *for the Birth-day of the King.*
Gen. Here view I (with what *ſweetneſs* bleſt!)
Beauteous CYTHERIAS *Neſt:*
And a BABYLON of *Flow'rs*
'Mongſt ſo many pleaſant *Bow'rs.*
What an illuſtrious Pallace fair!
Such a Play-fellow the *Air*
Hath not elſewhere: None ſo *nigh*
And *ſplendid-neighbour* hath the Sky.
If DRAGONS kept the GOLDEN-FLEECE,
And Apples of th' HESPERIDES,
In the Fable: In this *Truth*
(Fairer than the *Morning's youth*)
HARAMA (a glib Chryſtal *Snake*)
A *Girdle* to her *Fields* doth make;
TAGUS (a ſilver *Gyant*) falls
At the *feet* of her proud *Walls.*
—This SEAT
To whom belongs it? *Zelind.* To the Great
Shepherd PHILENO, who appears
Fuller of *fame*, and *Worlds*, than *years.*
Whoſe *foot*, whoſe *hand*
(*Both* temp'rate in Command)
The *one* an eaſie yoak doth ſit,
The *other* is a prudent Bit.
Gen. —*Who*
Leads to this Bow'r of Bliſs? *Zelind.* That new
PHOENIX of *Spain*, ſwathed in fire,
Son of *himſelf*, and his Great *Sire.*
Fair ſeav'nteen Springs hath *he* compleat,
Whoſe underſtanding is ſo great,
That in his *pupillage* appears
Th' *expecience* of an *hundred* years.

And

And in theſe *fields* is celebrated
That happy day unto the *Earth*
When he receiv'd his Royal Birth;
Whence GOOD MENS *hopes*, and BAD MENS *fears*, are dated.

Him his two Gallant BROTHERS follow,
Luminaries bright of SPAIN,
Sparks that fly out of his *Flame*,
For *they* are *Stars*, if *he* *APOLLO*.

On whom *both Purples* we ſhall view,
Of TIBER, and of DANOW too;
The *one* his CROSIER glorifie;
The *other* raiſe *his* SCEPTER high.

The *Feſtival* you ſee doth come
From his Illuſtrious SPOUSE; in whom
(Of two WORLDS ſitting at the *Helms*)
EARTH more *perfections* ſees, than *Realms*.

For but of one *Ray* of her *Hair*
(Since ſeldom *Kings* have *Kindred* waigh'd)
On the meer ſcore that ſhe is *fair*,
A *Claſp* for two *Crowns* might be made.

Not *Lilly* of *France*, but *Roſe* of *brown*
Caſteel, that to our SOL ſhall bring
A *Spaniſh Violet* to heir his CROWN;
'Sted of a *Flemiſh Jeſamin*.

Another equally divine
SHEPERDESSE, that, ſtead of thoſe
Flocks of *Swans*, which *TAGUS* ſhows,
Shall reign the EAGLES of the *RHINE*;

Fair

Fair SISTER of the MASTER-SWAIN
(Whose parts betwixt *respect* and *fear*
The proudest merits do constrain
To *strike* their *sayls*) consorts with *her*.

And of an hundred NYMPHS beside
(The *love* and *envy* of the SUN)
Accomplishments so multipli'd,
So without earthly *Paragon*,

That *not* her *Train*, and *less* her *Eye*
Fill'd up to the *brim* with Glory,
Either her *Royaltie* belye,
Or leave imperfect Beauties story.

Majesty, and sumptuous *Cloaths*,
And the Art to put them on,
And variety of those
All without *comparison*.

The *Valleys* sing, the *Mountains* skip,
The *Elms* and *Poplars* dance and trip,
APRIL himself a part rehearses,
And pricks his *flow'rs* in all the *verses*.

NIQUEA's GLORY (whose strong *Spells*
Even conjure up *Impossibles*,
And Miracles of *Wit* do muster)
Is the Theater's first lustre.

The second is the golden Fleece,
Which having first begun in GREECE,
The way to TROY did after find,
And *ends* in SPAIN with ILIUM's *fire* refin'd.

And now the Play without doors is
A *dull Man's* (who his homely *Quill*
T' excuſe in *part*) can tell you *this*;
Without *command* he writes not *ill*.

Sound a Trumpet.

A world of People flock together
To be *ſpectators* of the *fight*:
And from this Inſtrument I gather
Th' approach of one, and t'other Knight

They ſound another Trumpet near.

To the crown'd *Liſts*. — Let's go, to gain
A *fight* of them: And live this MORN,
And riſing *Sun*, and *Stars* of SPAIN,
Till crippled Time be made their ſcorn.

Exeunt.

Cornets.

Sound Drums and much Harmony, and Enter at one dore, with a ſplendid Train, and very brave in Apparel, Prince Claridoro; *and if they will they may be arm'd, or leave that till the laſt Act; and at another dore King* Felisbravo, *with a ſplendid Train likewiſe, &c. and the General, with many others by his ſide; and let a Curtain be drawn cloſe, Cornets ſounding, and on a high conſpicuous Throne behind it, let* Claridiana *and* Zelidaura *at her right hand, appear, as glorioufly clad as may be, and in the faſhion they like beſt; and many Ladies ſeated upon the* Strada, *and* Floranteo *ſtanding at the bottom of the foot pace upon which the Throne is, and the Gyants like two ſupporters at the Ends thereof; and enter* Rifaloro *with his Maſter, and with* Claridoro *a Servant of his, receiving inſtructions for ſomething from his Maſter.*

Clar°. Be ſure this *part* now be *well plaid*,
Ent'ring as if thou wert afraid.
Serv. Put no, ir, to 't, I ſhall be ſo.
Clar°. (By this *Invention* I ſhall know
If *Zelidaura's* ſtay here, be
Love, or *Curioſitie.*) *Aſide.*

Serv.

Serv. I go. *Clar°.* This is the *War* alone
Exit Servant.
In which I fear to be o'rethrown.

Now let the Curtain be drawn back, and each make a profound Reverence to the Queens, and the Queens rise from their seats, as likewise the Ladies, and then the Knights make a Reverence each to other.

Company. With what a careleſs Bravery They
One another do ſurvey!
Gen. And how *compos'd*, like *honourable Foes*,
They interchange *Saluting*s before *Blows*!

Cla. Both are gallant. *Zel.* Gallant, *both:*
Yet I with *each* am in ſuch wroth,
That I to neither ſide incline,
Though *I* am *one's*, and *t' other's mine.*

Clar°. Hah! ZELIDAURA on the Throne?
She doubtleſs hath her ſelf made known
To CLARIDIANA. *Fel.* I
Am made up of *perplexity*!

The Picture went at *firſt* for ZELIDAURA,
TARTARIA's Liege! then repreſented LAURA!
A Shepherdeſs! and now again one ſeen
In Soveraign poſture by a *Crowned* QUEEN!

Once more *ſleep* I bolt upright:
When ſhall I *wake*, for I do *move*
Like one that's *waking*, and my *ſight*
Equivocates, but not my *Love?*
Who will this *glorious Woman* prove?

Flo. Knights, the Queen ſtays; and now the *laſt*
Dice of FORTUNE *both* muſt caſt.

Dispute, if that *untye* it *not*,
Your Swords must *cut* the *Gordian-knot*.

Claridoro *takes off his Hat, covers again, and begins.*

*Clar*ᵒ. MADAM: (Since you remitted have to *words*,
That which at *first* were better try'd with *swords*)
I argue *thus*; By *Books* Wars *Art* is taught,
And without WISDOM no *great thing* was wrought.
Thus the great Son of THETIS (dire *annoy*
And ten years *Plague* of miserable TROY)
Had his *Head* arm'd with *Prudence* more than *Steel*,
Or than his Mother left *unarm'd* his *heel*
By the learn'd CENTAUR: *Thus* KING *PHILIPS* Heir
(Who envy'd t'others TRUMPET more than SPEAR)
Instructed was, in *Aristotles* Cell,
To understand the World, and then to quell:
Thus March'd high *CÆSAR* through the heart of *FRANCE*,
A *Pen* in *one*, in *t'other hand* a *Lance*,
And, in the Pride of that Success, did show
To BRITTONS bold an armed *CICERO*.
With the same *weapon* (to abridge *disputes*)
Men conquer *Men*, with which Men conquer *Brutes*.
Of BEASTS, more *fierce*, more *strong*, more *arm'd* are many
Than MEN; and BARBAROUS MEN as *stout* as *any*,
More *num'rous* far. But WISDOM tames the BEAST,
And WISEST NATIONS master'd still the *rest*,
Until the *Brutish* WORLD its own *strength* knew,
And with their MAXIMS fell their EMPIRES too.
'Tis not the *brawny vigour* of an *Arm*,
But *inward courage* (which the *heart* doth warm)
Makes FORTITUDE: A *Life-despising Eye*,
And (not to *conquer*, but) to dare to *dye*.
Strength makes it not. If I like strength did want,
And met like *dangers*, I'm more *valiant*;

Because

Becauſe my *Soul* was of a larger growth,
And, when her Second fail'd her, fought for *both.*
He that out-lives his *Honour* is a *Fool:*
To Cure a *Coward* ſend him then to School.
But many *Valiant* have *out-liv'd* their *Fame,*
For *lack* of *Wit* to play an *after-game.*
The *Wiſe* weighs all things, who ſometimes doth know
The *Souldiers* Praiſe is to *decline* a *Foe;*
And (ſlighting *Rumors*) his ſafe glory ſums
In *this*, that, " He fights *beſt* who *overcomes.*
" Who *raſhly* fights (though he the *World* amaze)
" A *valiant Fool* will be his beſt of Praiſe.
When a great CHIEF his *Squadrons* up hath led,
With *others hands* he fights, but his *own head;*
Therefore (and fitly) for ſuch *valiant wile,*
His head hath BAYS, his *Souldiers hands* the SPOYL:
And when the Sword decides a bloody *Fray,*
Their HANDS that *one*, *his* HEAD fights *ev'ry* day.
" Thus only *Prowſs* unto *KINGS* pertains,
" Who ought to wear their *Valour* in their *Brains.*
As, though ten thouſand *hands* a PALACE frame,
Yet *he*, whoſe *Head* contriv'd it, bears the Name:
Juſt ſo a PRINCE, who acts with *others hands,*
(His *own Head* ſteering) EARTH and SEA Commands.
Upon a *Couch* the CONTINENT he awes,
And from a COUNCIL gives the OCEAN Laws.
To hack wild Beaſts is not a Soveraign's part:
Kings fight not with their *Hands* but with their *Art.*
I end: In *Iron* WAR, in PEACE's *Down,*
Their MAXIMS *Conquer*, and their COUNCILS *Crown.*

A Flouriſh.

With the noiſe whereof Feli bravo *roufes as out of a deep Muſe.*

Fel. (*Little* of *all* he ſaid heard I,
Such a *diverſion* have I had
Of *Beauty*, like a *Ruſtick* clad
Sometimes, ſometimes with *Majeſty!*) *Aſide.*

THE

THE SWORD—

Takes off his Hat, makes a Reverence, then, covering again, proceeds, ſpeaking to the Throne.

—Made EMPIRES; VALOUR guards rich WISDOM's Coffers,
As *Fear* betrays the *ſuccours* which it offers:
He then whom *Danger* mazes, may for Brain
Go to the Camp, he went to *School* in vain.
When a great *Leader*, a great *Reſt* doth play,
PRUDENCE gives aim, but VALOUR wins the day:
And, though he's not oblig'd a *Breach* to enter
The firſt, his Men muſt know that he dares venter.
If *Valour* he ne're ſhew'd, what's truly *Wiſe*
Will be in him reputed *Cowardize*.
COWARD is a *Diſeaſe* bred in the Liver,
Which qualifi'd may *be*, but *cured* never.
Wiſe Men (and therefore they are Wiſe) do know
How to ſeem *valiant*, if they are not *ſo*.
Who venters farther than is fit, a *Sot*,
A Mad-man may be call'd, but Coward, not.
And, who his *Valours Proof* doth long forbear,
Would be thought *wiſe*, but *will* be thought to *fear*.
To *dye* is very well; but yet to *kill*,
Is *more*; the *Victor* is the *Victor* ſtill.
A Souldier boaſted to a *King* his gaſhes:
But give me him (quoth he) *that gave ſuch ſlaſhes.*
A *valiant Prince*, he is his *Empire's* Wall:
Safe without *Armies*, Terrible to *all*.
Of Realms *acqueſted*, THESE THE SWORD DID WIN;
We ſay, though POLICY did moſt therein.
Now, to whoſe Name the FECIT put you ſee,
The MASTER-BUILDER, paſt all doubt, is *he*.
Council may *moderate* a *Prince* that's *raſh*:
But *who* ſhall *fortifie* a Spirit laſh?

High

High Mettles, like *ſtrong Wines*, may *water* bear:
But *Council's* vain, where there's the *Traitor* FEAR.
No King ſhould ſo preſume on WIT, to think
To govern *Lands* with *Pens*, and *Seas* with *Ink*:
Better than at a COUNCIL-TABLE, *He*
In TENTS the *Land*, in CABBINS rules the *Sea.*
Well may a *Prince* be *learned*, *Perfect none*
Who wants that beſt ſupporter of a Throne.
But (for we *ſkirmiſh'd* have too long with *words*)
Prepare to feel that SCEPTERS live in SWORDS.

Trumpets.

They Draw: The Queens riſe in their Seats, ſound a Charge, the Gyants put themſelves between the Knights: A Cloud deſcends, and in it the God of Love with a Nymph, who in a Baſon brings many freſh Flowers, and amongſt thoſe ſome withered.

Cup. How's this! Suſpend your Furies. *Zel. Heaven*
With *wonder* new lets down the Skies,
And crowns the *Earth* with Prodigies.
Cla. The Valianter did much out-go,
Zel. That is becauſe *you* wiſh'd it ſo:
But the *Diſpute* was *ballanc'd* even.

Cornets.

Cup. Claridiana fair and bright,
I am LOVE who come to light
Thee out of this dark Wood th'art in,
And if thou wouldſt have *him* to win
Who *loves* thee beſt, I'll let thee ſee
Which infallibly is *He.*
But (*will* or *nill*) the ſoveraign
Decree of *Heav'n* doth thus ordain,
That *he* by *whom* th'art *moſt* ador'd,
Shall be thy *Husband*, and thy *Lord.*

Aſide.

Cla. Since he that was the *Valianter*
Loves me, I'm ſure, what need I fear
The ſentence, but may well ſubmit
My *Soul* and *Will* to *Heaven* and *It*?
Thus cut I with my *Peop'e's* grain,
Nor can the loſing Knight complain.

To Cupid.

Great LOVE, my Glory 'tis that *thou*
To clear my *doubts* to Earth wouldſt bow:
With thee I truſt them. *Cup.* Then, that Man
Who theſe *wither'd Flowers* can
(Put into my hand) recover
To *priſtine ſtate*, is thy beſt *Lover*.

Zel. Who but that ſtranger *Knight* there can it be,
That came to fight for *her*, and injure *me*?

Clar°. In *me* what venture is't, if I
Do for *ZELIDAURA* dye?

Fel. If *ZELIDAURA* I adore,
I may venter upon that ſcore.

Cup. Noble CLARIDORE, advance.

Let him take a dry Flower, and put it in the hand of Cupid, *and let it diſſolve to aſhes.*

Clar°. In Name of the ARABIAN Queen
Let this wither'd Flower grow green.
Cup. 'Tis faln to aſhes. *Cla.* What good chance!

Zel. What ill luck! *Cla.* The *Victory*
Stays, with my *wiſhes wings* to *fly*.

Zel. O maiſt *thou* ne're *victorious* prove!
Cup. Glorious INCONNU, move.

Fel.

Fel. I deliver thee this ſame
In CLARIDIANA's name.

This Flower too falls to duſt.

Cup. *Duſt* it is, and *tranſitory.*
Cla. This is Treaſon. *Zel.* This is Glory.

Rif. Into my Countrey I will carry
A *Receipt* ſo neceſſary,
To prove all *Men* what evet *Lyars*,
Who blind poor credulous *Women* with *falſe Fires.*

Cup. Brave FLORANTEO, draw *thou* near.
Cla. Avaunt! *Cup.* If he in worth and birth is peer
Unto the proudeſt of them all, in vain,
CLARIDIANA, doſt thou him diſtain.

Draw near—

Flo. In name of *fair*, but *mercileſs*
CLARIDIANA (who contemns
Much Love, and *little Happineſs*)
Receive this Flow'r. *Cup.* See how it *gems*,

Smiles, and *recovers!* Noble *Youth*,
Loe, LOVE in *perſon* doth reward thy *truth!*

Offers to join them; and Claridiana *flyes back.*

Cla. I'll loſe my life firſt. *Cup.* Thou haſt ſaid
Thou't *obey* HEAVEN; and HEAV'N will be *obey'd.*

All. Live *Floranteo.* *Cla.* Live (ſay I)
Claridiana, and *All dye.*

Cup. To FLORANTEO 'longs *Arabia's* Throne:
Give him the *joy*, and *homage* every one.

Cla. Is HEAV'N become a *conſoner* too?
What ill Example! —Trait'rous Crew! —

Citizens. Of FLORANTEO Wife thou art,
And *he* our *King*. *Fel.* Dare *none* to start
From his Allegiance. *Clar°.* Cowards stay,
In her defence do I this *Sword* display.

Enter the Servant of Claridoro, *as in a great fright.*

Serv. CLARIDORO without peer,
Mixest thou in *Quarrels here*,
When in *Tartary* they are
All in *confusion*, *all* in *War*?
For ZELIDAURA being self exil'd
In uncouth *Mountains*, and in *Forrests* wild,

Nor chusing any *Husband* out,
Her *Subjects* to uncrown her go about.

Thou then (since of her Blood thou *art*)
Draw thy *Sword* to take her *part*,
And thy *faith*, and *prowess* high
In that just *Cause* alone employ:

If thou linger— *Clar°.* 'Tis enough.
Fel. Heav'ns! I shall be sure accurst
If my *Sword* aid her not the first,
For an eternal *Love*, and tough
Revenge, for Cause declared *now*,
Me furiously into that War doth throw.

Exit in a Rage.

To Rifaloro.

Gen. Let's follow FELISBRAVE. *Rif.* You know I trundle
Under you *Gen'ral*— By my *Persian faith*
This sweet *inchanted Creature* is a *Bundle*,
And *Nosegay*, of AURORA's. *Clar°.* There's *my* path
To serve you Madam: So LOVE wills, that I
Who dye *his Martyr*, should *your Souldier* dye.

Cla.

Cla. What an unlook'd for Change! *Zel.* The *Rout*
(Heav'ns) in my abſence, without doubt,
Is blown up into *Tumults*— *Queen* and *Laws*
Of *Hoſpitality*, perdon the Cauſe.
Now no more *curious Fooleries*, in *old*
And *valiant Earneſt* let the WORLD behold
Arm'd ZELIDAURA, and TARTARIA feel
The *dire effects* of her *provoked Steel.*

Exeunt Zelidaura *and* Roſelinda.

All. For FLORANTEO Victory!
Flo. Villains, in your Throats ye lye.
Citiz. To *Floranteo*, Madam, yield your *Hand*,
Or all *Arabia* falls from your Command.
Cla. Coward and Raskal-Heard, *that* ſhall be try'd.
This is my Hand— Who? who, will *give the Bride?*
Approach that dare— See, Traitors (whom my breath
Draws.
Should drive like *chaff*) It holds the Key of *Death*!
And Floranteo *draws in defence of her.*
Flo. Retire: His Sword for whom ye mutiny
Defends *Claridiana.* *Citiz.* Enemy
To thine own *Heart*! Thy *ſelf*, and all the Gods
Thou doſt oppoſe, provoking their juſt Rods.
Flo. Inſolent Varlets— *All.* Kill him. *Flo.* I had rather
Serve her, than have her. *Cla.* O, my deep-read Father,
Permit'ſt thou *this?* Now ſave me by thy Art:
Now is the moment. *Flo. Madam*, Take good Heart.
He drives them out, and returns to Claridiana.
The Cloud's diſpers'd; y' are *ſafer* in *my* Guard
Then if the *Stars* all own'd you for their *ward.*

Trumpets.

Exeunt.

The End of the ſecond Act.

The Perſons of the third Act, are the ſame with thoſe of the ſecond, adding,

MARS.

AURELIO.

A CAPTAIN.

And OTHERS.

Querer por ſolo Querer:
To Love only to Love.

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter Aurelio, *and others, as receiving with joy,* Zelidaura, *with her* Roſelinda, *in* Tartaria.

Zel. THis is t'entrap me; well, my Foot
Within the *City* I'll not put,
Till a full Tryal make it clear,
Whether things *are*, as they *appear*.

Aur. Great Madam, 'tis enough the Realm
Thy ſecret wand'ring did incline
To murmur at thee, and repine;
Our Pilot abſent from the Helm.

But, to be cenſur'd once diſloyal,
TARTARIA merits not. What Tryal
Would'ſt thou have more, than the *Applauſe*
And *Joy*, which thy *Return* doth cauſe;

Both

Both *this*, which meets thee on the *Bounds*;
And *that*, which from yon *Walls* reſounds?
Though, as to lighting us, ſome time,
Abſcence *eclips'd* thee to our *Clime*;
Not as to *Influence*; for, to *Faith*,
No *Back* at all a SOV'RAIGN hath.
Since the falſe news did thee no harm,
And now thy Beams TARTARIA warm;
This *Errour's* debtor we remain,
For giving us our *Queen* again.
Enter the City (we implore)
Nor let thy *Anger* coſt it more.

Zel. Firſt, in that *Rural Palace* hid with Bow'rs,
I'll reſt — But what's this noyſe? *Rif.* Help, Heav'nly Pow'rs!

Trumpets.
Within a great noyſe of Swords.

The World ſinks with their ſtroaks. *Zel.* Make haſt, haſt make.

Enter Felisbravo *and* Claridoro *fighting, and much People endeavouring to part them, and with them the General,* Rifaloro, *and a Captain.*

Fel. Now, on thy *treach'ry* will I take
A full *Revenge.* *Clar°.* Now, on thy *Head*
Shall be reveng'd what I have bled.

Zel. Rule me thoſe *Swords*, two *lives* defend,
Which th' Owners prodigally ſpend.
(O *Heavens!*) — *Fel.* Leave, of all his Train,
Not one alive. *Gen.* Cowards, in vain
Ye muſter *Regiments* of *Hares:*
The more you are, the more your *fears.*

Aur. What Fury! Tide encounters Tide.
(Vain Labour!) *Rif.* I am by thy ſide:
None of your petty *Clownlings*, we;
The *Bombaſt* of a *Comedie.*

Zel.

Zel. Part them, I ſay. The two that fight
Are CLARIDORO, and the *Knight*
Of the *Picture*. *Rif.* There 's *thy* ſcore—
Rifaloro *hits one of them.*
No fencing it with RIFALORE.
The Knights are parted.
Fel. That, e're ſo many People came,
I kill'd him not; I bluſh for ſhame.

Clar°. That I, by *theſe* ſhould hind'red be
From killing him, it vexes me.

Capt. Both are hurt. *Zel.* The *Stranger* bear
Firſt to be Cur'd: And, OFFICER,
Quarter him in the *Manſion*
Of LAURA's Father, CORIDON.

Capt. I ſhall. *Zel.* Prince *Claridoro* too
(Whoſe Life I fear leſs of the *two*)
Place in an equal Quarter near.
Aur. I ſhall. *Zel.* Before you go (d' ye hear!)
Clap in ſuch wiſe on *both* a *Guard*
That they perceive not their way barr'd.
I would ſecure them *each* from *either*,
Yet not be *ſeen* to do it neither.
The Captain comes to Felisbravo, *and*
Aurelio *to* Claridoro.
Aſide.
And how (O LOVE) how ſhall I know,
Whether he fought for me, or no?

Capt. Pleaſe you to come where they may cure you?
Fel. The wound is nothing I aſſure you.
Capt. By your Life (Sir) conſider 't more.
Aur. Prince, reply not, y' are hurt ſore.
Clar°. A ſcratch, believe 't. *Aur.* You'll find it none:
Howe're, the *Queen* will have it done
Clar°. A ſpark of *pity* now from Her!
Then look for quarter from a *Murd'rer*.

Fel.

Fel. Captain, how far from hence to *Court*?
Capt. Your Cure (Sir *Knight*) doth more import
You, than that knowledge. *Fel.* To ſecure
ZELIDAURA, is my *Cure*.

Capt. What Faith a groundleſs *lye* will win!
And O! how late it is cali'd in?
But, come along, and you ſhall ſee
How well this Care may ſpared be.

Fel. To my *Revenge* I do *prefer*
The *greater ſweet* of ſerving *her*.
Exeunt Felisbravo *and Captain.*

Aur. Come, *Prince*. *Clar°*. 'Tis ſo: Now, Madam, I do find
You (who ev'n then are *cruel*, when y'are *kind*)
Becauſe from *Life*, I ſue out a *divorce*,
To puniſh me will make me live perforce.
Exeunt Claridoro *and* Aurelio.

Rif. Do they bear them *Priſ'ners* hence?
Gen. Priſ'ners? I'll follow my dear Prince,
Reſolving by his ſide to dye.
Rif. That's not for me; and yet I lye;
For I (to give my ſelf my due)
Do whiff the *ſmoak* of HONOUR too.
Exit General, and Rifaloro *offers to follow him, but is ſtaid by* Roſelinda.
Zel. Stop that Servant. *Roſ.* Gentleman,
I come to call you. *Rif.* Virgin, can
You pick out of this *face*, and *meen*,
No higher Title? Well 'tis ſeen
You know me not, you don't in troth,
You don't— How low our Market go'th?
You have been ſomewhere neerly bred,
So *thin* your *Courteſie* you *ſpred*.
'T has vext me— *Gentleman*, quoth you?
When *Knighthood* is ſo common too!

Well,

Well, your *buſ'neſs*? *Roſ.* She that calls
Her ſelf the *Miſtreſs* of theſe *Walls*—

Rif. Is a *Goddeſs*, and *clep'd* is —
Roſ. What a new *ſtrain*, new Humour's *this*?
If ſhe a *Goddeſs* be, or *no*,
Let thine *Eyes* tell thee. *Rif.* Where's *de Froe*?

Rifaloro *turns, takes off his Hat and falls at her Feet.*

Zel. Approach. *Rif.* Now let me never ſtir,
What diff'rence 'twixt the Sun, and hir?
A *Cluſtre* of *ripe Stars* ſhe is:
Let me that hand, adoring, *kiſs*; —

That *hand*, by which the LILLIES *brown* appear,
And the Cryſtal is not *clear*,
Lac'd with *Saphyr*, tagg'd with *ſhell*
In which the *Orient Pearl* doth dwell:
Give me that pretty foot, which goes
Knitting ſweet *flow'r* with Ivory *Toes*,
But none ſo *ſhort* as *It*; for *thine*
Is BREVIAT of a JESAMINE:
Give me— *Zel.* Withdraw, and let him ſtay.

Roſelinda *goes aſide.*

— Art thou the *Stranger*'s Servant? Say.

Rif. I *am*, nor of him do complain.
Zel. Is he ſo *good*? *Rif.* So bad; w' are fain
At ev'ry turn to be made friends:
But ſeldome in this World meet *Ends*:
Ill Maſters have good Servants, *Good*
Are anſwered with *Ingratitude*.

Zel. What *Place*? *Rif.* An Office of great truſt.
Zel. How great? *Rif.* His MUTE. *Zel.* His MUTE? I muſt
Confeſs, that's not for a FOOL.
Rif. There's an Exception to each Rule.

For (let me tell you) I do blend 'um,
Holding the latter in COMMENDUM.

Zel. Thy *Conceipts* like me paſt expreſſion.
Rif. 'Tis incident to our *Profeſſion*
That (let it *miſs*, or let it *hit*)
We Fools are off'ring ſtill at Wit.

Zel. Who is thy *Maſter?* *Rif.* He is one
Whoſe *Countrey* I'll to you make known,
His *merit*, *humour*, *diſpoſition*,
But his *Name*, on no condition.

Zel. And why his Name wilt thou not tell?
Rif. For doing of a Miracle:
That once this ſaying may be true,
A Servant told not all he knew.

Zel. 'Tis not worth thanks to hide his *name*,
When all things elſe thou doſt proclaim.

Rif. Of the old Apple a new *ſlice!*
Mother EVE's inquiſitive Vice!
His *name?* in troth it may not be.
Zel. Hola! *Rif.* Why call you? *Zel.* Thou ſhalt ſee.
Enter Aurelio.
" With a baſe mind, what *gentle courſes*
" Cannot *perſwade*, that *Rigour* forces.

Aur. Ordein your pleaſure. *Zel.* (Anger me!)
Hang preſently — *Rif.* Upon a Tree
Say not, by thine Eyes; for I
Shall then prevent the Rope, and dye
Of the *unkindneſs*. *Zel.* Away take him.
Lays hold of him, and he ſtruggles.
Rif. In earneſt is't? *Zel* A *pattern* make him
To *Fools*, who ſhall pretend to hold hereafter
A *Secret*— (My Intreaties made a laughter!

I,

I, pray in vain!) *Rif.* By this good day
I think thou know'ſt not how to pray.
In fine, I muſt be hang'd. *Zel.* Thou muſt
(Without his *name*) forthwith be *truſs'd*.

Rif. Then *drive on, Cart*, Note WORLD, a *Woman* hung
A *Man*, becauſe he *held* his Tongue.
March, March. *Zel.* (For once it ſhall be told,
A *Woman* could from knowing hold
A *Secret*, which ſhe *dyes* to *know*; withall,
Which a *Man* ſays, he'll dye, before ſhe *ſhall*—)
Aſide.
Leave him at large— What Countrey-man
Aurelio *goes aſide.*
'S thy Maſter? *Rif.* He's a PERSIAN:
For whom great MARS bids make already
All his *triumphal Charets* ready.

Zel. Is he *high-born*? *Rif.* And ſo *diſcreet*,
Valiant, *bountiful*, and *ſweet*
In his *deport*, that he's the *great*
Idea of a PRINCE COMPLEAT.

Zel. Is't FELISBRAVO? *Rif.* Unto *thee*
Is that Name known? *No*, 'tis not *He*.
'S precious! that *Royal Prodigy*
Above the *bounds* of MAN doth fly.

Zel. And what's his buſ'neſs? To this *Coaſt*
What Wind brings him (for thou know'ſt?)

Rif. O WOMEN! *Zel.* Speak, go not *about*
The *buſh*. *Rif.* Then, turn me *inſide out*,
Seraphical Examiner.
They ſay there's in TARTARIA here
A Mad-cap Queen, that *kembs* you *wyre*,
And wears a Helmet for a *tyre*;

Who, 'ſted of a *wide Vardingale*
And *reverend Apron*, puts on *Mayl*,
And *glitt'ring Arms*, in which are writ
The valiant *Deeds* ſhe did *commit*;
Who nothing but the *Spear*, and *Reſt*,
And *Pouldron*, minds; She *hoops* her *breaſt*
With *Braſs*, and her *long fingers* fair,
The *deſerts* of the *Neeale* are.
A mischief take the *Woman!* Let her
Reſign to *Men* (whom it ſuits better)
INCAMPINGS: Let her *Kerchers hem*,
Leave hemming in of *Troops* to *them*.
If a *Spider* croſs her ſight,
Let her take a famous fright;
And purſe her Mouth when ſhe ſays, *Man*,
Or Husband, like the *Nimphs* of SPANE.
Let her *tremble* at a *Rat*,
More than *it* doth at a Cat.
"She, for a Beauty who would paſs,
"Muſt be as nice as *Venice glaſs*;
"And, if one hold his hand up, wink,
"For fear he brain her with a *pink*.
In *fine*, to ſee this *Queen* we came:
When a *Knight* (Rival of his Fame)
His Fury would have kill'd: They *both*
Lie hurt, and I am ſo in wroth
With this *Man-Woman*, Angel-Devil,
(Who to the *Sun* would ſcant be civil)
That could I light upon her GRACE,
I'd tell her roundly to her face,
Spin *Highneſs*, Spin (as good as you have ſpun)
For y' are a *Woman*, not an AMAZON.

Zel. (He ſerves me right—) Who ſent him? *Rif.* (No, you ſed
You'd have me hang'd) —He came of his own head.

For

For he hath *Valour*, *Birth*, and *All*
With which a QUEEN in Love ſhould fall:
And I (his Servant) ſhall not bate
Much of a COUNTESSE for my *Mate*.
I know too in the World a QUEEN
(I name her not, but) ſhe hath been
Late *diſinchanted*, for which pains
Such *favours* upon *Him* ſhe rains,
That — But I ſtop — *Zel.* Say, prethee, does he *love*?
Rif. Is he a *Brute*? *Zel.* And is he lov'd? *Rif.* You move
A *curious* Queſtion — This (ſhall I be free?)
Is a *graft* too of the *forbidden Tree*.
From *me* no more is to be got,
And therefore *(pray you)* preſs me not.
Good faith, 'twere much more like a *Friend*
To *hang* me, as you did intend.

Zel. This one thing wilt not let me know?
Rif. Pray, why ſhould you deſire it ſo?

Zel. Only to keep it *ſecret* ſtill.
Rif. Forbear to know it, and you will.

Zel. How mainly thou art giv'n to ſcoff!
It is not noble to put off
With a *light jeſt* a *ſerious ſuit*.
Rif. No? as great Men as I will *do't*.

But come (ſince you will have the truth)
He is a *Man* much *lov'd* by *many*,
Yet one of ſuch a curious *tooth*,
That in his life *he* ne're lov'd any.

White *Hands* black *Eyes*, curl'd *Locks*, have no more force
On *him*, than *Phyſick* hath on a *dead Horſe*.
From ſome dry *Mother-in-law* the Man did learn
Not to relent — *He*? He hath no *concern*,

Cannot

Cannot diſcourſe of *love*, though in his *prime*,
Though on all other Theams his *tongue*'s a *Chime*,
Though none ſo *dreſt*, none *dances* ſo, none pours
Himſelf ſo *out*; for He's a *rock* of *Flow'rs*.

Aſide.

Zel. A Knight that's ſo *accompliſh'd*, not
To *love*, appears to *me* a *knot*.
I muſt *undo* it by ſome *Art*:
For at this *ſecret* hangs a *Heart*.

To Rifaloro.

Pleas'd me thou haſt exceedingly:
And I *unthankful* ſhall not be.

Rif. I *kiſs* thy *foot*, and *am* thy *ſlave*.
Zel. Here me AURELIO, take this Knave
To *priſon*. *Rif.* Me to priſon? *Zel.* Yes,
For being a *Blab*. *Rif.* Ah! *Traitereſs*,
Horrible *Inquiſitrix*,
Are theſe thy *thanks*? and do'ſt thou fix
The name of *Blab* upon me too?
O! take by me example, *you*
That are *Gallants*, you that love:
Thus do *Ladies* thankful prove.

He is carried away to Priſon.

Roſ. Should your Highneſs be *more cruel*
Than you are to this ſweet *Jewel*;
Never was't ſo well beſtow'd,
Or ſo like a *Mercy* ſhow'd.

Exit Roſelinda.

Zel. Diſſolv'd in Tears, and languiſhing delight,
The whiſp'ring FOUNTAIN is a tale of LOVE;
The Roſie MORN, inam'ring at firſt ſight,
Sweet PHILOMELA's Oraiſons doth move;

The

The ſmiling FLOW'R. the tender peeping BUD,
APRIL importunes with ſoft ſhow'rs; the DOVE
Lives vow'd to *everlaſting Widdowhood*,
Temple of LOYALTY, and *Soul* of LOVE.

Love graſps both Globes: LOVE all *below* inſpires:
Love guides with *conſtant change* the *ſphears above*:
MARS feels LOVES darts, APOLLO feels LOVES fires,
Ev'n HE that hurls the *thunder*, yields to LOVE.
All *theſe* to *me* no warrant; whoſe intent
Is not to *vouch*, but *make* a PRECEDENT.

Exit Zelidaura.

Enter Claridiana *in Mans Apparel, with her* Floranteo, *and* Florinda *Lady of Honour to her.*

Cla. Leave haunting me, and leave thy vain
And impertinent deſire;
The more thou do'ſt of me complain,
The more 's the honour I acquire:

For (credit me) I more approve
That all the *World* ſhould be my *Foe*,
Than I defended by *thy Love*:
It is a *debt* I would not *owe*.

Though *Heav'n* with plaguing me tire never,
I hope yet it will uſe me better
Than (to compleat my Plagues) that ever
I ſhould be my *Tormentors debtor*.

Return, and let ARABIA gather
Her Rebel-Armies in *thy Name*:
Be kindling there ſeditious, rather
Than *kindled here* with *amorous flame*.

The

The cauſe of this *diſguiſe* you ſee,
Is, that your *ſelf* and *me*,
You now no more may vex,
But look on me as one of your own Sex.

Be gone, provoke me not too far,
This field preſume not to tranſgreſs;
For, if my Eyes ſuch *Murth'rers* are,
My *Hand* will be a greater *Murtheres*.

Flo. BELLONA, armed with the Sun;
That *Conqueſt* which thy Face hath *ſure*,
Some hazzard in thy *Sword* may run,
Although its *temper* too be *pure*.

For Hearts *ignoble* (which your ſweet
Majeſtick Eye cannot command
To lie down *trembling* at your FEET)
Reſerve the anger of the HAND.

Not *revilings* ſo well *ſpoke*,
Not the *pain* with which I'm *ſtung*,
Not thy *ſcoras* can *me* provoke;
" *For want of luck is not a wrong.*

Nor merit I to be exil'd
From the *dear* place which thou art in,
Though ſcorn'd, tormented, and *revil'd*;
For, *nor is want of luck a ſin.*

T'*obey*, I do not ask thee now
High *Heav'ns* by *thee* deſpiſed *will*,
But that (abhorring ME) yet *thou*
Would'ſt give me leave to Love THEE ſtill.

Nor

Nor do I ſo much thank the Gods
That they were pleas'd to *vote* thee *mine*,
As that from all the *World* the odds
They judg'd to *me* of being *thine*.

But, ſince thy hate I *conſtant* find,
This *Cruelty* hath *op'd* mine *Eyes*
To ſee that *all* the *Stars* are *blind*,
And *thou* than *Heav'n* it ſelf more wiſe.

Return into thy *Kingdom* free;
There, at the ALTAR, I'll refuſe thee:
Let not ARABIA loſe THEE,
It is enough that I do *loſe thee*.

Forreign Succours thou need'ſt none:
Return, thou haſt (if thou canſt ſee)
Champion enough in *me alone*,
And in *thy ſelf* a *Victory*.

Cla. On *thee* I lay not all the fault,
For (FLORANTEO) without doubt,
That, againſt which I bend my thought,
Heav'n is too prone to bring about.

Now, as for *Beauty*, I pretend
To none, and, if I had ſuch lot,
My *Beauty's Conqueſts* ſhould extend
To ſomething that I *hated not*.

That *thou* art *object* of *my Hate*
To impute 's erroneous vanity,
Unto thy being *unfortunate*,
And not unto my *knowing thee*.

Makes a ſtreak on the ground.

Step not an Inch beyond this *line.*
For, ſhould the World arm all agin me,
And all the *Elements* combine,
I have my *Victories* within me.

Flo. Moſt *Beautiful, Illuſtrious, Generous,*
Divine CLARIDIANA, whom t' *excel*
Self-Rival'd *Nature* being ambitious,
With fleſh and blood found it *impoſſible.*
New PHOENIX of *Arabia*, Miracle
Greater than *She*, who *in* of Her SELF *lyes,*
Dies when ſhe *riſes*, *riſes* when ſhe *dyes.*

Celeſtial Princeſs, able to make Wars
Out of the private ſtock of thy Perfections:
(For thou might'ſt preſs full Regiments of Stars,
Would'ſt thou but give thy foot *thoſe bright directions.*)

Advance, thy *Beauty's Royal Standard* ſpred;
Beat up thy Drums in *Hearts* that freedom plead;
Give out Commiſſions under *white* and *red*

To *kill* and *ſlay*, to *burn*, and to make *prize*,
And let thy Foes *look Armies* in thy *Eyes.*

See, how thy *fugitive feet*, by calling *Strangers*
To thy aſſiſtance, *ſteal* the Victory
Thy face (if ſhew'd) would *gain*, diſperſing *dangers*
More than the GORGONS HEAD! that ſparkling Eye,

The *whiteneſs* of that *Hand*, without a Blow,
All that contraſt with thee, muſt overthrow
In a *celeſtial War* of *Fire* and *Snow.*

BEAUTY pretends not *warring* with a *Sword*,
But with a gentle look, or a kind word;

To

To be *robuſtious*, *furious*, *warlike*, are
Not *Graces*, but *diſtortions* of the *Fair*.
A *ſcorn* that ſweetly *balſoms* when it *wounds*,
A *word* that *ſtriking* courteouſly *rebounds*,
An *amorous Frown*; theſe tye Men to their duty
With *cords*; for "*A perſwading War is Beauty*.

Cla. Thou ſeeſt I ask no Prince my part to take
(How brave ſo e're) *none ſuch* my *Champion* make.
But beg *(how meetly!)* ZELIDAURA's Aid,
A MAIDEN QUEEN to right a CROWNED MAID.
She (the illuſtrious Bulwark of her *land*,
And Miſtreſs of a SOUL *white* as her *Hand*)
Diſdains her *Name*, and her *Heroick Sail*
To ſuch a *triſle* as a *Man* ſhould *vail*.
Since then the *Tartars* unrevolted are,
And *now* in *Peace*, though *always* prone to *War*,

Their *Martial Spirits* let *her* exerciſe,
T' undoe a *wrong* which *loud* for *Vengeance* crys:
I, by a *Woman* or by *none*, will riſe:

Too proud, my *life* (if ſav'd b' a Man) to own,
Or with my *Freedom* to redeem my *Throne*.
To be *robuſtious*, *fierce*, and *arrogant*,
They are not BEAUTIES *proper Arms*, I grant;
For her *ſmooth rigidneſs* her *ſlack compaſs*,
Cloath not with ſteel the *body*, but the *ſoul*.
I grant, *Cheeks* ſwoln with *choler* have no hooks;
That no *temptations* are in furious *looks*:
For the *Breſt's inward ſoftneſs* (without doubt)
Is *Beauty's ſoul*, which ſeaſons *that* without.
But, ceas'd SEMIRAMIS, to be a *Dame*,
PENTHASILIA ceas'd ſhe to *inflame*,
(Their *Helmets* off) becauſe, when on they were,
This HECTORS *Sword*, That ſhook ACHILLES *Spear*?

Diſcreet, *prompt*, *active*, *gallant*, happily
Are they *entayl'd* upon DEFORMITY?
And evermore muſt Beauty bear the *taunt*
Of *luckleſs*, *cowardly*, and *ignorant*?
To a *diſcreet* and an *obedient Lover*
Her ſelf in her *own ſhape* let her diſcover,
(" For when all's done, to pierce a Wiſeman's breaſt
" Beauty 's the ſharpeſt *ſword.*) But for the reſt,
Who vex, who croſs me, *them*, not with a *white*,
But *armed* Hand, I'll take, kill, burn, in *fight*.
Here 'tis, that BEAUTY quits her *native charms*;
And plays the *Souldier* with thoſe *borrowed Arms*.
Shall I thoſe People that would ſuck my blood,
Slay with a LADY's Weapon? (*That* were good:)
And REBELS, ſhall ſo ſweet a death o'rewhelm,
As by my BEAUTY? No, the *impious Relm*
Shall rue their work — What talk'ſt thou of my Face!
It is my *Sword* muſt right me in this Caſe.
My HANDS muſt quell thoſe that againſt me riſe:
For other are the *Conqueſts* of my EYES.

Flo. Peace: ZELIDAURA comes. *Cla.* I bluſh; although
Transform'd CLARIDIANA who can know?

Flo. Thy *Beauty* in ſuch *Characters* is writ,
That a dull Eye may ſoon *diſcypher* it.

Cla. By thee (who art my ſhadow) *me* it may:
Back therefore, FLORANTEO. *Flo.* Though thou play
The Tyranneſs, I am thy *ſubject* ſtill:
Then ceaſe thy *Anger* if I do thy Will.

Exit Floranteo.
Claridiana *and* Florinda *remain.*

Florin. In her ſuperlative perfections,
Thou wilt ſee a peerleſs Dame.
Cla. Of her Beauty faint Reflections
Are rendred by the Glaſs of Fame.

Enter

Enter to them Zelidaura, Aurelio, Roſelinda, *and others.*

Zel. Here leave us. *Roſ.* Madam, are you well?
Zel. I ayl nothing ROSELIND—

Aſide.

What new Diſeaſe! — I cannot tell,
This *diſinchanted Queen* is *wond'rous kind*,

Or wond'rous grateful — Thought, thou 'rt not my Friend —

To her Train.

Leave me *thou* too — *we* would be left. *Roſ.* A *weight*
Hangs *there* — and, if *that Heart* beneath it bend,
Believe me it muſt needs be great.

Exit Train.

Zel. What *tyrannous reſentments* move
Such monſtrous *billows* in my breſt?
Jealous am I, before I *love*?
And before I *fear*, *oppreſt*?

If CLARIDIANE is Queen
Of *Araby*, what makes ſhe *here*?
Is it to *ſee* only, unſeen?
That much unlikely doth appear.

If for the Love ſhe bears the *Stranger*, ill
Did *he* to leave her, though *worth* ſpurr'd him on:
But, if he reign'd as King in her good will,
She did as good as bid him get him gone.

—Fool, Fool, to be concerned ſo
In wrongs *her Beauty* doth ſuſtain;
When all the pity I can ſhow
Is not enough for *my own pain*.

Flo.

Flor. Approach, what fear'ſt thou? *Cla.* Strange confuſion!
Whom ſee I? *Zel.* Yes, I know that *Face*,
Claridiana knows Zelidaura when ſhe ſees her, and Zelidaura knows her.
And that *gate* too— *Cla.* 'Tis no deluſion;
She, whom I ſaw in a *courſe caſe*,

Was ZELIDAURA— *Zel.* My *ſuſpition*'s true;
The wrong'd CLARIDIANA doth purſue
The *Stranger* whom ſhe loves— Down *flames*— *Cla.* *Troy's ours:*
My *name* but ſounded, brings me all her *Pow'rs.*

To Zelidaura.

Couragious *Queen*, bright honour of thy kind,
At theſe *tryumphant Feet* thy *Slave*'s inclin'd.
Falls at her Feet.

Zel. Riſe, and inform us what thou *art.* *Cla.* I *am*
(Fam'd ZELIDAURA) an *Arabian Knight*,
Who beg thee drown'd with pity in the name
Of my *dread Miſtreſs*, brought into ſad plight

By *Rebels*— If thou art the *blew-ey'd Maid*,
Who is the *Deity* of *War*; *Aid*, *Aid*,
Injur'd CLARIDIANA— (*Zel.* Part well plaid!)
Aſide.

Cla. In her dear *Countrey*, in her *Throne* replant
CLARIDIANA; *then* thou ſhalt not want
New DECADES to thy *Story*, and give *Fame*
(*Who* loves to ſing thy *Praiſes*) a large Theam.
Arm; let thy *valour* freeze th' Uſurper's veins:
Nor let thy *hand* kill leſs, than thy *diſdains.*
Thy *Beauties* in their dazeled faces ſhine,
And teach thy *Sword* to conquer, though 'tis *thine.*
On *Spaniſh Gennet* hang 'twixt *Earth* and *Air*:
Nor MARS, but SOL, be now the God of *War.*

To

To *Cowards*, and to *Valiant*, fatal prove:
Making *those* dye for *fear*, as *these* for *love*.

Aside.

Zel. In *flatt'ries* wrapt, her purpose close she bears:
How well *they* 're call'd, the *poison* of the *Ears!*
Another now (thus *jealous*) would be thought
In *love*, but I'm not guilty of *that* fault,
Yet here are *sighs* would make me think I *were*,
And never *lye*, did so like *truth* appear.
I'll answer *coldly*, till I know if *War*
Be in her *land*, or *love* do make 't on *her*.
If Treason drave her *thence*, without delay
My *conqu'ring Flags* I in her *Cause* display.
But, if (*a frantick Lover*) she pursue
The gallant STRANGER, I will make her rue
She e're came hither; and upon them *both*
(Though I should dye for't) wreak my burning wroth.

Cla. What is your answer? *Zel.* Is there, did'st thou say,
Such a *Rebellion* in ARABIA?

Cla. Madam, there *is*. *Zel.* And did that *Queen* send *thee*
To make *request* for *succours* unto *Me*?

Cla. 'Tis *very certain*. *Zel.* And *as certain*, *this*,
That she doth *hope* them from me? *Cla. Madam*, 't *is*.

Zel. And for my *Answer* wert thou *bid* to *stay*?
Cla. Madam, I was. *Zel.* LA REINE SAUISERA.
Exit very stately.

Cla. How's this? An *Answer* how unlike her *Fame*?
Are these the *Actions* that cry up her *Name*?
Is *this* that they call *Manly*? *This* to be
Invincible? What an *Indignitie!*
Upon how slight an Errand FAME will go?
And how it gathers like a Ball of Snow!

When

When I ſuppos'd her *Valour* would burſt out,
And ſow with *Squadrons* all *my fields* about,
To *reap*, for our *two heads*, a *twofold* CROWN,
Of Gold for *mine*, of Laurel for *her own*:
When the two *ſweeteſt things* EARTH can afford
I made account to owe unto her *Sword*,
Revenge and *Empire*; paying me in brief
The common Wages of a light belief,
She *anſwers* (neither *brave*, nor *pitiful*,
Nor courteous, but *pitifully dull*)
SHE'LL THINK OF IT. And if her Bowels yearn'd
Not *now*, will ſhe with *thinking* be concern'd?
What ſhall I do? *Flor.* Sue to ſome *King*, and chuſe
Him ſuch a *King*, as you did moſt *abuſe*.
If you *obliged* ANY heretofore,
Take heed of *him* upon that very ſcore.
How well your *Entertainment* ſhe doth quit!
Cla. Her ruſtick weed bely'd not her Soul yet.
"THE WORST OF FOES ARE THANKLESS FRIENDS; for thoſe
"One ne're did good to, are at worſt cheap Foes.
Ingratitude is cruel. Seek I muſt
(I ſee) to my *wiſe* Father, though *unjuſt*.
Ah ZELIDAURA, thou haſt a *Man's* Heart,
Becauſe untouch'd with ſenſe of *Woman's* ſmart!

Exeunt.

Enter Claridoro *with his Armin a Scarf.*

Clar°. From this deep Vale, with *horrour* crown'd,
Whoſe bottom not the Stars can ſound,
I breath up *ſighs* no leſs *profound*.
Where, if *hard trees*, and harder ſtones,
Hear my moans;
Never again
Will I to cruel Womankind complain.

Silence

Silence not ſtill *reſpect* implies:
For *he* from *whom*, when *rack'd* he lies
Nothing is wrung,
Slights his *Tormentor* whilſt he holds his *tongue*.

What need of *ſilence* hath *reſpect*?
It looks to *me* as if the Flame
Were held a ſhame,
Which all the Care is how not to detect.

Here, *here*, let me let looſe my groans,
Let the *great Bell* out be rung:
Here ſafely all my LOVE at once
Unload thy ſelf into my *tongue*.

If *ſhe* ſhould overhear it, Crime 'twere none;
Faith is *alive*, but *hope* is *dead* and *gone*.

If our *Predeceſſors* Paſſions
Had been *regulated* thus,
BEAUTIES new *Fortifications*
Had not been rais'd againſt us.

For *who* could take a juſt offence
At an humble Patience,
At a true Hearts ſilent aking,
Or ev'n a *ſuit* preſented quaking?

ZELIDAURA Star divine
That doſt in higheſt *Orb* of *Beauty* ſhine,
Pardon'd Murd'reſs, by that *Heart*
It ſelf which thou doſt *kill*, and *coveted ſmart*:

Though my walk ſo diſtant lyes
From the Sun-ſhine of thine Eyes,
(Into ſullen ſhaddows hurl'd,
To lye here buried to the World)

'Tis the leaſt reaſon of my moan,
That ſo much Earth is 'twixt us thrown.

'Tis *abſence* of *another* kind
Grieves *me*: For, where y' are *preſent* too,
Love's *Geometry* doth find
I have ten thouſand Miles *to you*.

"'Tis not abſence, to be far;
" But, to *abhor*, is to *abſent*.
"To *thoſe*, who in diſfavour are,
" Sight it ſelf is Baniſhment.

But I love *thee* with all my heart,
Whom therefore thou canſt never fly;
Since, in *whatever* place thou art,
Th' art *preſent* to my *Fantaſie*.

As th' Optick 's turn'd, the Object comes and goes:
Disdain no *preſence*, Love no *abſence* knows.

Cuſtom of Ills is poor relief,
It only ſtands on the defence:
The faint *Compounder* of a *Grief*
After the firſt violence.

Nor hath that place in a new *Wound*,
And *my Wound* is ever new,
And ev'ry day is more profound,
And ev'ry moment feſters too.

Only one Woe (for 't were a Crime)
I never can be guilty of:
To love her leſs than at this time,
Or not *to love only to love*.

Nor

Nor would I quench the fire in which I dye,
To be the light of any other Eye.

Enter Zelidaura *in a Ruſtick Habit.*

Zel. The wounded Knight I come to ſee:
Let no one ſtop me— Is that he?

Clar°. Who is ſo out of faſhion, as to look
Upon a Man whom *Fortune* hath forſook?
What a ſparkling *Shepherdeſs!*
(Here may be more than I yet gueſs.)

Zel. Ay me! 'Tis CLARIDORO, This.
Clar°. Through her diſguiſe how fair ſhe is!
'Tis ZELIDAURA (for *my* ſight
Hath found her out by her own *light*)
But 'tis a *Happineſs*, and I
In *that* may ev'n *miſtruſt* my *Eye.*
Poſſible in nature is it,
That to me can be this *viſit?*
Or, ſo beſide *my ſelf* am I,
To think ought *mine* that is *Felicity?*

Zel. He knows me, but I'll face him down
I am not I: But he is ſuch a *Clown*
He'll not believe me, ſhould I ſwear it:

Aſide.

Clar°. Why might not my immortal paſſion merit,
And force thus much, from Her? It might do ſo,
If I were not a Man *made ſure* to *Woe:*
Nor would it the firſt *glorious tryumph* prove
O're *ſcornful Beauty*, by *ſubmiſſive Love:*
Though I do mainly doubt it, and ſhould ſay
'Twere a great *wonder*, were it *true:* I'll pay

My truth her *wages* with believing *'tis:*
And ſo *deceive myſelf* into a *Bliſs.*

Addreſſes himſelf to her.

SHEPHERDESSE, whoſe *Sheep-Walks* reach
From CHINA'S WALL to the MUSCOVIAN BEACH;
Who to a thouſand *Flocks* do'ſt look,
And rul'ſt them with a *Golden* Hook;
Whom *Title*, *Beauty*, *Wit*, combine
To render in all points *divine:*
Humane only toward *me*,
Nor that till thou theſe *hurts* didſt ſee;
As if *(to dye)* that I had need
By *other hand* than *thine*, to bleed.

Such pity ZELIDAURA keep:
For all theſe Wounds I long may live:
A Foe's Weapon cuts not deep:
Pity *that*, a *Friend* doth give.

For this high Grace, thou now beſtow'ſt —
Aſide.
Zel. (Were 't meant, I ſee it were not loſt.
But yes: It were an Ill-plac'd *Boon*
On one, that can believe 't ſo ſoon)

To Him.
Where's any ZELIDAURA here?
Doſt thou a ſimple Body jeer?
'Tis well —

Clar. You over act it ZELIDAURA:
Zel. ZELIDAURE not *me*, I LAURA
Am, the Daughter of thine *Hoſt.*
Thou, little, *Zelidaura* know'ſt.
A *Majeſty* ſo *proud*, ſo *grave*,
To come and viſit *thee?* do'ſt rave?

With

With me thou double-wrong'ſt her GRACE;
In her *Diſcretion* and her *Face.*

I'm pitifull a little, much at home:
To ſee thee (hurt) on theſe two ſcores I come.

Clar°. Thou art my *Health*, when *Health's away*,
And of my *Hopes* the only *ſtay.*

Zel. Thou 'rt of the *Sect* of HOPERS than?
Clar°. Fair ZELIDAURA, if you can,
In this ſweet *truth*, or *errour*, *dye* let *me.*
Zel. Either I *am not*, or *will not* be ſhe.

Clar°. Goddeſs of *ſnow*, fair Copy of the Sun,
Ecclipſing *this*, and making *that* look dun;
Whoſe piercing *ſight* (predominant in *Souls*)
Two *Globes* of *Light*, two *Sphears* of *Beauty*, rowls;
'Bout which ten thouſand flutt'ring CUPIDS ſwarm,
And *fludge* thoſe *wings* they *there* preſum'd to *warm:*
Whom with one *gracious ſmile* if thou requite,
Thou *kill'ſt* with *Life*, and *ſtrik'ſt* them blind with Light.

Thou, from whom (arm'd with *ſteel* and *love* are ſent
Thy *Billets* into every ELEMENT
(Inraged) rending.) and ADORNING (Fair)
The Earth with Stars, with *Cannon-ſhot* the *Air.*
The WOODS (from which all other *Sun* is ſhut)
(With *Lilly Hand*, with *odoriferous foot*,
(Speeding unerring Shafts, recruiting *Bow'rs)*
Thou robb'ſt of Beaſts, and *pay'ſt again in Flowers.*

Celeſtial ZELIDAURA, fair *Comptrol*
Of all that ſhare an *underſtanding* Soul,
(For 'tis the leaſt of Praiſe thy Beauty boaſts
To trample *outward force*, and vanquiſh'd *Hoſts.)*

Though,

Though, 'twas the *dream* of one that ill did reſt
To *fancy* gentle *pity* in thy *Breſt*,
(The *wrack* of Hearts, and *temple* of a Saint
Whoſe Walls can boaſt not one *reliev'd Complaint.*)

It was a *vanity* my LOVE brought forth,
When I conſider'd *that*, and not thy worth.
Nor dare I ſo much wrong that *noble* Paſſion,
To think it might not merit a *Compaſſion*,
Though not return: Yet, *Bliſs* on any *ſcore*,
Which *knock'd* at *mine*, it ſeems *miſtook* the *dore*.
For when THOU com'ſt (and then THAT comes) to ME
BLISSE, is not *Bliſs*, nor ZELIDAURA, *She*.
I know thee not (let not *thy choler* riſe)
For I believe THEE more than my own EYES.

Zel. Alack! alack! much loſs of Blood
Hath turn'd his Brain, and makes him wood.

Clar°. O LOVE (thou well maiſt be call'd blind)
The happier Stranger came ſhe not to find?
O Heav'ns! with this *ſuſpition* I do paſs
To be *envious* and *baſe*.

But if *blind* LOVE made me conceit
Fondly of her, as to *me*:
Stranger, the wonder 's not ſo great,
If I think *meanly of her*, as to *thee*.

Here me, LAURA. *Zel.* Now 't's too late:
Poor Soul, thou talk'ſt at a ſtrange rate!

Beſides, I do not like thee half ſo well,
Since I perceive thy *thoughts* ſo vaſtly ſwell.

Exit Zelidaura *flying away from him.*

Clar°.

Clar°. Why *(ungrateful)* fly'ſt thou *me*,
And ſeek'ſt my *Rival*? Was diſdain
(O HEAV'NS!) too little, without JEALOUSIE?
Envy, was 't not ſufficient to *complain*?
Kill'd with *anothers Happineſs*?
Suffic'd not for a WRETCH *his own diſtreſs*?

I took *anothers Bliſs* for *mine*
(A wiſe Conceit!)
That harms themſelves cannot my *Wits* refine!
That from my *ill*, that *good* I could not get!
That I ſhould, not be able
To *make* ſome *uſe* of being *miſerable*.

My Soul ſhall follow thee,
Too fleet for me:
For from *my Soul* I'm ſure thou canſt not go,
And I know all the paths that lead to Woe.
O *Life*, with Sorrows *rife*,
Only to *Miſery* thou art a *Life!*

Exit.

Enter Felisbravo *with his Arm in a Scarf.*

Fel. Laſh'd by the Winds, the OCEAN raves, and craves
To be a *Star*, and not an Element:
The WINDS cry FREEDOM from their horrid Caves,
Not clogs of *Mountains* can their ſcape prevent.

The MOUNTAINS crack; the crouded Air upheaves
The Pillars of the Rocking FIRMAMENT:
For *none*, to that which *ſmart* or *loſs* receives,
Forbids a *ſigh*, a *tear*, or a *lament*.

I *only* (a *dead mark* of *Fortune's* ſpight)
Stand on the *higheſt pinacle* of *Grief*
Firm as a *Diamond*, *ſilent* as *Night*.
O *Smart* well *diſciplin'd*, without *Relief*

For

For a poor LOVER to ſupport his *woe!*
So much a *ſorrow* doth to *cuſtom* owe.

Immortal, doubtleſs, is the thing
Which *me* doth pain,
And *that* again
Which doth eternally remain
From a *Celeſtial* Cauſe muſt ſpring.

My Soul is *ſhort* as unto *Me*,
'Tis *Epigram:*
But, *Madam*, to the *World* I came
Eternal, as to *loving Thee*,
For unto *thee*, all *Soul* I am.

The greater torment I ſuſtain,
The leſs I wou'd
My days conclude;
For, dying to be out of pain,
Is the Cowards fortitude.

Grant, I ſhould (my pain to cure)
Suffer *Smart*
Break *Thee*, HEART;
Can I another *Heart* procure
To love with, when *thou* broken art?

But little skill in love thou haſt,
Who e're thou art that think'ſt or *Bliſs*,
Or *Valour* is,
In *dying for't*; ſince, *Life* once paſt,
Neither LOVE, nor his PANGS, laſt.

Therefore would I *alive* remain,
'Cauſe *(dead)* impoſſible 't would prove
To obtain
Either more *Love* to cauſe *ſweet pain*,
Or more *time* in which *to love*.

I do not with preſumptuous Heart
Value my ſelf on FORTUNES Frown:
He, that's o'rethrown
For want of taking his own part,
Gets no Honour by being down.

The Man that merits not good Fortune,
If he complain,
Is not in vain
Complain'd of: For, in due *misfortune*,
To *murmur*, is t'*offend* again.

I hold it for a *wither'd Bays*.
For which I nothing have to ſhow,
But that proud *Fortune* is my Foe:
A *poor* it is, and *heartleſs* praiſe,
Which to my *miſery* I owe.

Heav'nly ZELIDAURA, I
Am my own
Confuſion:
And blame not *thee*, my Miſery
Being ow'd unto my ſelf alone.

From *others pity* I could ne're
Extract a Bliſs; nor fit
Imagin it,
That *others* ſhould the *ſorrow bear*,
When I the *folly* did commit.

In thy regard, alive or dead,
I cannot be
Comforted:
For, whil'ſt I live, thou 'rt loſt to me;
And, dead, I loſe the *loving thee*.

When ſhall theſe *Eyes* behold the light
For which I
Languiſhing, dye?
When? —But what needs *corporeal* ſight?
Love can ſee without an Eye.

That I, a *Perſian*, ſhould Adore the Sun,
Is no wonder;
But, in ſome Pool 'tis ſafeſt done,
Or when a *Cloud* 'tis under.

For, my beſt Sun, if Thee
I ſhould ſee,
'Twould ſcorch me with the heat, 'twould blind me with the Ray,
Unleſs (as thee I once ſurvay'd)
'Twere in thy *Picture's* cooler ſhade;
Or thus, by ſtrength of fancy, when ev'n that 's away.

Stands or lyes down, with his Eyes fixt towards the door, as upon the dear object.

Enter Zelidaura *in the Habit of a Shepherdeſs.*

Zel. The *Patient* ſtays in pain, make room,
A goodyer take you, let me come.
To Him.
Will your Worſhip be dreſt now?
Fel. The Chyrurgioneſs art thou?

Zel. Yes, and might be too the wound.
Fel. Thou might'ſt indeed: For the moſt *ſound*,
If with this *object* he did meet,
Might dye of a Diſeaſe that's *ſweet*.

Zel. Art ſmit? *Fel.* Not I. I'm prepoſſeſt.
Zel. But a new, outeth an *old* gueſt.
He looks upon her amazedly.

What

What do yow gape at? *Fel.* If *eternally*
I do not *ſleep*, nor *All* INCHANTMENT be
Which I do lay my Eyes upon, *This Face*
I've ſeen, with wonder, in another place.
She 's like the SUN in *all*: ſave that the Sun
Is *ſole*, but ZELIDAURA is not *One*.
Did *Nature* dote ſo on her *pieces* worth,
As to give ſundry *Copies* of it forth?
Or (which no leſs upon my wonder calls)
Hath that one *Picture* four Originals?

Zel. Now his Brain works like Wax, and his five Wits
Relapſe into their *Apoplectick Fits*.
I am reſolved I will know his Name,
Having already broke the Ice of ſhame.
What ſo becalms thee? *Grievous* is the *wound*?
Fel. Not, now, that of my Body. *Zel.* More *profound*
That of thy *Soul* is, thou inferr'ſt. Take heed
Of *Sleep*, for *that* will make it inward bleed;
And the Man's giv'n to Sleeping. *Fel.* I ſhall dye,
If but of wonder. *Zel.* Where doth thy *pain* lye?

Fel. Juſt at my *Heart*: INCHANTMENTS are the Cauſe,
And *abſence* of a *Queen* that gives it Laws.

Zel. Peace: I would be contented to know leſs.
Fel. 'Tis ſhe, or elſe her *Shadow*. —SHEPHERDESS
Come hither, have I ſeen thee before now?
Zel. Can I tell what thy Eyes have ſeen? *Fel.* Haſt thou
Been ever in ARABIA happily?

Aſide.

Zel. (Once, but *no* Happy ARABY to *Me*.)

To Him.

How *curious* to know all! I ne're was out
Of theſe *ſweet fields*— *Fel.* And therefore paſt all doubt,
They are ſo *ſweet*— And how art thou call'd. *Zel.* LAURA:
Coridon's Daughter. *Fel.* Know'ſt thou ZELIDAURA?

(I fear a new *Intrigue*) Seen thee hath *ſhe?*
Zel. Tell me thy Name, and here I promiſe thee
A Secret which may fully recompence
A Courteſie of greater conſequence:
For to this *Graunge* comes ZELIDAURA oft.
And theſe *dumb flow'rs*, theſe *murmuring ſprings*, this ſoft
Conſort of *Nightingales*, this Garden Wall,
Thoſe circumjacent *fields*, LAURA and *all*,
Are witneſs to a *pain* ſhe doth deplore—
But till thou have oblig'd me firſt, no more.

Fel. (O *jealouſie!* and was not *Love* enough?
Jealous ſo ſoon? Am I ſuch *catching ſtuff?*)

Zel. If it import thee to know more of this,
Say *what* thou *art*, and *why* thy *coming* is.

Aſide.

Fel. Forgive me *Modeſty*, it doth behove
I lay *thee* by, to ſeek (not Praiſe, but) Love.

To Her.

Friend have your Wiſh. *Zel.* Begin not with (*Attend.*)
Fel. Nor with (*O yes.*) *Zel.* You have a merry Frend.

Fel. A *King* hath *PERSIA* (FELISBRAVO hight)
High *Envy* of the GODS, MANKINDS *delight*,
His *birth-day* a few *Mays* have mark'd with Flowers:
The ſame (join'd with the drops of *April* ſhow'rs)
Summe up his *virtues*. As in LOGARISM
Nine figures makes of *numbers* an *Abyſm*:
So a *few Springs* (as *he* hath order'd it)
Have *multiply'd* his *Years* to *Infinit*:
Who, though not full *eight thouſand mornings* ſtrong,
He that now *wrote* his *Life* would find it *long*:
His Body and his Soul are ſo well met,
That the beſt Gem, hath the beſt Cabinet.

A Veil of *Love* his Majeſty doth ſhroud;
Which yet is ſo ſeen through, that the moſt *proud*
Tread upon *fears*, and hear their *faults* aloud.

He walks through the wide Fields of *Hiſtory:*
North-Star of Kings, to ſteer a *true Courſe by*;
And, for their *Faults*, a GLASSE that will not *lye*.

His Hand is of two Natures: It doth hold
STEEL, that is clapt into it, lets go GOLD,
Yet ſtrong *ſubmiſſion* wreſts there out the *Sword*;
And, *frank* of *Deeds*, he's *niggard* of his *Word:*
Leſt baſhful *Bounty* make him ſay the thing
Which will not *hold:* For *that*'s unlike a KING.
Lets no baſe *whiſpers* miſinform his *Youth*,
Nor thinks it *thrift* on Truſt to take up *Truth*.
Vice he hath none, nor any Age hath ſeen
Amongſt ſo many *Flow'rs* ſo little *green*.

He looks on BEAUTY (pleas'd) and paſſes *on:*
A FREE PRINCE ſtill, ev'n where ſhe plants her Throne.
The *light* thereof he takes, the Fire he doth
Reject: A temperate and a glorious YOUTH!
Till ſome juſt *War* ſhall wake his ſleeping Sword,
And ſplendid *Theams* to *Tongues* and *Pens* afford;
He follows *peaceful* War, breaks truce with Beaſts.
Sloth Foe to All, but moſt to Royal Breaſts.
The *ſecond* SOL without his radiant Hair,
He *ſacks* the *Woods*, *diſpeoples* the wide *Aye:*
The firſt ADONE, without his VENUS, *Groves*
He doth *adorn*, and *people* thoſe with *Loves*.
This *Prince* felt never, never *he* LOVE's ſmart,
Nor his moſt Golden Shaft durſt wound his Heart;
Until a Captive did in *Perſia* thunder
Such Praiſes of a PRINCESSE (the *World's Wonder*)

As

As ſtunn'd his *ſenſes*, ſet his Heart at Bay,
'Twixt *trembling boldneſs*, and 'twixt *bold diſmay*.
Of *Wounds* leſs *mortal* dy'd the *Royal Slave*,
Who ZELIDAURA's *Picture* to *him* gave,
Mute *Circle* of two *Suns*. Th' inamour'd *King*
(Whil'ſt *he*, impatient, ſettles ev'ry thing
In order to come after, that his *Realm*
Lament not his ſhort abſcence from the Helm)
Commands my Journey to *Tartaria* poaſt,
T' inform my ſelf whether the *Picture* boaſt
Real Perfections of *her Queen*. I fly,
And reach in a few days to ARAEY,
Where (Mortal Frailty yielding to *Sleeps* pow'r)
A Villain ſteals it. An *Inchanted Tow'r*
Is interpos'd 'twixt our drawn Swords (at once
That thund'ring with its *fall*, and *I* with *groans*)
Thence to this Forreſt we adjourn the *War*,
His Treaſon's *Altar*, my Revenge's *Bar*.
We meet; when ours ſo many *Swords* repel,
As if each Blade of Graſs were one of Steel.

To loſe my Picture, and not loſe my *Life*,
I pierc'd with Woe;
And that to *Poiſon*, that to *Sword*, nor *Knife*,
My *Death* I owe.

To *Perſia* dare not (for the King) return
(For coldeſt Hearts, when fir'd once, fierceſt burn)
Who, ſweetly ſnar'd with ZELIDAURA's Fame,
No *Love* elſe anſwers, hears no *other* Name.
Rare SHEPHERDESSE (whether thou be the *Flow'r*
Of *forreign Plains*, or of *theſe Hills* the *Tow'r*)
If help thou *have*, or help to *thee* be *known*,
If more thou *art*, or *canſt*, than thou doſt *own*,
Pity my *Woes*, ſet my *Confuſions* right,
Eaſe ſo great *pain*, ſhew day to ſo great *night*.

Zel.

Aside.

Zel. Moſt undoubtedly 'tis *He*,
Becauſe (for more diſguiſe) I ſee
His *proper* Praiſe he did not ſpare.

To Him.

I ſhall ſoon find it. —Thy great Care

And Courage (PERSIAN) I admire.
Couldſt thou the Picture know again?
Fel. If it take up my *Thoughts* entire,
And Copied in my Heart remain,

Muſt I not know it? *Zel.* Look on *this*:
And mark it well. *Fel.* Had I no Aim
By any *feature*, whoſe it is
The matchleſs Beauty would proclaim.

Aside.

What *Bon-fires* (HEART) wilt thou *now* make for Joy?
I would not have them *leſs*
Than my LOVE's Flame, or thoſe of TROY;
And monſtrous, as to me, is Happineſs.

A *Lover* is not glad,
Unleſs withall he's Mad:
Nor can my *Gratitude* expreſſed be
With any thing that's leſs than *Lunacie*.

I do not *celebrate* my *Good*
With ſo much *ſplendour* as I ought,
Nor its full *worth* have underſtood,
If *this* effect it have not wrought.

Zel. He's like a Man that talks t' a *Spirit*—

To the Picture.

Fel. Beautiful and injur'd *Shade*,
More blame (I muſt confeſs) I merit,
Than paſt his Hour a LOVER who hath ſtaid.

To Her.

Shepherdeſs, who gave it *thee*?
For, amidſt *varietie*,
Seeing the *ſelf-ſame Beauty* ever,
I *credit*, what I tremble to *aſſever*.

Zel. Then, *Perſian*, of a *Countrey Laſs*
Perceive an Act a *Queen* might do;
Through this blind Labyrinth to paſs
My Pity giving thee a Clew.

I am the *Woman* thou didſt ſee,
In ſeveral ſhapes, in *Arabie*;
And who from *thee* this *Picture* ſtole;
And whom, if that rare King (the Soul
And *Martial Glory* of the *Chaſe*)
Merit the Praiſe thou giv'ſt His GRACE,
Wiſh thee return to *Perſia* faſter
Than thou cam'ſt hither, and thy *Maſter*
(The Gen'rous FELISERAVO) tell;
He ſhall to TARTARY do well
To come with *wings*, where (if he prove
As *humble*, and as *much* in *love*,
As great in *Courage*, and *high-flown*)
Queen ZELIDAURA is his own:
The moſt exempted Heart reſerving
For the *Perſon* moſt deſerving:
And ſay, thou heard'ſt it from one LAURA,
Who heard it in this place from ZELIDAURA.

Aſide.

Fel. Shall I think my Senſes true?
ZELIDAURA 'tis I view.
No, no, it is not; 'Tis my Eye
Flatters my *Wiſhes* with ſo *ſweet* a Lye.

To Her.

Angel I go; and ſhall the *King*
Quickly to TARTARIA bring.

Zel. It is not FELISBRAVO, no;
For he his *Maſk* now off would throw.
What have I done? My being kind
I will retract, unleſs I find
This *Face*, this *Courage*, and this *Meen*,
In a *Kings* Perſon, to deſerve a QUEEN.

Compares her with the Picture, interchangeably regarding either.

Fel. That, of the *Hand* which made us all,
Picture, is thy *Originall*,
None, that before appeared ſuch,
Did Face to Face avow ſo much.
An Egg is not more like an Egg,
Nor the Left to the Right Leg.
NATURE, that drain'd her Stores to do
One Face like this, deſpair'd of *Two*.

They deſcant to themſelves upon each other.

Zel. Is this a Servant? *Fel.* Is this *Laura*?
I ne're was in a Maze till now.
Zel. Then art not FELISBRAVO, thou?
Fel. Art *thou* then, ZELIDAURA?

Aſide.

Zel. (His fear compels him to *conceal*,
My *love* ſhall prompt him to *reveal*,
Himſelf —) Sir *Knight* — *Fel.* Fair *Shepherdeſs*,
Thy divine commands expreſs.

Zel. The *Picture*'s mine, I am not LAURA:
If thou art FELISBRAVO, follow
To the *Temple* of APOLLO:
I am relenting ZELIDAURA.

Exit.

Fel. Suſpend thy ſteps: With all my Heart
(Beauteous Queen) I follow *thee:*
(But *that's* already where *thou* art—)

As going after her, when Enter haſtily, Claridiana *in Mans Apparel and ſtays him.*

Cla. Valiant King, come back to me.

Fel. Off, *Remora*— *Cla.* Whom hurlſt thou fro thee?
Fel. Youth, for this ill turn beſhrow thee.

Cla. Hear me, thou new *Alcides*. *Fel.* What
Wouldſt thou with me? *Cla.* Know'ſt me not?

Fel. No, nor *would*. *Cla.* So ſoon *(unkind!)*
CLARIDIANA out of mind?

Fel. Me, that the Sea burneth, tell.
Cla. Look upon me, *Stranger*, well.

Fel. The *Cloaths* and *ſmartneſs*, thou put'ſt an,
Speak the bold language of a *Man*;
But that *Complexion*, and that *Grace*,
WOMAN write upon thy Face:

And one, whom I have *elſewhere* ſeen.
Cla. Ah! Wonder not, the moſt *diſtreſt*
Of *Women*, ſeeks of *Men* the *beſt:*
Of ARABIA I am *Queen*,

On which the *Gold*, that therein is,
The Name of HAPPY did beſtow,
And, of PERFUMED, from her *Trees*
The *Aromatick* Tears that flow.

My Father (through whoſe *Magick Lore*
The ſhook Earth groan'd, and on whoſe *back*,
As on ſtrong *Atlas's* of yore,
The *Heaven* was a *Golden Pack*)

Erected

Erected *there* th' inchanted Tow'r,
For *curious* and *magnificent*,
Proportioned to Regal Pow'r,
And Art's Divine Aſtoniſhment.

Th' *intention* was to thee made known,
Then, when thou couldſt not keep by Wit
That, which by *Valour* thou didſt git;
So many *Monſters* overthrown.

The Duel was abruptly done,
Abruptly was the *War* begun,
Feign'd to be *here* in TARTARY
By CLARIDORO's Jealouſy.

Certain *Eyes* were thy *North-Stars*,
Which directed thy *Courſe* hither:
If Ruth, or Love, or love of Wars,
The Cauſe, thou *know'ſt*; I know not *whether*.

I ſtaid alone: My *Subjects* (broke
Looſe from their Duty) *They*, require
T' an *Idol* I ſhould offer *ſmoke*,
For whom my *Altar* had no *Fire*.

Up-ſighing, to the Gods, Complaints;
Heav'ns ſacred *pity* I implore;
The *Sun*, ſurpriz'd with *darkneſs*, faints;
The Thunder in the Ayre doth roar.

My *Magick Father* (reconcil'd
By her *misfortunes* to his Child)
Informs me how this *Cabin* mean
Inſhrines the *Perſian* King ſerene.

Thou art the Man, *thou* FELISBRAVO art,
In Praiſe of whom *Fame* ſings her well conn'd *Part*.

Two Worlds already with thy Name doth fill,
And makes *both Poles* hear plain her Trumpet ſhrill.
Thy Aid I crave, to *thee* my wrongs diſcover,
As thou art brave, not as thou art a *Lover*:
(For, tell not *me* of *conſtant Lovers*; ſuch
I have heard much of, but believe not *much*.)
Reſtore CLARIDIANA to her *Crown*:
Thy Name will make the *Loyal* (who are down)
O'retop the reſt. *Theſe*, are the *ſpoyls* thou ow'ſt
To *Fame's* bright *Temple*; Theſe, are *deeds* to boaſt
Thee, for their *Author*: Leave, fam'd Prince, ſoft thoughts,
Leave CUPID's vain *Careſſes*, and tame faults
Of *Idleneſs*; thy *Damask* Blade unſheath;
In *Reſt* couch *Aſh*; on which when *North Winds* breath
It *bends* (a *Twig*) but now (*more ſtubborn Wood*)
Shew's *Beak* of *Steel*, made drunk with Crimſon Flood.
Arm'd, let the Field behold thee; and make bluſh
The ſhoulders of thy digg'd *Bucephalus*
With Foamed Spurs: In *thee* APOLLO bright
Be *dy'd* with *Blood*, Red *Mars* be *guilt* with *Light*.
My *Truncheon* weild with that *victorious* Hand.
Two *Phœnixes* ſhall *then* the ARABS *Land*
(As to *immortal*, as to *glorious*) have;
But (as to *valiant*) only *FELISBRAVE*.

Aſide.

Fel. LOVE, and HONOUR, pull *two* ways;
And I ſtand doubtful *which* to take:
To *Arabia*, *Honour* ſays,
Love ſays, no; thy ſtay *here* make,

HONOUR (like to loſe the day)
Pity throws into *her* ſcale:
LOVE, *Gratitude* in *his* doth lay;
Fearing elſe not to prevail.

Fair

Fair ZELIDAURA shall I flee,
Just now, when in her Grace I stand;
One of those *happy Fools* to be,
Who prize no Bird that 's in the hand?

Aside.

So (your less Fool) a *Child* too, cryes
For a rich *Gem*, which *got*, the Boy
Runs after something else he spies,
And leaves his *Jewel* for a *toy*.

Deaf then to *loud Musick* of MARS,
To his spread Flags let me be blind.
I'm *summon'd* here to *higher Wars*:
And those are cruel, these are kind.

To wrong'd *Claridiana*, than
Discourteous Coward shall I prove?
Knowing my Heart (as I do) can,
Dare I, to it, such *baseness* move?

Not, by *Courtship*, not on *Down*,
Is acquir'd sublime *Renown*:
But *Prowess* indefatigable
Scales *Alpes* and ploughs up *Seas* unstable.

Cla. How long he doth debate it in his Breast?
"*Slow* comes *Relief*, where *little Love* doth rest.

Aside still.

Fel. Pardon me, *Zelidaure*, this way I take
And (which is more) I leave thee for *thy* sake:
For, of *thy Lover* none deserves the Name,
Who will not succour a Distressed Dame.
Stand me, *Arabia*: If I gain the day
The Spoils at ZELIDAURA's *Feet* I'll lay.

Enter

Enter General.

Gen. Leave FELISBRAVO, leave the vain *Alarms*
Of a *falſe* HONOUR, and LOVE's *vainer Charms.*
Theſe pull proud PONTUS on thy trembling Relm.
Ev'n *Courage* fears, the Pilot from the *Helm*:
Haſt home: 'Tis brav'ry paſt *my skill* t' admire,
To quench *another's* houſe, thine *own* on Fire.
Once let not *appetite* prevail, not ſtill
The *worſt* be *choſe*, and Reaſon ſtoop to *Will.*
Waſte not thy years in *Love*, or cruel *Ruth*,
And *weed* betimes ev'n Flow'rs that choak thy *Youth.*
Return to PERSIA, leave *Romancing*, leave
Diſnerving Loves, and *all* that may deceive
The *Harveſt* of ſo fair a *Spring.* "The Birth
"Of Kings is to be *Patterns* to the Earth,
"Not *blotting-papers*, but to *write fair* by;
"Nor *pleaſures Slaves*, or *tryumphs* of an *Eye.*

Cla. This ſeems a trick. Heav'ns! That a Man ſhould dare
To forfeit his good Manners to my Pray'r!

Fel. GEN'RAL, well urg'd: But firſt I'll pay *two* ſcores:
One here, *another* where my *Soul* adores —

To Her.

CLARIDIANA comfort thy ſoft Breſt,
Heroick Minds are *try'd* when they are *preſt.*
Liſt me thy *Captain*, or thy *Souldier:* Come
Live thou, though *I dye here*, and *loſe* at *home.*

Gen. Bright *Perſian Prince*,

The WORLD will hang the *Temple* of thy *worth*
With *all* the *Vows* OPPRESSION ſhall rack forth.
T' ARABIA then; thy *look* will conquer *there*,
And thy *Fame* ſtrike the *Pontick* King with Fear.

Aſide.

Aside.
Fel. Good Courtier, but *ill Lover*, now am *I:*
I know it, but I know no Remedy.
Aside.
Cla. I carry thee, to War againſt my *Land:*
Againſt my *Heart* to War too, underhand.
Exeunt.

Enter Zelidaura.

'Tis not, the *Perſian* FELISBRAVE;
He would have follow'd: And if FAME
With a *true* Mouth his *Worth* proclaim,
HE (if he *lov'd*) my *Love* might have.

For he that will *my Hand* deſerve,
Muſt, in a *conſtant Soul*, comprize
The underſtanding of the *Wiſe.*
The *diligence* of *thoſe* that *ſerve*,

Perfections of a KING diſcover,
And the tremblings of a Lover.

Enter Claridoro *habited like a Country Gentleman.*

Clar°. For the *Queen* now
To *Court* to call me is no *pleaſure*
To *one* who *wiſely* minds the *Plow*,
And *rowls* in *Leiſure.*

Sweet *Solitude!* ſtill *Mirth*, that fear'ſt no wrong,
Becauſe thou *doeſt* none! *Morning* all day long!
Truth's Sanctuary! Innocency's Spring!
Invention's Limbeck! Contemplation's Wing!

Peace of my *Soul*, which I too late purſude!
That know'ſt not the *Worlds vain Inquietude:*
Where *Friends* (the Thieves of Time) let us alone
Whole days; and a Mans *Hours* are all his own.

Happy

Happy art thou, that, *unſupplanted, planteſt*;
Nor ſeeſt in COURT (which to thy *Harm* thou *hanteſt*)
Th' *undoing Truth* of *rigid Honeſty*;
The *profitable Lye* of *Flattery*;
The *ſweet Diſeaſe* of *Hope*, the Potion,
And *bitter Health* of *Undeception*.

Turns to her.

Madam, your pleaſure (for, in haſte,
A Servant call'd me, to wait on
Your *Highneſs.*) *Zel. Diligence* goes faſt:
As for haſte elſe, there was none.
The *wounded Stranger*, is he gone?

Clar. Juſt now. *Zel.* (I ask'd that which I grieve to know)
Aſide.
Went he Cur'd fully? *Clar.* Truly, No:

He ſtumbled o're his Health, becauſe a Woman,
In a Mans Habilliment
(Invited by his Fame) did ſummon
Him, to ſome *Action*; and with *Her* he went.

Zel. With a Woman? *Car.* Yes, and one
Whoſe *ſpritelineſs*, whoſe *Beauty's* Rays,
Whoſe *every way* perfection,
I never to the worth can praiſe:

And the valiant FELISBRAVE
(For ſo ſhe call'd him) went with her,
So contented, brisk, and brave—
Zel. Peace: It is too much to hear.

Treaſon *againſt Love*, nay High-
Treaſon! *Together* did they go?
Clar. Together. *Zel.* Now you lye, you lye—
But, (ah!) 'tis *true*, becauſe it grieves me ſo.

Bid

Bid them that *Fellow* hither bring
I caus'd be ſeiz'd on. *Clar°.* What means this?
But Duty ſays, know not the thing,
Which hidden by thy Sov'raign is.

Exit.

Zel. A Man denies to *me* his Name;
Leaves me, and for *another* Dame,
And have I yet ſo much good nature
As to *complain* of ſuch a Creature?

Go, thou *cruel Man* to *me*;
Hope not, I'il my ſelf deplore
Upon *thy ſcore:*
For, to form *Complaints* of Thee,
Were to make my favours *more.*

If, the meer *thinking* thou wert lov'd,
To remove
Thee could move,
Well thou might'ſt have *not* remov'd,
For thou wert not yet belov'd.

If my *Will* inclin'd a little,
Well that deſerv'd thy *hope* to ſwell;
CONFIDENCE, *well*;
Well, thy Vanity to tickle;
But it not deſerv'd thee *fickle.*

Thy thus *forgetting*, doth confeſs
Thou held'ſt the *victory*, ſecure,
Thy *Tryumph* ſure;
For (whil'ſt you live) a *Happineſs*
Is Mother of *Forgetfulneſs.*

O, froward Stars! What I, betray'd?
How can I ſuffer ſuch a ſtrange
And *ſudden* change?
That *I*, whom LOVE fear'd to invade,
Object ſhould of SCORN be made!

Ignoble *Knight!*
Lover unkind!
Inconſtant as the Wind!
If ſhe thy Love requite,
In mid'ſt of *Joyes* be ſterv'd,
And let *unhappineſs* be once deſerv'd.

Art *thou* a PRINCE? *Fame* lies:
"Plain dealing is for *Majeſties*.
"A *Prince* will *falſhood* flye,
"If but becauſe it argues *fear*, to Lye.

Seem only *wiſe*, in that
Thou be *unfortunate*;
Earn neither *Braſs*, nor *Pen*,
To make thee *live* with Men;
And let thy Name (if *it* in FANES they kerve)
For ſcorn, for pity, nor for pattern, ſerve.

In thee *juſt jealouſie* move
A thouſand ways, *Another*
Leſs *lovely*, leſs a *Lover*.
So *ſhort* let thy *ſweets* prove,
That thy felicity
May be an *inch* to meaſure BEAUTY by.

This (who, thy *Wife* to be,
Seeks, by ſupplanting Me)
Maiſt thou love her, like thoſe that foul ones chuſe:
May *ſhe* love *thee*, as courted *fair ones* uſe:
And, if ſhe prove a *Bane*,
In being *immortal*, let it ſeem *my* pain.

If ye ſhall *diſagree*,
Live to Eternitie;
If ye *love*, live a *year*;
An *hour*, if *fondly* dear;
But, do not live a jot;
And let a Faulchion cut your NUPTIAL Knot.

Enter Rifaloro *trembling.*

Rif. O that in *fooling tune* I were!
But, I am not in *tune* to fool.
By HERCULES, I have a *fear*,
Withall my *ſtrength*, I cannot rule.

And, if *Rewards* for *fear* were ſet,
I thoſe from *all* the World ſhould get.

They ſay, 'tis ZELIDAURA's *Grace*,
Whom I call'd *Mad-cap* to her face:
So now, muſt I expect the pay
Of thoſe, who *Truths* to *Great-Ones* ſay.

Give me, *Madam*— (I recoil)
Offers to approach her, and dares not.
Thy Feet — No— *Zel.* The *Servant* vile,
He, for that Lye, ſhall feel my Thunder—
But— If a King could lye, what wonder?

Rif. A *Devil*, *Angeliz'd*, is *ſhee.*
I tremble like an *Aſpine Tree:*
Each joint 's a leaf. *Zel.* What makes this Raſcal ſtay?
Sees him.
Oh! Is he there? *Rif.* Give— Give me (I ſay.)

Zel. I'll give thee Death, Impoſtor. Traitor—
Lifts up her hand, as if to ſtrike him.
Rif. Hold Thunderbolt of Lillies— *Zel.* Traitor,
How is thy Maſter call'd? *Rif.* Things ſeem,
And are not: Man's Life is a dream—

Zel. His Name— *Rif.* A *Servant* is all *Ear*, and *ſight*—

Zel. I'll have his Name— *Rif.* And reaſon good:
PERSIANO. (I'm not underſtood.)
Zel. Villain, His Name— *Rif.* I ſay the ſame
DON PERSIANO is his Name.

Zel. Thou trifleſt with thy *Life:* Confeſs—
Offers at him with a Dagger.
Or— *Rif.* Hold then— *Zel.* His true Name expreſs—
Rif. PER--SI--A--NO— Angel, ſtay:
Playing with Hands, is the Clowns play.

In *Cypher* is his true Name writ:
And I have loſt the Key of it.
Falls on his knees.
Weary not thy ſelf, QUEEN mine:
Racks ſhall not force it from this *Breſt:*
For, though to *teſting* I incline;
I ne're thought Knavery a good Jeſt.

Zel. A Rogue on *Honours points* to ſtand!
In *thee* it is a *ſaucineſs:*
('Tis well I knew it before hand:)
And yet, withal, I muſt confeſs,

This

This *Servant*, with the Soul he hath,
Might teach his *Maſter* to keep Faith.
What a foul ſhame 'tis! *Rif.* By the Gods,
Thoſe *Sages*, who do boaſt ſuch odds
Of all the World, ſhall find— We Fools
Are moſt conſiderable Tools.

Zel. The ill-deſerved Name to Me
Of Felisbrave is known already:
Who, of *Arabia*, is gone to be
The *petty King*, and the *Gallant unſteddy*.

He Travail'd with Claridiane.
Follow him *thou* (this Royal Hand
With *ſervile Blood* I ſcorn to *ſtain*)
And let thy *Maſter* underſtand;

Though he pretend t' *invincible*, that *I*
Will make him, for my trampled *footſtool*, lye;
A *Woman*, in *Revenge*; a Soveraign,
In *Conrage*; and a Mistresse, in Diſdain.

Rif. With Claridiane (by Jove)
Did he go? *Zel.* I think thou 'rt glad.
Rif. Have I not cauſe, if he can love
A pair of Queens, and make them *both* run *Mad*?

The *Spaniſh faſhion* hath my *Vote*,
In Miſtreſſes, though not in *Diet*:
One goes but dully down the Throte,
Six in a Diſh the *modern Riot*.

Zel. If thy Doctrine, Knave, Men follow;
They had need of a great ſwallow.

Rif.

Rif. *Two* at a *clap!* why, *now* he's *somebody*,
He 'as laid already the *trunk-breeches* by.
One, was the *flint* of old; our Fare *now* mends:
To thy Twin-Sister hast thou no Commends?

Zel. Away, like Light'ning; tell them their *Fate* comes:
SCORN clears the *Ways*, and ANGER beats my *Drums*.

Rif. This Queen knows how her *Poast* to chuse,
That sends a *Fool* with an ill News.

Exeunt.

Trumpets and Drums Sound a March, and Enter Felisbravo, *General, and* Claridiana, *Armed, and People as an Army Marching.*

Cla. This is ARABIA. *Fel.* Yon *Adamant Wall*,
With its proud *Tow'rs*, at thy kiss'd *feet* shall fall:
For so *resolv'd* (though *slender*) are thy *Bands*,
To *Ammunition* they will turn these *Sands*.

Gen. A *flying Squadron* meets us on the *Border*,
In a loose way, without all *Martial Order*:
It looks like *Peace*. *Fel.* To *overcome*, procure:
" In Traitors looks no signs of Peace are sure.

Trumpets and Drums, and Enter Floranteo *with People.*

Flo. Thy *warlike Preparations* (QUEEN) suspend:
Gay *Purple* button, clasp not glitt'ring *Steel*;
Since now, the People neither *Wall* defend,
Nor with Usurping *Grasp*, the SCEPTER feel.

Enter thy lofty PALACE, Roof'd with Gold;
Thy *little-spoil'd* though *much profan'd* ABODES;
Chuse, where thou lik'st; and in calm Peace grow old:
" 'Tis ill Rebelling against Kings, or Gods.

Nor

Not, to diſturb it FLORANTEO came;
But, thy diſturbed Kingdom, to recover:
To *kiſs thy hand*, as of his *Soveraign Dame*;
Not, *challenge* it, as thy preſumptuous *Lover*.

Cla. Riſe, and be ſecond to thy thankful Queen.
Flo. Wear this *Gold Crown* firſt, wreath'd with Laurel-green,
And *Olive*, which thy *Birth*, and *Virtue*, give:
Live long our QUEEN! *All.* CLARIDIANA, *live!*

Enter Rifaloro *with a Poſt-whip in his hand.*

Rif. Rare Poſt-horſes! in leſs than half an hour
To bring me hither from TARTARIA?
My own *Barbs* (lay'd) would have conveigh'd me ſlower:
Nor could I have come ſooner in a *Play*.

The *Woman* is a *Harpie*: O! that I
Were one of your *Wind-mongers*, that Cry *News*;
To relate mine, with ſtrange Romancery:
But, I have no Alliance with thoſe *Jews*.

Here are Soldiers— *That*, is *hee!*
Sir, your *Foot*; and take my Knee.

Fel. Theſe *Armes*, my RIFALORO— Where haſt *been?*
What haſt thou *done*, ſince thou by me wert ſeen?
Rif. The Story 's long: Some other tell it *Thee*,
Who hath no *Wit* to ſpoil his *Memorie*.

Rowſe, *Sir*, with thicker Steel your Breaſt immure:
Nor FELISBRAVO, nor ARABIA now,
Nor the *ſpectator World*, can be ſecure
From ZELIDAURA; who, becauſe that *thou*
Deny'ſt to her thy *Name*, and ſhe 's alarm'd
With your *joint-journey*, comes with *Terrours* Arm'd.

Fel.

Fel. Thou Slave (it ſeems) made of the courſeſt Clay,
A Secret ſo important didſt betray.
But, I'm right ſerv'd— *Rif.* This 'tis now, to know *any*
Secret, of *one*, who tells it unto *many*.

Fel. This 'tis, when *Kings* conſort themſelves with Grooms.
Rif. Help (Maſters) or, if not, *Might*, *Right o'recomes*.

Gen. What is the matter? *Rif.* Nothing, but the King
Pays Honeſty her Wages: A fine thing
It is, to look on; a rare decking (ſure)
For a *Rich Man*; but, 't will undo a *poor*;
And be *ſuſpected* too. So counterfet
Seems the beſt *Jewell* when 'tis *meanly ſet*.
All, I have gain'd, by being *true*, was (There)
A *Jayl*, a *Dagger* at my Boſome; (Here)
This, which you ſee. 'Tis time to reſt (ſay I)
And caſt ſafe *Anchor* upon *Knavery*.

Fel. In what a leaking *Butt*
Have I my *Secret* put!
No (angry Fair One) No: Not, of thy *Blade*,
My *Life*; but, of thy *Doubt*, my *Love* 's afraid.

Rif. Thus, do good Actions ſhine? Is this, the *Meed*
To *faithful ſilence* is decreed?

This of being an *honeſt Man*,
Is a *lean Office*; with *Fees* none:
It will not keep a *Gentleman*,
Without ſome other good Means of his own.

The *Foe*, in Reaſon, cannot far off be;
For ZELIDAURA Marches furiouſlie.

Cla.

Cla. Come all TARTARIA with her; *here* ſhe ſtands,
Will welcome *Her*, more Valiant, and leſs *vain:*
That *barb'rous Warrioureſs* ſhall, of theſe Hands,
The *Trophy* be, the ſcorn, and the *diſdain.*

Our Self is *General.* *Gen.* Great ATLAS quakes,
A trepidation of the Spheres it makes,
To hear that *ſound* from *thee*; who, in theſe *Wars*,
Wilt Muſter *Flow'rs*, and Lead an *Hoſt* of *Stars.*

Fel. I'll *view* their *Camp*, and *compt* the *Enemy.*
Cla. Such a SPY is quickly *ſpy'd:*
I fear thy *danger.*
Fel. 'Twas Wiſdom put out POLYPHEMO's Eye;
That Mountain of ſwoln Pride.
Come (RIFALORO) by thy Maſters ſide.
Rif. I fear thy *Anger:*
Thou tell'ſt it in this AUDIENCE; would'ſt go hid:
Points to the Spectators.
They, tell it ZELIDAURA: Then *I*'m chid.

Gen. What AUDIENCE? The Man dreams— I go with thee.
Rif. Yes, Let my *Fellow* go; and I will be
Thy LEIDGER here. *Flo* Sir, let me beg the Honour—
Fel. By no means (FLORANTEO:) Wait upon her
Fair Majeſty. Fear is to *me* unknown:
And mine's a *Buſineſs* beſt perform'd alone.

Aſide.
Cla. (I think no leſs, and hide *my fear* in vain
Under the *ſilence* of my *Virgin ſhame.*)

Fel. 'Tis Fear, makes Mortals *peep* through their *diſguiſe:*
Unſeen, *we*'ll thrid Our *Perſon* through their *Eyes.*
Come, RIFALORO. *Rif.* Not I, one of *courſe Earth*
Conſort with KINGS? A Slave of *Daughil Birth?*

I renounce *Honesty*, I pray your *Grace*
Chuse a new *Fool*, and tye that to the PLACE.

Cla. Less of the LOVER than the BRAVE it shows,
Thy self to such wild *dangers* to expose.
Let *common Soldiers* hazzard in this kind:
"VALOUR, within due bounds, should be confin'd.

Fel. If known, I would not fear an Hoast of Men;
Though Arm'd with Fire and Horrour: March on, then.
Dangers I court, and *all* that Dangers brings:
"For *Bullets* bear a Reverence to Kings.

Trumpets.

A March.

Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets and Drums, and Enter Zelidaura, Claridoro, Roselinda, *and Soldiers.*

Zel. Now, CLARIDORO, on *Arabian* Mould
We tread, and have the *Enemy* in view.
Clar°. Since so much Beauty fights thy Cause, be bould
To write; I CAME, WAS SEEN, AND DID SUBDUE.

Zel. Not *Love*, but *Honour*, made me March thus far.
A Queen's it is, and not a *Woman's* War.
If I *o'recome*, I'll *scorn* them, as I live:
"*Two Victories*; to Conquer, and Forgive;
"*On ground* that's *hard*, 'tis easie ground to win:
"But *feet*, which tread upon the *soft*, sink in.

Clar°. THE CAUSE I never ZELIDAURA scann'd,
It must be *good* which *thou* dost take in hand:
And, doubt the Conquest, where thou present art,
No more, than whether I should take thy part,
Whose Services are Debts to thee; and when
Thou lett'st me pay thee one, that one grows *ten*.

Thy

Thy heav'nly force is unto *me* ſo known,
That, though great *MARS* in *SOL*'s bright Armour ſhone,
I' th' adverſe Camp; I ſhould not fear the *day*:
For BEAUTY ſtole *one's Sword*, the *other's Ray*.
But, for thy pardon – *That*, may ſpared be:
What greater Death, than to be *ſcorn'd* by *thee*?

Enter a Captain bringing Felisbravo *in the Habit of a Country Boor or Clown.*

Capt. *Madam*, This *Clown*, who ſeems a SPY,
I bring before thy Majeſty:
That thou, from *him*, maiſt draw, and know,
The *Strength*, and *Poſture*, of the FOE.

Zel. *Whom* ſee I? Is't not FELISBRAVE?
'Tis *Anger*, and not Love, did grave
His Viſage *here*; and my *Revenge's Eyes*
Have pick'd him out of his obſcure *Diſguiſe*.

Roſ. A SPY thou well might'ſt think him; feel,
He hath his *Caſſock* lin'd with *Steel*.
A GENTLEMAN, at leaſt, by *this*.
Zel. No, no, a Clown I'm ſure he is.
Speak for thy ſelf, art thou not *one*?
Fel. A Clown in my Attire alone.

Zel. In one thing more ('twixt *me* and *you*)
Thou *ſleep'ſt* to *One*, and *wak'ſt* to *Two*.

Fel. Me, does your Worſhip know? *Zel.* At laſt;
For there is a diſtance vaſt
Betwixt a CLOWN's *Tongue*, and his *Mind*:
And his Faith is hard to find.

Fel. *Diſſembling words*, and *little faith*,
Boaſt, they COURTLY *Vices* are:
"Nothing more CLOWNISH is, than *wrath*;
"And *Revenge*, that *none* will ſpare.

Wade not in *doubts* too far, th' effect
Of which, is *bitterneſs*, and *rue*:
"For (let me tell you) to ſuſpect,
"Is, a kind of *ſleeping* too.

Do not *wake* JEALOUS: For, indeed,
'Tis *courteous baſeneſs*, and no other.
Nor borrow, of *thy Clowniſh Weed*,
The MALICE, *that*, is us'd to cover.

He never fled, who *wheels about*:
And *He*, who (born for higher Ends)
Did *beſt*, when he lay under *doubt*;
Gallantly his *Faith* defends.

And He, whoſe *worth* in ev'ry thing
(In *this* I will appeal to *LAURA*)
Proclaims him not a perfect King,
Deſerves not to love *ZELIDAURA*.

Zel. CLOWN, or SPY, or what thou wilt,
Think not t' appeaſe me thou art able:
For *juſtifying* a known *Guilt*,
With *Women* is impardonable.

Aloud.

Tell me (Lab'ring-Man) how ſtrong
Is *CLARIDIANA*? *Fel.* Hear—

Aſide.

(*Heavens!* how it thunders Vengeance from her Tongue?
Yet ſtill 'tis *Muſick* to my *Ear*.)

ARABIA

Aloud.

ARABIA being reduc'd to her obedience,
She hath two Armys of *old Soldiers*,
Beat to the *Trade* of WAR; valiant, and disciplin'd;
In *suff'ring*, noble; and in *acting*, bold:
The GODDESSE-QUEEN (whose *Beauty* doth eclipse
The brightest lustre of the *mid-day Sun*)
Comes for the GENERAL; and in *her* alone is
NARCISSUS joyn'd with SOL; MARS with ADONIS.

From a *Sphere*, crown'd with *plumes* (like *Summers Clouds*
When the Day feels a Light'ning before Death,
Or *Gardens* in the *Air*)
Arm'd with a *heav'nly Anger*, she discovers
In THETIS Body great ACHILLES's *Soul*.
Her *Sword* cuts more than all *those* of her *Army*;
Her *Beauty* more *victorious*, then her *Sword*:
For where's *the life* so sure that *Love* can pick
No hole in it, which would not soon *surrender*
It self into her *hands*, without more strife,
To sue out a *new grant* to be a life?

With gallant grace she traverses the Field
Upon a Horse, that pays the vanity,
Infus'd into the *Brute* by his fair Burthen,
With *mettle*, and with *motion* that keeps time:
His *swiftness* calls him DART, his *striking fire*
A THUNDER-BOLT, his *colour* and his *gate*
Majestick SWAN. Like a SHIP under *sail*,
Tossing the *foams* up, proudly he doth go,
With *Plumes* for *Streamers*, ARGOSIE of *Snow*.

Zel. With great LATONA's *Off-spring* do not brag,
Least thou be turn'd t' a *weeping stone*.
Say, 'tis a fine fore-handed Nag,
That hath his *paces* every one:

And

And lacks (to do a thouſand pranks)
Only, to have been foal'd on BETIS Banks.

Here's trapping out a *Horſe* withal my heart,
Why, 'twould make *one* his Bridle break:
SNOW, SHIP, SWAN, STREAMERS, THUNDERBOLT, and DART?
Troth, go but one ſtep more, and make him *ſpeak*.

A *Deſcription* call'ſt thou this?
In *blank Verſe* (of *all four* lame)
With equal *Tropes*, and *Emphaſis*,
To Cry a *Beaſt* up, and a *Dame*?

Fel. Her BEAUTY then ſhe brings along:
And that's ten thouſand *Graces* ſtrong.

Zel. Flat *jealouſie* in my *Face* hurl'd?
(The greateſt *Clown'ry* this i' th' *World!*)
If, *that*, I *brought*, I by did *throw*;
Shall I catch *this* he throws me? No,

Let CLARIDIANA come;
With her, her BEAUTY, and her FELISBRAVE;
In ev'ry thing I'll *her* o'recome:
Ev'n in *this* too, that leſs of *vain* I'll have.

Back, FELISBRAVO; put into each *Troop*
As much of Courage, as I hope to *quail*:
To *whom* thy *Fear*, and not thy *Love*, ſhall ſtoop;
And I, by *Force*, not *Beauty*, will *prevail*.

Thou art my *Priſ'ner* (fooliſh Man)
Conquer'd by putting this *ſhape* an.
But 'tis not *thou* ſhalt pay me: 'Tis my boaſt,
To pay *myſelf*, that which to me *thou ow'ſt*.

Fight

Fight well *to day*: Since thou doſt love
CLARIDIANE;
Let not *Twain*
Thee reprove;

One Woman call thee *Coward*, t' other
Twit thee with *perfidious* LOVER.

But, *this* I'll ſay; had I lov'd thee,
Thou would'ſt not *thus* have uſed mee:
Nor *durſt* have acted ſuch a *valiant Sin*,
As unto *Me* UNGRATEFUL to have bin.

Fel. Madam, how high an *obligation*
This lays on me, and on my *paſſion!*
A Servant now, that takes no Wages of thee:
But LOVES THEE (why?) *only to love* thee.

In the hearing of the reſt.

—Hear me, ZELIDAURA— *Zel.* Turn
This Fellow back to his own Camp:
And (with my *glitt'ring Bands*) though theſe Woods burn,
Though, on *theſe plains*, my *numbers* ſtrike a damp.

Tell FELISERAVO; CLARIDORE, and *I*,
Without or MARS, or SOL, their *Pow'rs* defie.

Aſide.

Fel. Ev'n her *Anger*, O! how ſweet!
I hope my ſelf yet, at her *Feet*
To proſtrate *Victory*— But no,
To Her.
Her *Eyes* will ſnatch it firſt— I go.
Set thy People in *Array*.
Zel. This, CLARIDORO, is thy day.

Clar°.

Clar°. Where *thou* art, *all things* must go well.
Zel. Sound an *Alarum.* *Fel. Tole* my *Knell.*

Trumpets a little.
Exeunt.

Enter General with his Sword drawn.

Gen. Bloody *perdition*, tyrannizing *yoake*,
Grim *War*, that *strewd'st* with *Carcases* the *way*
To th' *first Injustice*, which *free Mortals* broke,
And *Iron Scepter* plac'd in *hand* of *Clay*:

Barbarous Trade, so murmur'd at in vain,
To spur the fiery *Coursers* of pale *Death*,
As if *Time* flagg'd, as if to be *humane*
Were not Disease enough to stop our Breath.

But, though *thou* (WAR) art *dire*, art full of *dread*;
There is a *Feud* more dire, more dreadful far,
When BEAUTY's *bloody Flag* (hang'd out and spread
In *Virgins* Cheeks) proclaims a *scornful* War.

Love, let *me* rather be a *rough-hand's Prize*,
Than the *soft Captive* of *insulting Eyes*.

Enter Rifaloro *with his Sword drawn.*

Rif. They March to shock these *Girls*, some small *Wit* now
Would *Lids* of *Marchpane* call, *Cæsars* of *Snow*.
Gen. Why, *Rifaloro*, Went'st not with Him, *Thou*?
'Tis not well done to fail thy Duty so.

To jest out *faults* is an *uncomely* thing.
Rif. Can I (that from the *Trojan* BRUTUS spring)
That vaunt *great Blood*, I have much Blood I *spill*,
Be wanting to the *Huff*, to the *Punctil*
Of Honour? Being of the *Mountains* too,
In which the HECULESSES always grew?

Gen.

Gen. Art thou a BRITTON then? *Rif.* So brags each one
That would write *Gentleman*, when he is *none.*
This *day* ſhall *ſet* the King high on my *ſcore*;
For, ſuch an *honeſt Man* is RIFALORE,
So faithful to his *Maſter*, that a Trim
Map of Misfortune might be made of *him.*
And (ſee the *fate* which ſtill attends upon it!)
The *ſcurvy Poet*, giving *each* a SONNET,
Leaves only *me* without— But, by the *faith*
Of a MAHUMETAN, ſince *thus* he hath
Provok'd me to't, upon his skirts I'll ſit:
Damme all his *Matter*, 'cauſe in Verſe 'tis writ:
And, in defiance of the TRIPLE THREE,
Promote a Law, importing, that, to bee,
Or not to be, a POET; ſhall ſuffice
To prove, paſt doubt, one is not, or is, wiſe.

Gen. Stand, RIFALORO, to thy *Arms:* The Drums
Do *beat* a *Charge*, and FELISBRAVO comes.

Rif. St. whom invoke they? *Gen. MARS*, the God of Wars.
Rif. St. *GEORGE* for *Us*, the *Garter'd Engliſh* MARS.

Exeunt.

Enter Marching at one Door Claridiana, *as with an Army, Drums and Files, and her ſelf in the Reare with a Truncheon, and* Felisbravo *by her ſide; At the other Door* Zelidaura *in like manner, with* Claridoro *before her all Armed,*

Cla. Valiant ARABIANS, let theſe barb'rous Troops
(Men built to ſerve) their bending Foreheads yield:
As, with a fierce South Wind, an *Army* ſtoops
Of *drowſie Poppies* in a barren field.

Zel. Food for your *Steel* brave Sons of *Tartarie*)
Let theſe ſoft Peaſants of *Arabia* be:
For, *ill* can brook the *glitt'ring* of a *Sword*,
A Countrey only famous for a *Bird.*

Cla. In our contention now, not *Mars*,
But CUPID is the *God of Wars.*
And (turn'd to tears) thy proud *diſdain*
Puts *Love* in *Arms*, makes HEAV'N *complain.*

If thy coming be to wring
From me the famous *Perſian* King;
Though I do love him, I eſteem
From *thee* t'have got him, more than him.
For, 'mongſt my *Glories*, I leſs prize
My Conqueſt, than thy HUE and CRYES.

Zel. To pull this *fickle Prince* from thee,
Is *Honour*, and not *Love*, in me:
For, with ſo *falſe* a *Lover*, know,
I'll part at all times to a *Foe.*

To *give* to *him*, no *hand* I bring;
But *feet*, on *both* your *necks* to *print:*
For, in my greateſt *Conquering*,
And utmoſt of *tryumphing* in 't,

Having *firſt* puniſh'd his *Inconſtancie*,
For more Revenge, I'll *after* give him Thee.

Offers to Charge and Felisbravo *throws himſelf at her Feet.*

Fel. ZELIDAURA, hold thy Hand:
Conquer not *twice* a Man unmann'd.
She needs not *Weapons*, that is *fair:*
He needs not *Death*, who hath deſpair.
Already, of thy *generous Feet*
I kiſs the *yoak.* In the moſt ſweet
And glorious *Cauſe* of LOVE, let my *life* owe
To *me*, the *divine choice* to loſe it ſo.

Zel.

Zel. Riſe; hence; begone; I will not have thee dye
At *thy Election*, nor in Courteſie,
But, by *my Fauchion:* Not, like FELISBRAVE,
Not, my *devoted*, but my *conquer'd Slave.*

Cla. Stay, Traitor, where thou art: Reveng'd I'll be
Both on the *proud*, and on the *humble*: THEE
I'll *conquer*, and *forget*; and *both your Hearts*
(Transfixt with *other*, than with *am'rous* Darts)
Under my vext feet trample— *Rif.* Well plaid, *Girls*:
Maſtiffs of *Ivory! Dragons* of *Pearls.*

Fel. I'll have no Battail. *Cla.* The whole *Earth* a *Lake*
Of *Blood*, and *Scene* of *Horrour*, I will make.

Rif. O how *Sir Poll*, my Grandſire would cry ('S Bears!)
Kings and *Queens* ſeen together by the Ears!
Well, there 's no flinching *now*; my ſtrengths I ſummon:
To ſee the *laſt Man born* and the *laſt Woman.*

Zel. Sound, Sound a *Charge.* *Cla.* Lock with the Foe.
Fel. Hold— *Clar.* Charge them *home*— But, the *Heav'ns* (loe!)
Raſh the Clouds open. *Rif. Monſieur* JOVE
Throws (*thund'ring*) 'twixt them his *ſteel Glove.*

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and let Mars *paſs over the Stage in a Chariot drawn with Lyons, having in his hand a fiery Lance.*

Mars. CLARIDIANA (ſecond *Phœnix* of
Arabia) and *thou Tartarian* QUEEN
(IN whom alone *pride* is not folly) *I*
Who (*General* of *Heav'n*, and *Earths Protector*)
Suppreſs'd the proud *Rebellion* of the *Gyants*
In *Phlegra's* Plains: *I*, who in burning TROY
(Supplying the bold *Greeks* with *fire* and *ſword*)
Saw frighted *Xanthus* ſcud 'twixt *banks* of *Cyndars:*

I, who (through *Romes* revenging fury) saw
Of the great *Carthage* scarce *one stone* remaining
For a *dumb witness* that she *once* had been:
I, who upon *Iberian Walls* beheld
Turbants for *Battlements*, and *Barb'ry Mares*
Turn'd loose into the *Andalusian Corn:*
Now (a PEACE-MAKER) bring, not *signs* of *Wars*,
But *Leagues* confirm'd with Characters of Stars.

The *Gods* (who call you by a hid *impulse*
To people the grave *Temple*, and wast *Grove*
Of the most chast best *Goddess*) know, the WORLD
Has not a *Prince* deserves so high *perfections*:
For *Heav'n* is stuck all o're with *injur'd Beauties*.
Thou, gallant CLARIDORO, Rule (as King)
Great *Tartary*; and FLORANTEO, *thou*
Reign in the famous and the fair *Arabia*.
For the most Valiant Knight, and perfect Lover
(Though ZELIDAURA know not *this*, or will not)
Let the Great KING of *Persia* be Crown'd.
Queens lay down Arms; for (to make War on *Beasts*)
From *painted Quivers*, at your shoulders hung,
Of *Shafts* a *flying Squadron* will suffice.

DIANA's *Nuns* are coming to receive you,
Their *Heads* with *Olive*, *Flowers*, and *Laurel* bound.
This, in the *rolling chambers* of the *Spheres*,
The glorious *Heptarchie* of *Heav'n* ordains
By a Law always *just*, always *inviolable*.

Drums and Trumpets.

Fel. Hold, MARS divine; for thou (both Judge and Party)
Envy'st my *Flame*, whose *object* doth as far
Outshine thy *Mistress*, as the *Sun* a *Star!*

Clar°. Stay, Soveraign MARS, I'd rather *be*, than *have*
The whole Worlds *Empire*, ZELIDAURA's *Slave*.

Flo.

Flo. I, from this *ſentence*, to thoſe *Gods* appeal,
Who feel more *love*, or more *compaſſion* feel.

Zel. Princes, reſiſt not *Heav'n*; for ſtill ye may
Love, without *hope*; and that's the *nobleſt* way.

Cla. I reverence it, and adore its Laws.

Rif. A fooliſh ending! Were 't not *juſt*
(Into a Cloyſter if they *muſt*)
Heav'n for theſe *Virgins*, did reſerve
Some *portions*, that they may not ſterve
When they *repent them?* And, muſt not,
After their *Dames* the *Damſels* trot?

Roſ. The Damſels ſtay, for viſible *Example*
To a bad *World*, in which they are a TEMPLE
And CLOYSTER to themſelves, meaning to live
Not leſs *auſtere*, though leſs *contemplative*.

Fel. I always *lov'd* thee only, for *Love's* Cauſe
And Joy, a glimpſe of *Hope* once bleſt mine Eyes
Which on his *Altar* I may ſacrifice.

Clar°. Thou, ZELIDAURA, ſhalt ſtill guide the *Helm*:
Whilſt *I* am ſtill the *Defender* of thy Relm.

To Claridiana.

Flo. And *thou* ſhalt be ARABIA's *Queen*, and *mine*.
Zel. "*Virtues* are *Kingdoms* at DIANA's Shrine.
If ſo, then their *Poſſeſſions* greateſt call
Who *diſpoſſeſs* themſelves of All.

Cla. Crown FLORANTEO. *Soldiers.* Thy Feet kiſſes
Crown Him.
ARABIA: Live *Crown'd* with *Bliſſes*.

Live,

Crown Claridoro.

Live, CLARIDORO. *Clar°*. Cry
Dye, CLARIDORO, *dye.*

The Temple opens.
Cornets.

Gen. The TEMPLE opes, the *Air* rejoices,
Gay *Nymphs* preſent ſweet Flow'rs and Voices.

They ſing within.

Live, Fair Ones, for your Selves, whilſt the Men do
Think it enough, if They may Dye for You.

The Queens enter the Temple, from whence many Nymphs come forth to receive them, and therein let Diana *appear.*

Zel. I, born was, for *my Self* alone.

Cla. The Altar now ſhall be *my Throne.*

Clar°. My Love doth no reward pretend.

Flo. My torment ne're will have an end.

Fel. "TO LOVE ONLY TO LOVE, is *Love*
" Like *that* w' are *lov'd* with from *above:*
" *He* that *hopes*, no *Love* doth bear.
Clar°. Then *what* ſhould *he*, that hopes not, *fear?*

Rif. It remains *now*— *Gen.* What *now* remains?
Rif. That the *Magnifick* POET give
Some *Thirty Mannours* all with *large Demains*
Amongſt the *Actors* upon which to live;
And do in any Caſe declare
That *All* our Worſhips *Coſen Germans* are.

Gen.

Gen. What a *Conceipt* of a ſtale date!
Rif. SIR (for *now* Men ſay not, STATE)
Here endeth the PLAY
Of *for Ever and Aye*;
Tiring *Female* and *Male*,
Without a *Marriage* in the *Tayle*;
And *this* it doth git
By being *Penn'd* without *Wit*.

FINIS
Of the Dramatick ROMANCE
OF
To LOVE only to LOVE.

Immediately upon pronouncing the laſt words, the Temple or Throne aſcended to the Place where it was before (viz. the upper Tower of the Caſtle) and in it Zelidaura *and* Claridiana *ſeated on either ſide the Goddeſs, alſo ſome Nymphs; and at the ſame time (Trumpets and Drums Sounding) the two Armies went Marching off at ſeveral doors, the Comedy ending there; and the Feſtival in a Dance, after the manner of a Tournament by*

The Lady Mary Guſman,
The Lady Anne Sandi,
The Lady Margarite Zapata,
The Lady Margarite Tavara,
The Lady Mary Cutinio,
The Lady Frances Tavara,

All Armed in Mens Apparel, and the Dance being ended all the Inſtruments Sounded out at once.

FIESTAS de ARANJUEZ:

FESTIVALS

REPRESENTED AT

ARANVVHEZ

BEFORE THE

KING and QUEEN of *SPAIN*,

In the Year, 1623.

To Celebrate

The BIRTH-DAY of that KING,

Philip IV.

Written in *Spaniſh* by *Don Antonio de Mendoza.*

by Sir Richard Fanshaw.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh*, *Anno* 1654.

London, Printed by *WILLIAM GODBID*, 1670.

FESTIVALS OF Aranwhez.

The Site of Aranjuez.

ARANVVHEZ is the Recreation of the Kings and Queens of *Spain*, One and Twenty Miles from *Madrid*, the Court thereof; a Seat, which makes it credulity even to believe ones Eyes, the more ſeen, the more wondered at, and which in its natural ſimplicity, would rather have ſcorn'd, than admitted of Art, had not the Greatneſs of the Owners made it beholding to them for what was impoſſible, adorning it not only with a ſumptuous Building (which not exceeding the proportion of a *Villa*, or Countrey-Houſe, de

ſerves the Name of a Pallace-Royal) but alſo with tranſcendent Culture, in which there is a conſtant variety; what in the Luxuriancy of its Gardens, what in the Gallantry of its Meadows, which, for Flowers, Birds, and Plants, leave nothing to be admired in the ſtrangeneſs of the moſt remote Provinces; (that being there common, which is ſingular in every of them;) and what in the excellency of its Groves, which, peopl'd with all manner of Game, and Beauty, excuſe no Royal Entertainment.

The Fields of Aranjuez.

THe leaſt of its Beauty is under the Charge of two the moſt celebrated Rivers of *Caſtile*; *Xarama*, which dilated through the Fields hereof, begins their Fertility, and with a gentle Plain, Crown'd with Corn and Fruits, draws the firſt reſpect to the Majeſty of its Maſter, defended by that reſpect, better than by the watching of ſo numerous Guards; (for, in ſo vaſt Limits, in vain would be the Care of many, if they were not kept by the veneration of All;) the Courage of the Bulls thereof giving the ſecond eſtimation to the Borders of this River, which (civil to *Tagus*) retires it ſelf, leaving to him the upper and nearer place, and afterwards Duty more than Cuſtom carries it to joyn with him, making him greater, not more beautiful.

The Garden of the Iſle.

THis Seat (which will always ſeem an Hyperbole to the Ear, and a Deception to the Eye, being only uſed the two beſt Moneths (ſerving the other ten, only for a complaint to as many as behold it, that it ſhould lye fallow the reſt of the year) contains amongſt many other Miracles of amœnity a Garden, which *Tagus* embraces with two

two Currents, ſometimes in ſuſpence, ſome times haſty, ſhaping it an Iſle, and ſerving it for a Wall, over which the Trees are one way delightful Battlements, another, they are flow'ry Margents. Amidſt the intricacy of the matted Hearbs, of the Galleries of Flowers, of the Meandrian Wilderneſſes, of the diverſified Plats, of the Cryſtal Fountains (Competitors in Plenty and Novelty) there is reſerv'd a moſt beautiful Space, which hath the openneſs of a Market-place, and wants not the pleaſantneſs of a Forreſt. This the Queen made choice of to Celebrate therein (with the greateſt Magnificence that any Age hath ſeen, boaſt what it will the *Roman* Oſtentation) the happy Birth-day of Our Soveraign Lord the King, the Seventeenth Year of his flouriſhing Age, and the Second of his moſt bleſſed Reign.

One of the greateſt things of which is compoſed the Majeſty of the Kings of *Spain* is, the Splendour of their Court, in which they do more ſurpaſs the other Princes of the World, than even in having under their Command ſo many Kingdoms; and the chief Point of this Splendour conſiſts in that of their Maids of Honour, who, being Daughters of great Lords and Gentlemen, the veneration of all Men gives them new Authority, by themſelves preſerved in ſuch manner, that they find reſpect and applauſe wherever they appear: For there needs nothing elſe to make it a Feſtival Show at any time, than that they will permit themſelves to be look'd upon. And now on this Occaſion to Solemnize the Kings Birth-day, and Wait upon the Queen, they excell'd themſelves in bravery, both of Cloaths and Carriage.

Theſe Repreſentations, which refuſe the vulgar Name of Comedies, and aſpire to that of *Opere*, to deſcribe how they were performed by the Court (the Eclipſe, rather than Imitator, of the Ancient Stage, upon which *Italy* values it ſelf at this day) would require a better Pen than mine: But to ſtay to ſeek one could worthily Write it, were to Damme it to per-

petual Silence; since the most exact and elegant must claim a part in my diffidence: Anothers Command (not my Presumption) embarks me in this Narrative, though not witty, yet true; and now I write it with jealousie that I shall wrong the Story: But nothing can set it forth like a punctual telling it.

Many Circumstances make me suspitious of my self, and two amount to fear; the poverty of words to describe the *brave Cloaths*, which are distinguishable only by their Colours, and here all being reduc'd to Gold and Silver, that falls out to be rich, which a Revalation would have various ***

THe Court was divided into two Squadrons, to make the Festivals distinct; of the first the Queen was Captain, who with her Greatness render'd it worthy of her Self; and of the second was Captain the Lady *Leonora Pimentel*, a Dame of a transcendent Wit, and who with that alone might promise her self equality, if it had been possible.

The Fabrick of the Scenes.

TO Erect the Scenes for the *Opera* of Her Majesty came to *Aranjuez* Captain *Julius Cæsar Fontana*, chief Engineer and Superintendent of the Fortifications of the Kingdom of *Naples*, Son to that so celebrated Artichitect of the Fabricks of *Sextus Quintus*, and Artificer comparable with his Father. There was raised a Theatre of 150 Foot long, and 78 in breadth, and seven Arches on each side with Pilasters, Cornishes and Battlements, of *Dorick* Work, and on the top of those certain Galleries with Balasters of Gold, Silver, and Blew, which compass'd the whole, and the same susteined seventy

ſeventy Maſſie Candleſticks holding white Wax Torches and Tapers innumerable, with certain Pillars imboſs'd at the Corners of them ten Foot high, upon which was faſtened a Canopy in imitation of a clear Night, when a multitude of Stars break out of a gloomy ſhadow, and upon the Stage, two Figures of a large proportion, which ſerved for imaginary Gyants; and to correſpond with the Frontiſpiece, and by the Cornithes of the open Galleries, many Statues of Braſs, and pendant from the Arches, certain Globes of Cryſtal, which made great Lights; and round about Benches for Gentlemen, with a moſt beautiful Rail to keep out the Common-people. In the midſt a Throne, upon which were the Chairs of the King, and of the Princes *Don Carlos*, and *Don Fernando*, his Brothers: Below them again Foot-paces, on which Carpets with Cuſhions, for the Ladies and Damſels. There was form'd a Mountain of fifty foot broad, and eighty in circumference, which was made to ſplit it ſelf into two, and, though it was ſo vaſt in bulk, yet one Man moved it with much eaſe. It cover'd the Scene, and was of the ſame *Dorick* Work, and it had an Aſcent by many Steps to a ſpatious Cave, peopled with many wild Beaſts. What this Mountain hid ſhall be revealed, when we ſpeak of the Scenes, as they ſerved in their proper places of the *Maſk*.

The Subject was the Glory of *Niquea*, notorious in the Books of *Amadis*; it was written for the height of the Court, as knowing the little liberty which that affords to the Muſes, and the great Caution wherewith theſe Virgins of *Parnaſſus* muſt there demean themſelves, the want of which knowledge occaſions many abſurdities to thoſe Poets (how eminent ſoever in other reſpects) who have been bred far from the ſeverity of that School.

The *Feſtival* was appointed for St. *Philips* Day, but the embroylment of ſo much Fabrick deferr'd it till *Whit-Monday*, by which time all was in perfection. At the ſhutting in of day Tapers

Tapers were lighted, equivocating Night. All took their places, who had leave to see, which was granted sparingly. For as to have indulged a general Liberty, would have caused great confusion, by the People that would have flocked from *Madrid*, so the Court-Attendance alone, of their Majesties, and their Highnesses, was enough, not to want Spectators (if that had been the thing;) yet those who came unlicensed were not excluded, least so justifiable an Ambition should be condemn'd, as to desire to see Festivals prepared by so great a Queen, in Honour of a King so Glorious, and moreover their own. He being now out of Mourning for his Great Father, which he observed so religiously, that till the Year was over, even, the last Day, the first of his sorrow. The Ladies and Damsels, then present at *Aranjuez*, fill'd both the *Strado's*, the one the Countess of *Olivarez*, and the Lady *Frances Clanit*, Wife of *Don Balthazar de Zumiga*, the Marchioness of *Castel Rodrigo*, and the Lady *Margarita de Melo* her Daughter, and the Countess of *Barajas*; the other, the Lady *Jane* of *Arragon*, and the Lady *Leonora Pimentel*, *Donna Anna Bazan*, *Donna Maria Lande* (chief Mother of the Maids) the Lady *Margarita de Tabara*, and the Countess of *Castro Duennas*, *i. e.* Widows of Honour.

The beginning of the Festival.

A Noise of Trumpets and Sackbuts gave the Sign, when the King and his Brothers came forth to take their Seats, and presently entered upon the Stage many Violins, and with them the Court Dancing-Master, and (the Minstrels giving scope to their Instruments) two doors flew open, and there began a Gallant *Mascarade*.

The

The Maſcarade.

THe firſt Couple that ſallied, Dancing, was the Ladies *Sophia* and *Luyſa Benavides*, in Hungartins of Cloth of Silver, clingeant with Azure, the Seams laid thick with Paſſemans of Silver, and two pair of Wings and Kirtles of the ſame ſtuff, the ſame Paſſemans covering all the ground, Sleeves of Cloth of Silver cut upon Azure, Cloth of Silver Mantles hanging on their Shoulders by three Roſes of Diamonds, many Jewels and Flowers in their Head-Dreſſes, Pyramided in a Mountain of Plumes of both Colours, black Masks, and white Torches.

The Lady *Maria Continio*, and the Lady *Catherine Velaſco*, in the ſame Habit, ſave that the Cloth of Silver was diſtinguiſh'd with Orange; and in like manner the reſt of the Squadrons, only differenced by the Colours.

The Lady *Anne Saude*, and the Lady *Margarit Zapata*, Cloth of Silver Green.

The Lady *Leonora Guſman*, and the Lady *Anna Maria de Guevara*, Cloth of Silver Carnation.

The Lady *Maria de Tabora*, and the Lady *Conſtanza de Rybeyra*, Cloth of Silver White.

The Lady *Luyſa Carilio*, and the Lady *Anna Maria de Acunia*, Cloth of Silver Black and White.

There Enterings were moſt ſprightly, the Knots of the *Maſcarade* with graceful Novelty: They Danced it to the admiration of all, and howbeit theſe Ladies were of different Squadrons, they agreed in giving a moſt Illuſtrious Beginning to the *Feſtival*. They ended the *Maſcarade*, and in the ſame Habits, accompanied by the *Major-Domo's* and Mothers of the Maids, or *Duenia's*, ſate themſelves down upon their reſpective *Strado's*.

The Chariot of the River Tagus.

A Second time the Musick of the Minstrils gave notice of another Novelty, and through a wide Arch entered a Crystal Chariot, Crown'd with Lights and variety of Boughs, and therein many *Naiades*, and *Napean* Nymphs, Clad after the manner of the Countrey, and (seated in a Throne) the River *Tagus*, represented by the Lady *Margarita de Tavora*, *Menina* to the Queen, and her Habit was this, a Cassack of Blew Tynsel, and a Mantle of the same water'd, and Silver Ribbons, also embroyder'd over with Silver Snakes, the Sleeves of Blew Sattin slash'd, and drawn through with Cloth of Silver, a bunch of Plumes White and Blew, and the Mantle sliding from the Shoulders, but held by three Roses of Diamonds, and a Garland of Flowers upon her Head; she descended from the Chariot, and mounted the Stage, attended by the Nymphs, and, in the name of the circumjacent Fields, welcomes the King, rendring His Majesty many humble Thanks for glorifying them with His Presence.

The Chariot of April.

THe Musick return'd, through another opposite Arch entered in a Chariot the Month of *April*, usher'd by the Sign *Taurus*, with all those Flowers that make him the the Spring of the Year, and with as much Light as might make him the Years Morning; and from the top (representing him, and that to the advantage) the Lady *Franscisca de Tabara* (*Menina* to the *Infanta*) with a Cassack and Mantle of rich Cloth of Silver Carnation, sew'd with Roses, wrought by hand, of several Colours, and Sleeves quilted with Roses, and a Veil of Silver, a Head-dress of Roses, a Sphere of Plumes, Crown'd with Flowers, and the Mantle held upon the Shoulders by

by three Roſes of Diamonds: He drave his Chariot into the Theatre it ſelf, and there (having firſt ſaluted the River) with modeſt aſſurance repeated certain Stanza's of much Wit and ſharpneſs, and pronounced with more, giving a new Soul to the Verſes (now the ſecond time excellent) and, without danger of Flattery, due Praiſes to the King and his Brothers, *April* and *Tagus* accompanied with their Nymphs retired themſelves.

The Flight of the Eagle.

TIme paſs'd over the Stage upon an Eagle of Gold, repreſented by the Lady *Antonia de Acunia*, who by way of Prophecy, in Elegant Verſes, reminded His Majeſty of the Glorious Deeds of His Anceſtors, and warm'd his forward Courage with ſo great Examples and deſires to imitate them, animating him to follow their generous ſteps, already well advanced in by his Illuſtrious Beginnings. Propos'd to him, that ſince *Africk*, *Europe*, and *America*, reſpected his Banners, he would make *Aſia* fear them, diſuſed for ſo many Ages paſt to *Chriſtian* Arms, which now began to receive at the Sound of his Name. Thank'd him for his early Valour, and the great Anticipation upon his Age, having already Reign'd in One Year many Centuries, ſerved by two Miniſters of State, ſo zealous of his Glory, and of the Splendour of his Actions, of whoſe Virtues and Profoundneſs the moſt ample Relation might favour ſomething of Affection and Love, but nothing either of Flattery or Errour. The accurateneſs of the Stanza's could not complain of being diſcompos'd one jot in the Acting, nor did the few Years of the Lady *Antonia* apprehend the leaſt ſcruple in the World to repreſent *Time*. The Eagle aſcended above the whole Fabrick of the Theatre with an Artifice ſo well diſſembled, that the Flight was ſeen all the while, but not how it was done. She vaniſh'd; at the inſtant, on the top of all the Fabrick, the Trunks of three Trees open'd, and three Nymphs appeared Singing: They were the Lady *Mary* of *Arragon*

(Maid of Honour to the Queen) and the Lady *Mariana de Hos*, and the Lady *Isabella Salazar*, of Her Majesties Chamber. The Artifice of the Scene, and the Greatness of Voices, might have served for Ornament and Credit to another Royal Festival. They ended the Ditty to the notable admiration of All, the Trees did shut themselves, and the Lady *Mary Guſman*, Daughter of the *Conde* of *Olivares*, entered through a Wood, her Habit a Mantle of Damask of Gold Green, trim'd with Gold and Silver, and little Peaſe-Cods with Pearl in them, a Velvet Hungarlin of the same colour laced long ways with Passemans of Gold Embroidery, a Green *Montera* with a Green Feather cast over full of Diamonds and Pearl, and a Bow and Quiver embroider'd with Gold and Silver hanging at her left shoulder. She spake the Prologue, vulgarly call'd the *Loa* (*i. e.* the Praise;) which she Acted to the Spectators, and they all gave it to her, such was the life, assurance, and grace, wherewith she pronounc'd it: She propos'd the Argument, begg'd no Pardon according to the vulgar custom, Attention she did, and with great reason they gave it her. The Harmony of all the Musick, and the Voice of the whole Auditory thank'd her with one consent, upon the strength of which Plaudit, the Comedy did (as well it might) venter boldly in: The Series whereof was in this manner.

The Comedy.

IN the first Scene entered *Darinel*, Squire to *Amadis*, who notified to *Dantes* (a Shepherd of *Tagus*) the Occasion that obliged his Master to tread those Fields: He recounted to him his famous Actions, his Adventures, and that *** which was ministred unto him by the Inchantment of *Niquea*, oppress'd by the Arts of *Anastarax*, the hated Lover of her Beauty, for whom the Magitian *Alquife* (her Uncle) reserved her. The Squire reciprocally informed himself from the Shepherd touching the Borders of that River, whom the Swain courteously

teouſly anſwer'd, and paid his Narration with another of the Preparations there made upon ſo great an Occaſion, as to celebrate the Birth-day of their King. The Squire was repreſented by the Lady *Guevara* of the Queens Chamber, in a brave Suit of Cloaths, a Sword girded to her, a Hat with a toſſing Feather, and Roſes of Diamonds; the Shepherd, by the Lady *Bernarda de Bilbao* of the Chamber of the *Infanta*, in an Hungarlin, and Smock-coat Green and Silver, Budget of Cloth of the ſame; the Action and Bravery of them both not yielding to the proudeſt Competitors: A Quire of *Sirens* were heard to Sing. *Tagus* liſtens from his Sphere of Cryſtal, who deſpiſing to be a River hath the Ambition of a Sea.

Amadis *Enters.*

A Trumpet Sounded, and following the Ecchoes thereof, they entered among the matted Trees: Preſently came out, as amuſed at the Noiſe of the ſame, that Knight of the *Burning Sword.* He was repreſented by the Lady *Iſabella* of *Arragon*, joyning the Mettle of *Amadis* to the Beauty of *Niquea:* Her Habit, Braces of Cloth of Silver Carnation and Black, with Embroideries of the ſame, a Souldiers Caſſack with the ſame trimming, Armour of burniſh'd Silver neatly Filed, the Claſps and Studs thereof of Gold, and the Murrion Crown'd with a Mountain of Plumes, a Mantle of Cloth of Silver hanging at the Shoulders, and a Sword girded to her; a Dwarf attended her, who carried the Inchanted Shield (which was *Don Michael Sopilio*) who ſucceeded *Bonami* in the reputation of Littleneſs, and he was ſheath'd in an old faſhion Suit, Black and Silver.

Amadis found upon the Trees various Inſcriptions, which put him into a confuſion, and (aſſaulted by Sleep) demanded quarter of the fatigue of the way; but (his Spirit complaining of the faint reſiſtance made by his Fleſh) whilſt he was yet awake he was ſcandaliz'd to imagin himſelf aſleep, and quite

overcome at laſt (as he that is never ſo much a Lover remains a Man for all that, and cannot put off Mortality) did ſtay himſelf at a Rock; then came forth *Night*, repreſented by a *Portugal Black-moor* Maid, and a moſt excellent Singer, Maid to the Queen, Clad in a whole Kirtle of Black Taffaty, powder'd with Stars of Silver, and a Mantle falling from her Shoulders, thick wrought with the ſame Stars—

* * * *

In a reſplendent Cloud deſcended *Aurora*, repreſented by the Lady *Mary* of *Arragon*, Clad in a Hungarlin, and Smock-coat, of Gold Cloth lin'd with Carnation, and thick embroidered with Pearls, and a Mantle of Cloth of Silver powder'd with the ſame, who, admirably Singing, accuſed in *Amadis* the humanity of Sleep, and that in him alone were join'd amorous Thoughts and drowſie Eyes; ſhe remembred him how he had both his Glory, and his danger near, and how this ſleeping diſcredited as well his Love as his Soldierſhip. *Night* perſever'd to ſuſpend him in his Lethargy, the *Morning* pleaded hard to bring him to himſelf. *Night* confeſs'd her ſelf vanquiſh'd, and fled; the *Morning* was victorious, and *Amadis* awoke; ſhe in the ſame Cloud, and with the ſame Muſick, returning to Heaven. *Amadis* departed in Queſt of the Inchanted Wood, and at his coming to the Rock, heard variety of voices, which in the high Galleries of the Theatre divided themſelves into four Quires each oppoſite to other, which were formed by the Kings Chappel, with divers Inſtruments, ſome Guitars, ſome Flutes and Sackbuts, others Theorbo's, others Viols and Lutes. One Quire ſung, and ſet before him Dangers, another infuſed into him Reſolution; now *this* diſanimated him, now encouraged him *that*; and the wavering Knight liſten'd ſometimes to the horrours of the Inchantment, ſometimes to his own Valour: In the end, after a Battail of Doubts, he prov'd the Conquerour of them, repreſented by the Lady *Iſabella*, ſo underſtandingly affected with her part, that ſhe even thought her ſelf the Perſon ſhe Acted, and whipping out her Blade withal, claſping her ſelf cloſe to

the

the Shield, invaded the Rock with ſo generous a ſmartneſs, that it was all, which it was poſſible for a Lady to do without diſcompoſing her ſelf. The Rock opened, and there appeared a Pallace of a beautiful Structure, and in the Portal thereof four Pillars of Thirty Foot high, which at the inſtant that *Amadis* knock'd at the Gates ſank down to the Centre ſo ſwiftly, that the Eye could not overtake them. Four Gyants ſhew'd themſelves Arm'd with Breaſt plates and Murrions, who grew into Choler at the raſhneſs of the Knight, and with threat'ning only preſumed to carry the Victory. But *Amadis*, who had not the Name given his Sword for nothing, with the firſt flouriſhing thereof, and ſhewing them the Shield into the bargain, put them all four to Coward-flight (for ſo the Books of Knighthood will have it:) Repreſented theſe were by *Donna Leonora de Quiros*, *Donna Luyſa Ortiz*, *Donna Catalina de Zarate*, and *Donna Ynes de Zamora*, without obſerving the property of Gyants in being ugly and troubleſome, for all thought them handſom and very good Company. Many Nymphs came out with Flowers to put upon his Head, and with treacherous fawnings ſought to get him out of the Caſtle. He knowing their falſhood, ſhew'd them the Shield, at which they fled, Lyons riſing in their places, into which they transform'd themſelves with ſuch natural fierceneſs, that true ones could not have ſtruck more terrour, and (ſeeing the Shield) theſe likewiſe vaniſh'd: He aſcended by the Stairs until he was ſtopt by this Inſcription:

This Myſterious two leav'd Door,
Which the Hand of Heaven hath ſhut,
None deſerves it open, but
The Love that is on Earth moſt pure,
And the Sword that beſt can cut.

Having read it, he paſs'd already victorious over the Theatre and place of Arms, came to the Gates, which in the inſtant

ſtant flew open, and (all the variety of Muſick joyning at once) preſented it ſelf the fair Scene of the Glory of *Niquea*, who was cypher'd in a moſt beautiful Sphere of Cryſtal and Gold, ſo that the Roofs and Walls thereof ſeemed rather one, than many Diamonds, verifying the Palace of the Sun which *Ovid* feigns; and in perſpective a high Throne, wherein was placed the Queen, who ſate for the Goddeſs of Beauty, of whom *Amadis* begg'd leave to diſinchant *Niquea*, repreſented by the *Infanta*, ſeated upon the utmoſt Stair, and upon the other that were lower, (accompanying Her Majeſty and Her Highneſs) the Lady *Anna Maria Manrique*, the Lady *Maria de Cardenas*, the Lady *Antonia de Acunia*, the Lady *Margarita de Tabara*, the Lady *Juana Boria*, the Lady *Iſabella de Velaſco*, *Donna Iſabella de Salazar*, *Donna Juana Pacheco*, *Donna Maria de Hos*, and other Servants of the Chamber, who repreſented Nymphs, and at the Foot of the Throne was on his Knees *Anaſtarax*, Acted by the Lady *Antonia de Mendoza*. And the Habits are theſe.

The Habits.

THat of the Queen a ſhort Petticoat and Kirtle of maſſie Tiſſue with Plate-Lace, three pair of large Skirts, and the formoſt down to the Hem of her Coat with Scallops, Scrolls written with Diamonds, and ſet on upon a perfum'd Jupe, *French* Sleeves ſlaſh'd, and held together again with Buttons and Loops of Diamonds, a Head-dreſs of Silver Purl and Gold-ſmiths Work with variety of Plumes a Mantle of of rich Cloth of Silver plain, with three Conſtellations of Diamonds which inſured it to the Shoulder, falling gracefully over the back, and at her Neck the Kings great Diamond, with the incomparable Pearl.

That of the *Infanta*, a Petticoat of maſſie Cloth of Silver Carnation with Scallops, trim'd with Silver Paſſemans and Black Silk, with a Sleeve of Needle-Work, the Mantle of the ſame Stuff,

Stuff, and to it three Booches of Diamonds, a Diamond Chain athwart, and her Head-dress of Gold-smiths Work and Roses.

That of the Lady *Anna Maria Manrique*, a Petticoat of Orange Colour Sattin embroidered, with clingeant and flat Pease of Silver both upon the Field and Trimming, a Hungarlin of Orange Colour Taffaty open'd upon Cloth of Silver drawn through the Cuts, with four pair of Scallops Orange Colour and White, all sprinkled with Flowers wrought with the Hand, round Sleeves of Cloth of Silver smooth, with the same Handy-work Flowers, a Mantle of massie Cloth of Silver, sew'd with Flowers, and hanging by Roses of Diamonds, the Head-Dress of Diamonds and Pearls, with a Bunch of White Plumes.

That of the Lady *Maria de Cardenas*, a Petticoat and Hungarlin of a rich Gold Tabby Orange Colour imbos'd with Silver, a Cloth of Silver Mantle, with three Roses of Diamonds, Plumes Carnation and White.

That of the Lady *Antonia de Acunia*, a Silver Petticoat Carnation, garnish'd with Silver, and an Hungarlin of Black Velvel Lac'd long ways with Silver Passemans, a Mantle of Cloth of Silver with Roses of Diamonds, and Plumes Carnation and White.

That of the Lady *Margarita de Tavara*, a Petticoat and Hungarlin of Cloth of Silver Carnation, a Mantle of Cloth of Silver White held by three Roses of Diamonds, Plume Carnation and White.

That of the Lady *Juana Foria*, Petticoat and Hungarlin of Cloth of Silver Orange Colour, with Gathers Trimm'd with Silver, Cloth of Silver Mantle with Roses of Diamonds, Plume Orange and White.

That of the Lady *Isabella de Velasco*, Petticoat of Cloth of Silver Carnation, Hungarlin of Black Velvet, with Silver Passemans, Mantle of Cloth of Silver, with Roses of Diamonds.

That

That of the Lady *Antonia de Mendoza*, Cloth of Silver Petticoat Carnation, Black Velvet Hungarlin Laced long ways with Silver Passemans, the Mode *Moorish*, a Turbant of Tynsel upon a Bonnet of Black Velvet sewn with Roses of Diamonds and other Jewels, Plume Carnation White and Black, a Silver Embroider'd Belt, thereat hanging a Fauchion, an *African* Casslack, called by those People, an *Albornoz*.

The Fable proceeds.

AT the approach of *Amadis* to the place where the Inchantment appear'd dissolv'd, *Anastarax* stood upon his Guard, and with deep fetch'd Groans complain'd of the violence of Fate, and of Heaven, that had given to Morral Man so great Valour as to that Adventure. *Amadis* condemn'd him to the torments of his own Jealousie, and took *Niquea* out of the Inchanted Castle. But forasmuch as the Persons here representing, did exceed the greatness of the represented; therefore the Verses in the Sequel did not observe the promise of the History, but the respect due to the Actors. And so when *Amadis* with all courteous and lowly submissions imaginable, endevoured to make *Niquea* more sensible of his Love than of his Prowess, she (above all those kind of Batteries) would not allow him in reward of his Affection, so much as to dare to place it upon her, heightening his diffidences to so great despair, that she left them no safety but in silence: And the Nymphs seeing the refined Love of *Amadis*, told him, the Queen of Beauty received him into her protection; and he (more proud to be a true Lover, than to be a successful one) thank'd *Niquea* for her scorn, and the Goddess for her pity. These Verses were Penn'd with such accurate Respect, that they deserv'd to be pronounced by Her Highness.

Here Ended the First SCENE: *The Instruments Play'd, which were always in readiness to fill up the Spaces, and the Second began thus:*

The Second SCENE.

A Nymph appearing came forth ſinging a Sonnet, in which ſhe preſented the Feſtival to the King; when preſently the Squire and the Shepherd, ſtruck with admiration of what they had ſeen, hear the rattling of Chains, and grievous Lamentation with which *Anaſtarax* did bemoan himſelf from the Hell of Love; and (imagining it was ſome new Inchantment) had not the courage either to advance, or ſtay where they were. Putting aſide the Boughs with their hands, forth came the Lady *Mary* of *Arragon*, and the Lady *Frances Tabara*, in different Habits from the former, that of the Lady *Mary* (who Acted *Albida*) Petticoat and Hungarlin of Cloth of Silver Graſs Green, laid thick with Silver Paſſemans, Cloth of Silver Mantle with Roſes of Diamonds, Plume White and Green: That of the Lady *Frances* (who Acted *Lurcano*) Petticoat of Cloth of Silver Primroſe Colour, with Embroidery of Silver and Gold both on the Field and Border, and a Hungarlin of Black Velvet uncut, Laced long-ways with Silver Paſſemans, a Sword and ſprightful Hat, the Brim turn'd up to the Crown, with a Black Plume faſten'd on with a Brooche of Diamonds.

I advertiſed before, that this which the People would think ſtrange for a Comedy, and in Court is called an Invention or *Opera*, is not meaſur'd by the common Rules of a Play (which is a Fable all of one piece) is made up of incoherent variety; of which the Sight got a better ſhare than the Hearing, and where the Comedy (if it may be call'd ſo) was ſuch to the Eye more than to the Ear. *Lurcano* painted forth (in rich, and no vulgar Verſes) the Pleaſures and Content of a Countrey Life in general, and *Albida* deſcribed her Gardens as in the beautiful

Seaſon of *May*, then her Lover *Lurcano* imparted to her his amorous Paſſion mask'd in cautiouſneſs and fears, and *Albida*, not to favour him by doubting it, nor oblige her ſelf by believing it, anſwer'd him according to the little heed ſhe gave unto other folks torments, living without any of her own: In this Dialogue (no leſs than in that of *Amadis* and *Niquea*) the Author ſhew'd the Decorum with which Verſes ſhould be written for Ladies; thoſe which they hear, diſcreet; thoſe which they ſpeak, ſevere: Where, whatſoever is not deſpair, is preſumption; all ſhould be Veneration, and nothing Love. It was ſuperexcellent, and (if it were poſſible) the Acting of it exceeded the Penning.

Anaſtarax return'd to his Complaints, Curſing the Knight of the *Burning Sword* with ſo hearty a good will, with ſo melting a voice, with ſo doleful groans, that he adorned his pain, and the Lady *Antonia Mendoza* her Part, ſo much, that nothing was ever ſo applauded, or more worthy to be ſo. *Albida* demanded of *Darinel* the cauſe of thoſe Lamentations, but he was as ignorant thereof as her ſelf. In the mean time the howling went on, and the compaſſionate *Albida* had a longing deſire to ſet *Anaſtarax* at liberty. She heard a voice, which (ſinging) animated her pity, ſhe read an Inſcription, and that incited it likewiſe; ſhe followed the Ecchoes of the Complaints, and adviſing *Lurcano*, as a Friend, to Cure himſelf with loving ſome other Beauty (taking him it ſhould ſeem for a Man) ſhe had the daring to undertake that which appeared ſo difficult; *Lurcano* endevoured to ſtay her, and, not being able, follow'd her to get firſt to the danger: And making haſt to outſtrip her, a flying Dragon oppoſeth his paſſage, who carryed between his Wings *Floriſbella* (repreſented by the Lady *Anna Manrique*) with whom he, admiring her Beauty, and to verifie the Prognoſtication of *Albida*, falls preſently in Love, endevouring to arreſt her Perfections by the force of Sighs and Prayers; he made Love to her moſt in feeling language, the Dragon flew away, and the diſdainful Nymph would not leave him ſo much as a preſumption that ſhe had heard his Addreſſes: *Lurcano* remain'd

main'd in amorous Doubts, sometimes he thought himself asleep, sometimes inchanted; he found in her more Marks of a Goddess, than of a Nymph; he thought his Love much, for so short a view; little, for so beautiful an Object: The Pen of the Author left me no gallant thing unsaid in these Verses; and the Lady *Franscisca* pronouncing them, added of her own a Spirit, the perfection of Poetry, this being one of the most admired Strains in the whole Festival.

A Quire of Musick bid him not despair, for that he should sometime, and that soon, behold her again. He demanded Aid of Love in so doubtful an occasion, and in so soveraign a devotement, when on the top of the Theatre, a Balcone open'd it self, in which at the Sounds of many Instruments appeared the Nymph *Arethusa*, represented by the Lady *Mary Guſman* (this second Habit much surpassing the former) Clad in a Carnation Petticoat, laid thick with flat Pease, and Embroideries of Pearl and Silver, and a deep Kirtle after the Mode of *France*, with Gathers of Cloth of Silver Carnation, wrought with little Snails or Periwincles of Silver, as it were creeping up from the bottom to the top, and half Sleeves of Needlework lin'd with Cloth of Silver White, and Ermins, a flying Mantle Carnation and Silver, with Roses of Diamonds, and a Bunch of Plumes Carnation and White, a Bough of Laurel and Mirtle she carried in her hand, saying, that she came sent from the Goddess *Venus* to disperse the Cloud which involved so great Lovers, she bade *Lurcano* be of good Courage, since *Anastarax* himself was now coming out of the Hell of Love: This Scene was accompanied with great Harmony, and from the midst of the flames (which were made with various splendour, not causing horrour but delight) came forth *Anastarax*, handed by *Albida*, whom *Arethusa* thank'd for her valour, and *Anastarax* for his deliverance: Then (the different Quires of Musick joyning) forth came the Goddess of Beauty with *Niquea*, *Amadis*, and all the Nymphs, and *Anastarax* begg'd pardon of *Niquea* for his presumptuous Love, and she pardon'd him. The Goddess of Beauty gave to *Amadis* the name

of the most refined Servant, and valiant Knight, in the whole World, loving without design, conquering without reward; and *Amadis* with that, of being acknowledged so perfect a Lover, rested fully satisfied. *Florisbella* came forth, to whom *Lurcano* fell down upon his Knees, and begg'd, in recompense of all his Love, she would not look upon it as an injury, being the most courteous affront that could be offer'd to Beauty. *Arethusa* celebrated the great Mercy extended by one Sex, the great Love made good by the other; she gave to *Niquea* the joy of her disinchantment, and to the Goddess, the Glory of the Festival. She commanded that with Musick and Dances should be celebrated the Liberty of the Princess, of the Beauty of the Goddess, and so with a great Harmony of all the Instruments at once, they went out, concluding the Representation, in which (being the last) the Lady *Mary Guzman* carried the first Praise.

All of a sudden the Mountain cover'd the whole Face of the Theatre, and presently that Bulk open'd it self at the sounding of the Instruments, when with unexpected novelty, that which was a Mountain and a Building, we saw turn'd into most beautiful Gardens of Flowers, and natural Fountains, so ingeniously, and with so great quickness metamorphosed, that though the Artifice was much, the brevity was the thing admired: And for a decision of a Wager between the Queen and the Lady *Leonor Pimentel* (observing an ancient Pastime in the *Spanish* Court, which is called *Divination*, at which they stake a Jewel for victory, not for avarice) there appeared on the highest part of the Throne Her Majesty and the *Infanta*, the Ladies and *Menina's* seated upon the Steps thereof making a glorious show, and each of them having tyed about her right Arm a Scarlet Ribbon, all of one length and breadth, and fastened in such manner that made no distinction; the Precept, that shuffling all these together, the Lady *Leonor* (to overcome) must light upon that which had hung upon the Arm of the Queen.

The Lady *Leonor* approached, and lost only the possibility of gaining, for (to be an absolute loser) the Law was, the Queen, when

when her turn came, ſhould light upon the Ribbon that was faſtened to *Leonors* Arm. The Action was accompanied by all the Inſtruments and Singers: For, as *Spain* is the moſt proper Element of the moſt excellent Voyces in the World; ſo the Centre of them is the Kings Chappel; to whoſe Maſter, Muſick is beholden, for uniting dexterity in the Tunes, with an excellent Ayr in Singing, making the Majeſty of the Theorbo comply with the ſweetneſs of the Lute; and to the eminency of whoſe Art ſhe owes the Novelty of *Palomares*, the Delicacy of *John Blas*, the Spirit of *Alvaro*, and all made uſe of upon this occaſion.

The Queen, the *Infanta*, the Lady *Anna Maria Manrique*, the Ladies *Iſabella* of *Arragon*, *Antonia de Mendoza*, and *Donna Franſciſca de Tabara*, Dancing the *Turdion* with Swords and Hats, gave an End to the Feſtival. Wit, Motion, and Bravery, were drawn dry and wearied in the Service, nay the Graces themſelves had not any delight, which by this time was not afforded to the Spectators; nor any thanks, which they return'd not to the Actors. If the Expectation had been infinite, the Performance was more. The admirations and praiſes paid but a ſmall part of the ſight, for (to go about to meaſure it that way) Hyperboles themſelves would have made a luke-warm Narration, and of ſuch none were wanting, and the greateſt was none.

The flouriſhing years of the King (which may they multiply to as many as his Virtues deſerve, and as *Spain* prays for, and hath need of) could by no leſs demonſtrations of joy be ſufficiently ſolemnized, nor at any time with greater reaſon have diſengag'd the pleaſing thirſt of ſeeing more.

The Splendour of the Court had been always admirable, but was never ſeen greater than now; having in the firſt place the Queen (whom God preſerve) of few Years, of much Beauty, accompanied with all thoſe excellent Endowments which form a Royal Perfection; then the *Infanta*, of equal Majeſty and Beauty; alſo the Ladies, who in Bravery, Beauty, and Greatneſs, were inferiour unto thoſe two only; for they were a Pool

of

of all the Illustrious Blood in the Kingdom, and being (wheresoever they are) the Load-stone of all Eyes: Imagin them seen upon the Theatre, on the most Tryumphant day of the World, every of them vying with other, and making a modest ostentation of her Bravery, her Meen, and her Beauty. No one can be particularly commended without an injury to all: She seem'd the most glorious drest, upon whom the Eye happen'd to be; she the best Actor, who was then Speaking.

The Queen, Foundress and Glory of the Festival, so twice Hers, and justly, for neither from Her could it be expected less, nor did it deserve a less Mistress, by her presence did free it from the fear of competition, and from the hope of being more; who, because, only by Her being of the Company, She gave the Scene so much Lustre, without pronouncing one Verse: In these following was written in Figures, that which many had not been sufficient to comprehend in words at length.

The Speaking *being the best Thing of the* Play,
SHE, who spake nothing, bare the Bell away.

FINIS.

A DESCRIPTION IN VERSE, DIALOGUE-WISE, OF THE FESTIVAL AT ARANVVHEZ In the YEAR 1623.

Gyant. THE Bounds where wandering *Tagus* meets
Himſelf in Gardens and long Streets
Of double Elms, whoſe Feet he drowns,
And Rains down from their lofty Crowns.
(Every *April*, every *May*,
Fair, Green, Flow'ry, Ruſtling, Gay.)

BELLZA (twice the *Queen* of them,
By her *Face* and *Diadem*)
With wonder fills; They prouder far
To ponder, *whoſe*; than *what*, they are.

To celebrate the Day of Birth
Of the moſt Glorious Youth on Earth,
To whom her Greatneſs, and her Beauty,
Pays a Homage, pays a Duty.

The World ſhe doth conjure and ſummon,
T' invent, and ſee, what is not common;
And what is thereupon prepar'd,
Makes things impoſſible, not hard.

Inſtead of Quires of Nymphs to friend,
To ſerve to that Heroick End,
Preſs'd Goddeſſes ſhe doth inroll,
Souldiers of LOVE! Rivals of SOL!

Gen. What a ſublime AMPHITHEATER!
Eclypſe of that which *Rome* did flatter
GREAT POMPEY in: He having (there)
Flatter'd with it, the WORLD, and HER.

How proudly rais'd! How richly deckt!
That ev'n the learned Architect
Stands pos'd thereat, and the fair Skies
See in its Lamps their thouſand Eyes.

Rif. What Harmony of Seraphins!
Now, now, the Feſtival begins.
Wipe your Eyes, your Hearing cleer,
Other Senſe ye need not here.
What a gallant MASCARADE!
The Cloaths were by APOLLO's made:

Rather

Rather the ſame he wore that day,
Whilſt he in Bed with *Thetis* lay.
So fair a preface of her own,
By a near Neighbour to the Throne,
An Earneſt gave, of what ſo great
Expectation did beget.
In a Cryſtal Chariot (loe!)
*TAGUS from the Roof doth flow, **The Lady Margarita de Tavara.*
Tranſlated to a Nymph, more pure
Than He, out of his golden Ew're:
Now gives ſhe her ſweet Voice the reins,
Not, as a little Bird that ſtrains
To ſooth the Morn, that dawning is:
But Trumpet of the Sun, that's riſſe.

Flaunting in tryumphant Green
After him is *APRIL ſeen, **The Lady Franciſca de Tavara.*
With ſenſitive Flow'rs not ſtuck, but ſet,
Cheriſh'd by two Suns of Jet;
Such a Complection, ſuch Eyes, Grace,
The *Luſitanian* Goddeſs Face:
Fair *ſuper* of the higheſt Praiſe,
Which fears t' abaſe what it would raiſe:
Her leavy Coach forſaking now,
She acts with Garland on her Brow,
The firſt Grace giving to the whole,
And to the Lines a ſecond Soul.

Gen. The Ayr (inviron'd round with Lights)
Some unexpected Object frights:
AN EAGLE 'tis ..with Golden Plumes,
Which through that wandring Region comes.

By a fair *NYMPH the Bird is backt, **The Lady Antonia de Acunia.*
Who doth, above the Danger, Act,

And without any ſcruple; *Time*;
" So bold is Beauty in her prime.

Gy. Behold indeed a Primroſe here,
La Lon. *The Prologue* (as that is) o' th' year!
The Lady How ſprightly! *She, for making known
Mary Guſman. The Praiſe of others, hears her own.
But not till ſhe hath done her doe;
There is applauſe in ſilence too:
Fortune, when ſhe this Child deſign'd
For ſo much Greatneſs, was not blind.
The Lady From Trunks of Trees, aſunder rent,
Maria de A *Leash of Nymphs* forthwith preſent
Arragon, In harmonious Ditties, rare,
Doña Maria Prodigious ſweetneſe to the Ayre.
de Hos, *and*
Do. Iſabella At a fair *Tagan* *Swains deſire
de Salazar. Of Amadis the Noble Squire
D. Bernarda Doth courteous Newes to him afford
de Bilbao. Of his brave Illuſtrious Lord.
The Lady Now, doth the *Dame that Acts him, come,
Iſabella de Gallant, aſſur'd, compleat, in whom,
Arragon. Joyn'd to *Niquea's* Beauty, is,
The Valour of her *Amadis*.
For the Inchanted Wood ſhe ſtares,
And in a Civil War of Cares
Quarter his *fatigue* demands
Of ſlumber at the courteous hands.
A Black-Moor Maid, Singer to the Queen. *Night (a black *Syren*) in ſoft Chains
Of her Voice, his Steps detains,
And his twice captive thoughts doth keep
Fetter'd in the Bands of Sleep.

The Lady Maria de Arragon. Bright *Aurora him doth tell
In ſweet Accents, he doth not well:

" For

" For a Love, that's nobly got,
" Merits Eyes which ſlumber not.
AMADIS awakes, and ſees
How the ones languid Song doth freeze
His Spirits; t' other, doth infuſe
Courage with her ſprightful Muſe.
The Burning Sword he now whips out
With a gallant briskneſs, ſtout,
Bold and fiery, as his Blade,
The dreaded Doors he doth invade.

Four proud Pillars (ſinking) fall
To the loweſt pit of all.
Four proud Gyants, in their places,
Make four thouſand dreadful faces.
They are ſaucy, on his Blade
His victorious Hand he laid.
Amongſt four POLYPHEMES (alas!)
Fear the only Gyant was.
Flatt'ring NYMPHS, with purpoſe baſe,
Flow'rs upon his Temple place;
To loſe him, for a Wreath of Sand,
The Laurels he had half in hand.
He ſhews them the Inchanted Shield,
Turn'd LYONS, when they that beheld;
Being Lyons (with new horrour ſtrook)
Their ever-curling Manes they ſhook:
An Illuſtrious PALACE bright
Riſes like a Sphere of Light,
That of *Sol* was ſuch a one,
Where his raſh ambitious Son
Begg'd the Coach-box, from which hurl'd
He drown'd himſelf, and burnt the World;
Leaving his Dad to ſee his Errour
Too plainly in that Diamond Mirrour.

Gen. What an admirable Scheme!
See upon the Throne Supreme,
That pure *GODDESSE whom Heaven lent
To be Earths best Ornament!
The Greatest Majesty alive,
Ev'n by her own Prerogative!
The summ'd Perfection of all Faces!
One wonder, and a thousand Graces!
And by her side, that *MORNING's ROSE,
Who, if her Breast did not inclose
A Royal Mind t' inform the whole,
Her Body might ev'n serve for Soul.
The Representative, th' Idea
Of the most Beautiful NIQUEA,
Who strikes respect before she's seen:
The Knight she thanks with courteous Meen
For disinchanting her, which makes
The Martyred ANASTARAX
Sick of the Ill of others Bliss.
Now, Crown'd with Laurel, AMADIS,
Whose Valour was the fear alway
Of Monsters, and of Beasts of Prey,
Coward to so much Beauty, and
His own worst Enemy underhand,
Letting in no Light to Hope,
Yet (giving all his Passion scope)
Speaks, but the Audience doth deny:
"For, in Affections plac'd so high,
"You shall always hear Men tell
"There he aspir'd, and there he fell.
*LURCANO, and *ALBIDA, see!
Who teach the Rules of Modesty:
Show Lovers how to be discreet,
And keep them within Limits meet.

**The Queen of Spain, Isabella of Burbon, Eldest daughter to Henry the Great of France.*

**The Infanta, afterward Empress.*

**The Lady Maria of Arragon.*

**The Lady Francisca de Tavara.*

Now

Now, hear *ANASTARAX complain,
Who, in ſo much fire and pain,
Earns ſoft pity, praiſe, and glory,
Ev'n in Lovers Purgatory.
Inclinable to be entreated
By Groans ſo ſenſibly repeated,
Albida ſtopt (but not her Ear)
At the Laments which eccho'd there.
O how humane, and how brave,
She thrids the muſt'ring flames, to ſave
(*Only, Ador'd, is Beauty cruel*)
The *wretch* that is of *thoſe* the *fewel!*
Lurcano left, and in deſpair,
Peoples with wild Complaints the Air.
When to extremity things come,
Diſcretion is not always dumb.

The Lady Antonia de Mendoza.

On flying Dragon's back (behold!)
A *GODDESSE who in DELPHOS old,
Would from the SUN himſelf have ta'ne
His Adoration, and his Fane!
Without an Ear to thoſe Complaints,
Which poor LURCANO ſo well paints:
Whoſe Flame (ſo fair an Object ſought)
No Errour is, though 'tis a Fault,
She flies like Light'ning; and the Lover,
To his own Thoughts deliver'd over,
Feeds upon thoſe, enjoys Deſpair,
In it, th' Ambition of his Pray'r.
ANASTARAX refined came
Out of the Boſom of the Flame:
(" For 'tis the Good of Ill, to be
" Acquainted with 't familiarlie.)
AMADIS (in fine diſdain'd
For all the Conqueſt his Sword gain'd)

The Lady Anna Maria Manrique.

Of

Of the most Soveraign Love, and hard,
Frames to himself his own Reward,
And, bleeding inward bitter Tears
For those tyrannick Scorns of hers,
Counts, not to sit down by the loss,
A Boldness greater than his Cross.
NIQUEA (sole Exception of
Natures General Rule of Love,
And of high Faith the richest Prize,
If the World durst serve to her Eyes)
Loves his Worth, but hates his Love,
And (praising *that*, all Mens above,
To other Gifts, than of his Mind,
Is not only dumb, but blind.

* *The Lady* Mary Guſman.

*ARETHUSA (Nymph compleat)
Slides down from her Starry Seat,
Receipting Pills, in pity wrapt,
To swage the torments so ill hapt.
With what a grace doth she set forth
Of ALEIDA the vast worth,
NIQUEA's Beauty and her scorn
(Which must be kept since it is born;)
Confusions of ANASTORAX
(Of Jealousie and Love the Flax;)
LURCANO's high divided Flame;
And AMADIS his, still the same?
These Heroick Lovers all
(Paid, in that we them so call)
Marriage, at any rate, eschew'd;
In which your *vulgar Plays* conclude.
Armies of *Minstrels* in the Air
(Which to their several *Quires* repair)
The *Elements* together dart,
But make them Friends before they part.

The

The SCENE is chang'd, and by and by
Thoſe which had been *Mountains* dry
(Transform'd to *Gardens*) freſh, and green,
As *Hyblean* Groves, are ſeen.
In HYERARCHIES of Steps diſtinct
A *Ribbon*, on each ANGEL linkt,
Diverſifies, with ſtreaks of *Red*,
The *Azure Pavements* which they tread.

Approacheth an *Illuſtrious* *DAME,
But could not hit on, when ſhe came,
Of the *Great* *LIGHT, the pendant Ray,
In gueſſing which the Conqueſt lay.
Now, the victorious GODDESSE, *She*
The *Wonder* tryes, but 'twill not be:
'Twas *quit*, becauſe *She* likewiſe miſt
The Lady LEONORA's Liſt.
Dancing, She ends the FESTIVALL;
In its full Glories ſumming All
That *modern Spirits* can invent,
Or draw from *ancient Precedent*.
The CÆSARS *Birth-days* (to Grace whom
The *Majeſty* of their *own* ROME,
With raviſh'd *Plumes* from Conquer'd GRECE,
Were oft diſtill'd into one *piece*)
Obſerv'd like this were never known:
No Years e're worthier of a *Throne*,
Or to encreaſe to *infinite*.
This *Tryumph*, to *Hopes*, *Wiſhes*, *Sight*,
(By being *what*, and *whoſe*, it was)
Set *Pillars* which they could not paſs.
Aſtoniſh'd, the *Spectator* ſtands;
Tearing the *Air* with *Voice* and *Hands*.
What *mute attention* firſt commended;
Loud *Plaudits* Crown when it is ended.

**The Lady* Leonor Pimentel.
**The Queen.*

Rif.

Rif. But, what new **Dorick* Tow'rs adorn
The *Garden where the Statues mourn!

What Noise! which (bandied to and fro)
The more we hear, the less we know!

**The second Festival of the Lady* Leonor Pimentel.*

**The Garden of the* Black-Moor.*

A *Second* THEATRE it is,
Which the *perfection* it it miss
Of the *first*, disdains (but *That*)
All that was ever wondred at.
Now the *Musick* Plays away,
Sign of a new beginning *Play!*
Erected there, is a new Throne;
Which Golden SOL himself might own.

**The Mask of four Squadrons, in each the* Infanta, *the Lady* Mary Guſman, *the Lady* Franciſca.*

Of *MASKERS entred a new Band,
Where Lamps to Lamps oppoſed ſtand,
And with new Lights the Village cheer
Of that other HEMISPHERE!
The *ſubſtance* and *invention*
Of the Cloaths they now have on,
In what they *bought*, their *Riches* ſhows;
And their *Wit*, in what they *choſe*.

FAME and ENVY (loe!) at ſtrife
Whether of *them*, moſt to the life
The paſt FESTIVAL ſhall paint,
Treading the *Stage* with *loſty* Plant!

The Golden Fleece.

The *Play* begins; COLCHOS, the Scene;
The Subject, JASON; HIPPOCRENE,
By *Pailfuls*, was *pour'd* into It;
With Feather of a PHŒNIX writ.
O, what ſad duplicated Groans
From the hoarſe Sea came up at once,
Whence the Center with Blew Waves
APOLLO's Golden Circles laves!

Favour,

**Favour*, Neptune (Joves *next brother*)
Cryes one Voice, and straight another,
*Billows, let us pass in peace,
And your swelling anger cease!
Thou pitying daughter of the Main,
Let not two Mariners pray in vain;
Who, without Sails, the Air cut through;
Who, without Oars, the Ocean plough.*
By a curl'd *Bark* of *Gold unshorn*,
To their desired *Port* are born
The *Fugitives*, this *Pray'r* that made:
The sweetest *Twins* the *World* e're had!
Those, who are plac'd for *Signs* in *Heaven*,
With *these* in *Beauty* are not *even*:
Nor the green *Woods* have ever known
So much VENUS, and ADONE.
NEREUS's Daughters, one, and all,
(Beautiful) in Love did fall
With this their GOLDEN BRUTE (a rare
Emblem of a foolish *Heire!*)
In *Coasts* by *them* ne're seen before,
This pair of lovely *Strangers*, pore,
Unto a wandring Life, their just
Hopes, of a *Royal Scepter*, trust.
FRIXUS relates, in Language good,
The Greatness of their injur'd Blood;
The Poison of an envious Soul;
And an Envy's poison'd Bowl.
In this sad plight, of all forsook,
*MARS, upon them, pity took:
" For, to Complaints by Earth prefarr'd,
" The Ears of Heaven are not barr'd.
A *Noble Dame* makes a Divine
Composition: In Her joyne

*Frixus *and* Helle.

*The Lady Luysa Carillo.

(A Flow'r less vain, less noxious Star)
NARCISSUS, and the GOD OF WAR.
Her sprightful Body she hath drest
In a strong glitt'ring Back, and Brest:
And, her Temple Walls, with those
Which, won in Fight, you must suppose.
This God, of Honourable Men,
Valiant Wonders tells them then;
Who prov'd, in spight of Times and Fate,
Famous, though not Fortunate.
He, wish'd them to the High-lands get:
For Deserts still were a retreat;
A Sanctuary, Coop, and Pen,
As well to Great, as Holy Men.
The GOLDEN FLEECE gives him the Prince;
Worn by so many PHILIPS since
Near their Great Hearts: And by the *Fourth*,
Who writes the first of all in worth.
His Cheeks with Tears FINEO drowns,
Because his fair MEDEA frowns:
("For hopeless Love is so unwise
"To make it self Fetters of Ice.)

The Ship Argo. The second Pilgrim of the Water,
First Cause of all the Ills there (after)
A flying Pine, with desperate Braves,
Is the Tyrant of the Waves.
To all succeeding Time's disease
Jason, *&c.* JASON, THESEUS, HERCULES,
Wage a new War upon Mankind,
In Fields of Water, and of Wind,
With more of Earth than Nobler Fire,
They break the Sea: "For by the dire
"Thirst of Riches, Gulphs between,
"Nay watry Mountains, are not seen.

To

To win by Arms the GOLDEN FLEECE,
The aim is of these Peers of GREECE:
The gazing Islanders provide
Arms too, their Furies to abide.
MEDEA, and the KING incline
Two ways in that which they design:
He, to defend the *Walls* he held,
She, to the *Foe* her *heart* to *yield*
The *Father's* favour, and the *Maid's*
Seeks JASON, and his bold Comrades:
But false are *they*, and he that seeks;
For all are Men, and those Men GREEKS.
FINEO, with a jealous Eye,
Stands looking at the Novelty.
Revenge and Anger his thoughts brood.
("Jealousie is prone to blood.)
The Royal Virgin is inflam'd,
Whilst her supposed Scorns are blam'd
By a young lovely Gard'ner there,
That sows sweet Henbane in her Ear,
Confiding little in her *Eyes*,
The force of *charms* MEDEA tries.
"But *charms* are *Crimes* of no avail,
"If those of BEAUTY come to fail.
Her *face*, the *Philtre* is must do't;
And, in her *curls* bound hand and foot,
No other *Witchcraft* needs: One *hair*
Can shackle JASON, if 'tis fair.
He, who was *valiant* amongst *Men*,
Was a *Womans Coward* then;
Whom, in close walks (of *Royal* Loves
Old *Rendezvouz!*) MEDEA proves.
In melting Notes, divinely breath'd,
The Secret of her Soul is sheath'd:
"A sweeter SYREN, then before
"He *scap'd* at *Sea*, he *meets* on *Shore*.

Medea.

Jason *disguised in the Garden.*

**The Theatre fired by accident.*

But, what is this! The *FRAME entire
Is juriſdiction of the Fire.
A Flame (as any Light'ning quick)
Catching from dry ſtick to ſtick,
Is a tall Plume of Light, and ſlings
The Tiles, which fly with fiery Wings,
The brave ſecurity behold
Of that FAIR YOUTH, who, like an old
COMMANDER, covers his *own* fears,
Leſt thence his Men authorize *theirs!*
Yet, all Men fear for *him*; whilſt *hee*
The Fire doth *(unconcerned)* ſee.
(For, in the troubled Thoughts of *All*,
From his proud height he doth not fall.)
Nor, from his ſide doth ſtir one Inch,
SHE, who from Him will never flinch:
Who ſcorns all danger but Her Lord's:
Which, in Text Letters, Fame records.
Of the numerous Auditory
He ſurvays the loweſt Story,
The Rout; who at the danger quake,
When only it ſhould cauſe them wake:
The danger, than the fear, is leſs;
And, of the fright, and of the preſs,
And, of the Remedy they choſe,
All the hazzard they compoſe.
Now, all that Blood, or HYMEN's Hands
Ty'd to His Boſom with ſtrict Bands,
In His brave Arms th' Illuſtrious Youth
Snatch out of the Furnace doth:
Kinder than he, whoſe pious Back
Beneath his Aged Sire did crack;
(The *Phœnix* of TROYS Bloody Flame)
For his loſt Wife behind him came.
Th' undaunted Beauty of the *Queen*,
Only with ſo much pale was ſeen,

As

As th' early *Morning* doth confeſs,
Whilſt yet ſhe ſmiles in her Night-dreſs.
Thoſe Goddeſſes whom Mortals got,
Were left ſtill ſprawling on the ſpot,
Out of fear by the baſe Sect,
By Nobles out of pure reſpect;
Till (rude Compaſſion conquering Awe)
Neceſſity that hath no Law,
Puts a becoming boldneſs on,
Then every *Doña* hath her *Don*.
As, of Religious Houſhold-Gods,
The ſweet, and venerable Loads:
Theſe burthens, ſo, their ſhoulders meet,
Which had been elſe prophan'd with feet.
If any Gallant tardy came
To ſnatch out of the Fire his Flame,
In this at leaſt he ſhews he's Hers,
That he would quench it with his Tears.
What high Civilities were foil'd!
What Love was in the making ſpoild!
Incurring, whilſt the Fire they fly,
The danger of the water, by.
One, unto whom fair Eyes made ſuit
For ſuccour in their Language mute,
Not giving either Sigh, or Ayd,
(Like cruel NERO) All ſurvay'd.
The Hub-bub ended with the Cauſe,
And now the Noiſe ſerv'd for Applauſe.
The danger did conclude in Laughter,
And Fear was out of count'nance after.
All, that gave reaſon to be ſorry,
Was, what the Eyes did miſs of Glory;
Taking that out in Helliſh fright,
Which had been Wonder, and Delight.
As 'twas, the Garland it deſerv'd,
And the ſucceſs for Bon-fire ſerv'd,

Whilſt

Whilst the blank Poets Baies expire,
They blaze and crackle in the Fire.
Fame gave Acquittance (self deceiv'd)
For Sums which she had not receiv'd:
And busie Wits, I know not what,
Smelt, of an unintended plot.
The Accident produc'd some Mirth,
To see how People of course Earth,
By fearing dangers, make them room;
Whilst Kings even those, which are, o'recome.
The Rising of the *Spanish* Sun
Was thus solemniz'd: May he run
(Endless in Fame, though not in Age)
Like a tough Gyant a long Stage.

FINIS.